

PHOTO-REPORT

"I SMOKED GRASS WITH THE PYGMIES"

HIGH TIMES

FEBRUARY 1982

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LADY-
A COCAINE
CLASSIC

BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

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DOPE
ADVISER**

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BIRD
SMUGGLING
A SHOCKING EXPOSÉ

THE
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LEGACY

WEED, WHITES
& WINE

NEWSPEAK:
ABBIE HOFFMAN'S
TV GUIDE

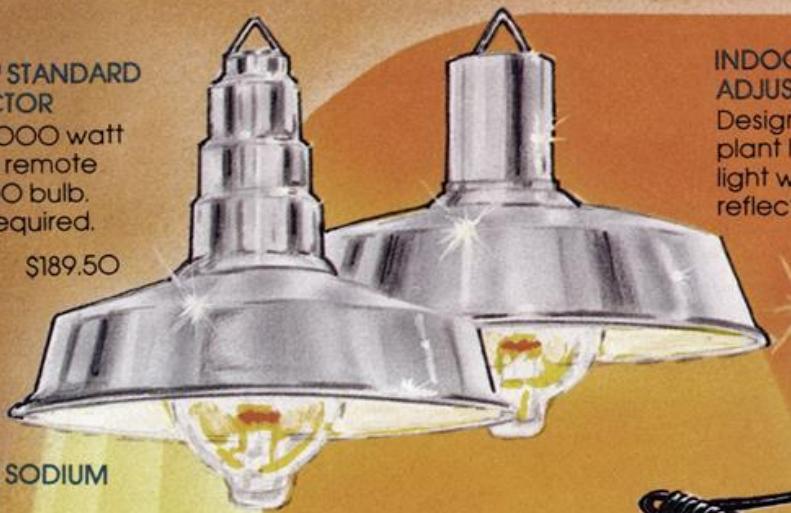


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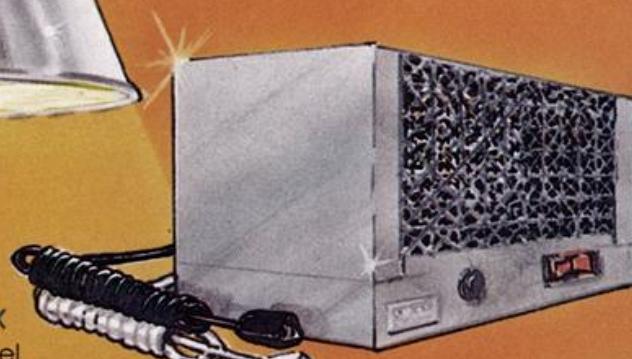
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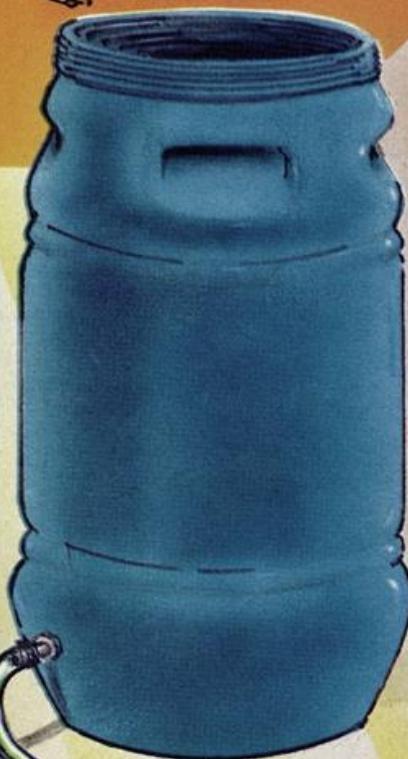
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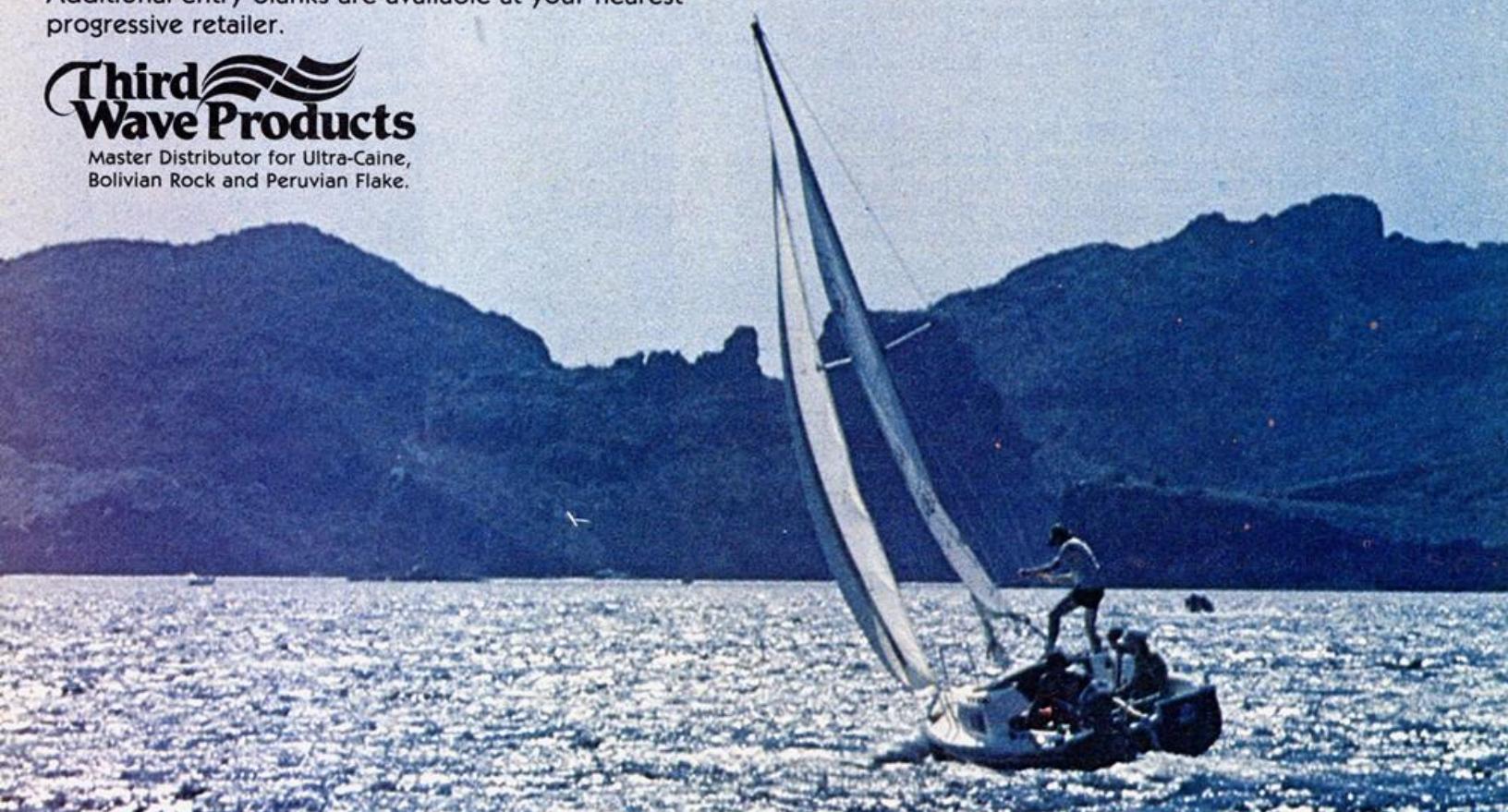
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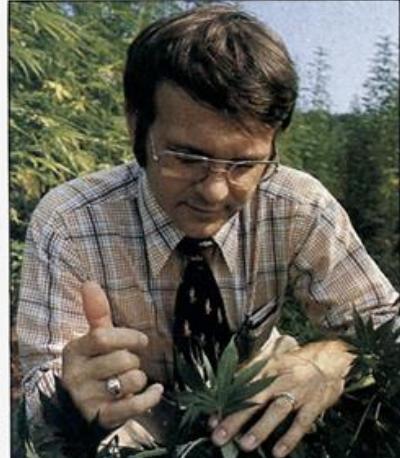
No. 78 February '82

FEATURES

Interview: Carlton Turner by Ed Rosenthal

Well, we've got some good news and some bad news: The good news, according to Carlton Turner, the man who once grew dope for the U.S. government, is that it is possible to grow high-quality marijuana anywhere in the country; the bad news is that growing marijuana leads to producing "liquid hash" . . .

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Cover photo by Earon Wolman

Lowell George and Little Feat by John Swenson

Lowell George started his musical career playing harmonica on the "Ted Mack Amateur Hour" and ended it OD'ing in a Baltimore hotel room. In the interim, working with Little Feat, he managed to write, sing and play some of the best rock music this country has ever heard. . .

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Us vs. Them. by Abbie Hoffman

Doublethink, Newspeak and Ted Koppel's funny haircuts—they're all part of the cold war language. Haven't you ever wondered just exactly who chooses all the news that's fit to print? . . .

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Special Cocaine Confidential: Lady by Bruce Jay Friedman

Back in 1973, when "Lady" first appeared in *Esquire* magazine, the only things HIGH TIMES readers were putting up their noses were their fingers. But that's no reason for all you blow-babies to be deprived of one of the classics of cocaine fiction, reprinted in this month's expanded "Cocaine Confidential" . . .

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Sinsemella by Trina Robbins

Poor Sinsemella, an innocent flower child lost in a sea of black leather jackets and porcupine haircuts. Tonight her wicked stepmother is making her stay home and clean the stash while her wicked stepsister gets a shot at meeting the handsome Prince Chuck at the Palace. You'll love this four-page, full-color, cartoon extravaganza . . .

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I Got Small with the Pygmies

by Ronald Schnur
Our meat and potatoes, stories like this. How many other magazines could pay the rent with pix of four-foot-tall Pygmies smoking pot from three-foot-long pipes.



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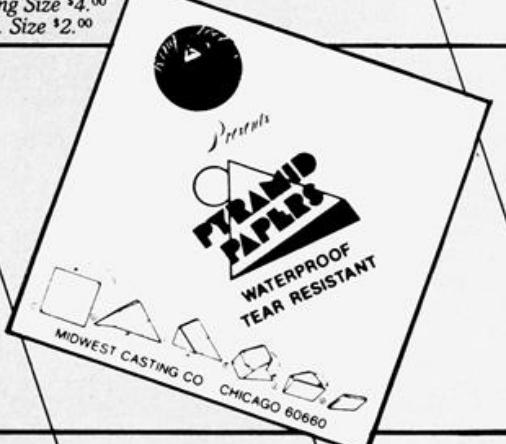


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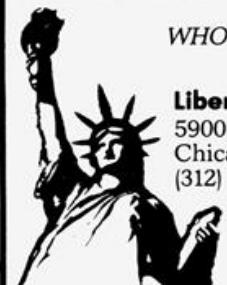
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FLASHIES

NIGHT OF THE
SERBIAN SWEEP



The junkies, if they were junkies, had a whole three-day weekend to clean the place out, but when we came back to work on Tuesday and found the fire-escape door ajar, what was missing? Why, one electric typewriter—one typewriter out of a dozen—and the executive secretary's Rolodex. How much blue-tape doogie is a Rolodex worth, pray? It looked funny.

Not funny ha-ha—funny weird: "The FBI took over the DEA, yknow, and they're both full of CIA goons, who are real chummy with the NCLC, who know we're doing a story on their links to the Teamsters. Christ! Did they filch the secret file on the NFL washing dope money through sports betting ever since JFK was rubbed out by the KGB—or was that the SDECE? But personal-

ly, I think all you gotta do is match up the last two initials of the guy who killed Lennon with..." This from the receptionist in lieu of her daily "How's it hangin', Deano."

Clearly, everyone was spooked. People were even saying, very loudly, things like: "You know, I campaigned very heavily for Ronald Reagan and Jeremiah Denton last

continued on page 13

Finally, after 7 years

HIGH TIMES

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FLASHES

SEED 'EM AND REAP

Editor:

There is a way for those of us who smoke weed to make the job of exterminating our treasured marijuana virtually impossible. Instead of dumping the seeds from your sifted stash into the trash, why not save them in a jar, and come springtime go to a park, empty field, town square—whatever—and just throw them on the ground. Surely a few will take root and grow. Can you imagine the results if everyone who smoked were to scatter their seeds. In a few years the United States would literally be covered with marijuana. I suggest places likely to escape the attention of lawn mowers and the like. You know, there's nothing like seeing a big fat bush of home-grown sprouting in front of the neighborhood police station, or underneath the mayor's windows at City Hall. I personally once seeded the flagpole area of an army base nearby.

—J.C.
San Francisco, Cal.

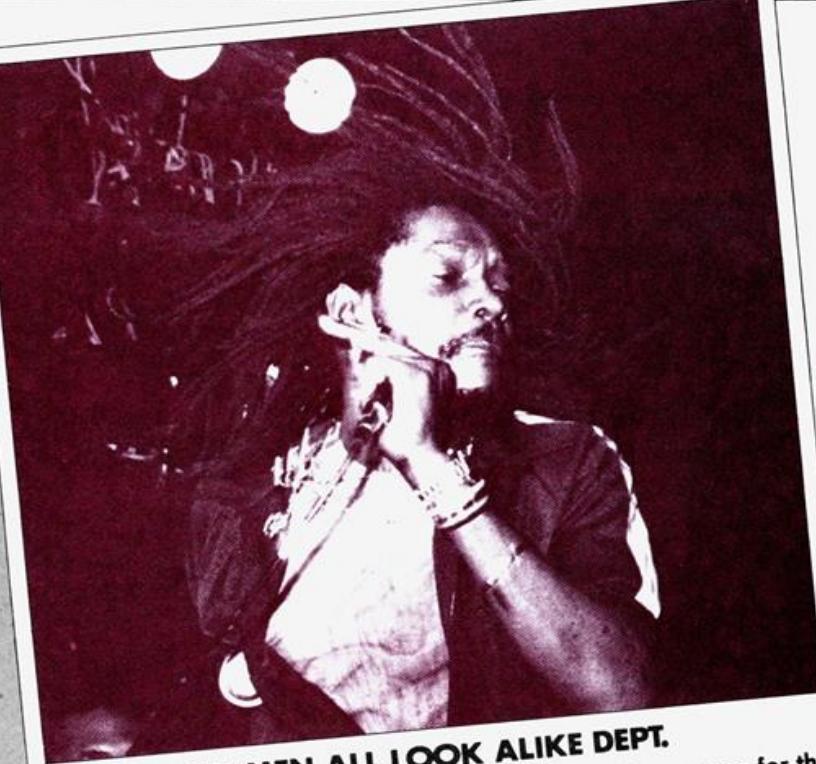
HOFFMAN REDUX

Editor:

Great to see the bastards haven't dulled Abbie Hoffman's wit ("Cocaine Confidential," *High Times*, Nov. '81). It takes real balls to tell it straight with the warden and parole board breathing down your neck. The man's a real truth seeker, an American original; and only the blind could confuse him with a jerk like Jerry Rubin. Does anyone know what happened to the sequel to *Steal This Book*?

—Sandy McNeil
Brighton, Mass.

Son of *Steal This Book* was completed way back in 1973 but so outraged the publishing community that it was suppressed, eventually being laid to rest in a midtown parking



SOME RASTAMEN ALL LOOK ALIKE DEPT.

Maybe we've been in Babylon too long, but that's still no excuse for the boner we pulled in the November issue. In the middle of our interview with Peter Tosh (you'll find the offense of page 34, to be exact) we ran a picture of his tour chef, Neville Reed, rolling a joint. We neglected to caption the picture, which led some readers into a bit of confusion over what's Tosh and what's not. We're sorry and hope the picture above sets the record straight.

lot somewhere in NYC. We should mention, however, that the original *Steal This Book* has become a collector's item with copies going for \$50 apiece, so if you were hip enough to buy, er, steal one, hold on to it.—Ed.

ESCHATOLOGY TODAY

Editor:

This letter is in reference to your morally as well as mentally corrupt magazine. May I ask you a question? How could you "people," as you call yourselves, print a magazine on how to ruin your life by using

drugs? I've looked through your so-called "magazine" many times and have found many so-called "articles" on how to abuse many drugs, including marijuana, cocaine and powerful mushrooms. Your publication is just as horrible as the drug dealers themselves—you all feed on the misfortunes of others. One day you drug-demented weaklings will wake up. One day you will realize that your great "escape" plan only results in physical deterioration, insanity, and worst of all, death. Is that what you people want?

—A straight person who hates drugs and drug users
Address withheld

You got it!—Ed.

BITING THE CHEESE THAT FEEDS HIM

Editor:

Bound upon a wheel of brie, Frank Zappa vents his spleen and spells it c-h-e-e-s-e ("Say Cheese," *High Times*, Nov. '81). While much of what you say, Frank, is undeniably true, we're still better off than those poor bimbos behind the iron curtain, who never in their life have gotten even a whiff of the real thing, being raised from infancy on Velveeta, which as I hear it, is made from ground-up milk cartons and the wax from dog ears. Count your blessings, Frank: Cream cheese made you what you are today.

—Suzy C.
Los Angeles, Cal.

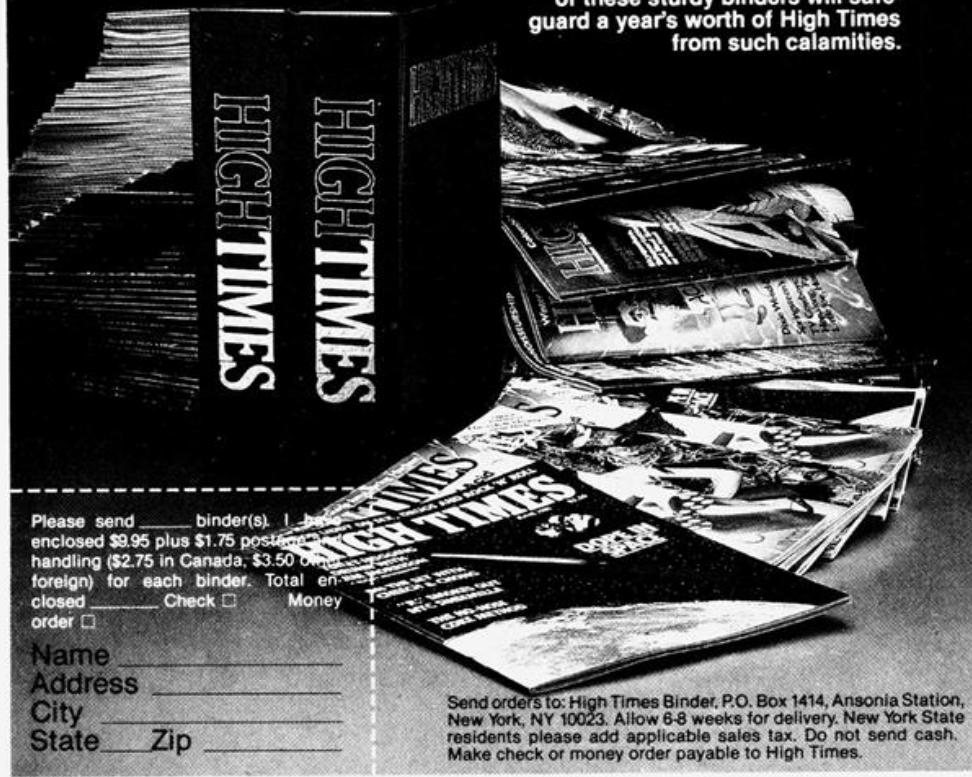


That Bill Griffith is weird was something everyone always took for granted. But there's a world of difference between weird and, let's say, disgusting. The vomit's been flowing down Telegraph Hill in Berkeley since early November, when Griffith, creator of Zippy the Pinhead, decided to hype the release of his new book, *Zippy Stories* (And/Or Press, Berkeley, Cal.) by giving away a free copy to anyone willing to down a plate of Zippy's favorite food: Ding Dongs with taco sauce. Griffith managed to offload dozens of books before a local grocery store mercifully ran out of Ding Dongs.

continued

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A HAZY HAIG

Editor:

Regarding the columns that Alexander Haig has been writing for your magazine: The combination of his bad English and dogmatic ideas is enough to make any High Times reader sick. This man is going to get the United States into trouble. He has no business being secretary of state. World War III could be just around the corner with this man. Did Alexander Haig really write those columns?

—Robert Villalobos
Anaheim, Cal.

Deputy Secretary of State William P. Clark responds:

"Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig has been under severe pressure of late due to the repeated attempts of Richard C. Allen, head of the National Security Council, to undermine his authority at State. We can report, however, that the secretary has placed himself under the treatment of The Amazing Kreskin, who has reassured us all with a positive prognosis. At this point in time the secretary is unable to determine if he is indeed the author of the columns to which you allude, and/or whether he will be writing any more columns in the future. We apologize for the bad grammar."

TALKIN' ISOMERIZERS

Editor:

All right, enough time has passed to get a straight answer. Do isomerizers really work?

—The Head
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

For the hundred and first time, sure isomerizers work! It will sometimes happen in the marijuana trade that a person will spend a whole lot of money for a vanload of top-shelf imported reefer, and wind up somehow with a vanload of old, dried-up, chunky, moldy weed with cobwebs and chiggers and honeycombs in it, and you don't know what that marijuana had been up to before you met it! You wouldn't want your friends to smoke that icky stuff, even if you could somehow hornswoggle them into buying it from you at heartbreak discounts.

In such a situation, isomerizing this drek into "hash oil" is simply the only way to cut your losses. When done correctly, the iso process concentrates all the high-making goo out of a pile of ancient, lousy reefer, yielding a sanitary and salable product. You wouldn't want to do it with good grass—that would be obscene, and unnecessary anyway. And you really ought to delegate the task to someone with at least an undergraduate familiarity with chemistry, since the chemicals that accompany these iso kits are highly combustible. In fact, our sordid affairs editor nearly blew us all up any num-

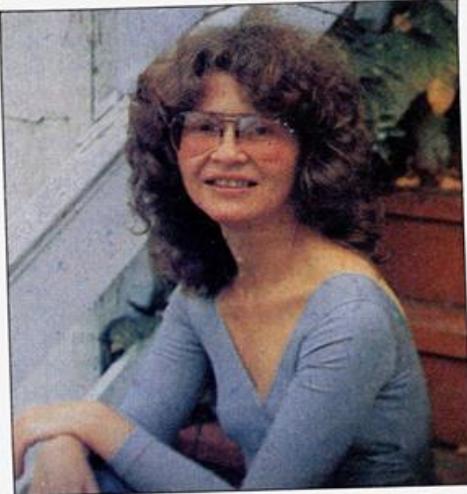


SNAKE IN THE GRASS

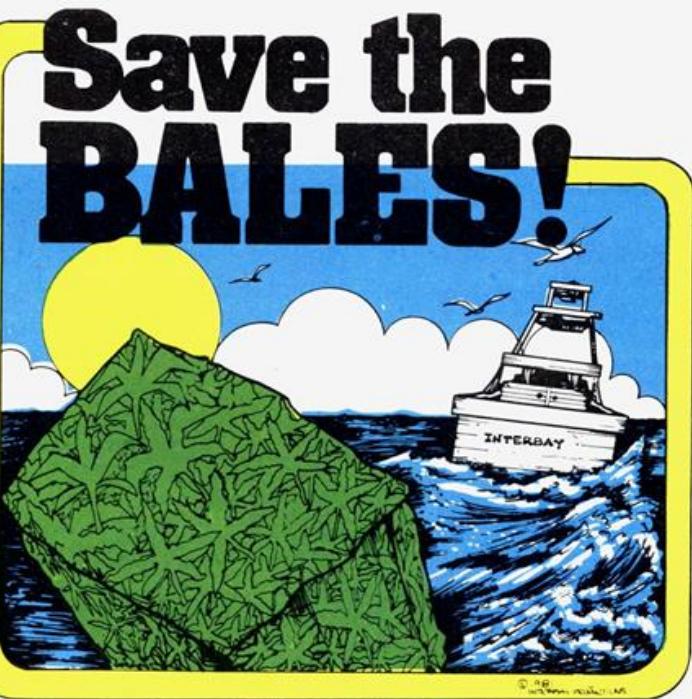
Editor:

I'm sick and tired of you guys drooling over some babe's bush filled with this or that type weed, or pounding your pud over some big-boned mama heaving her 38s against a bunch of flowering tops from Miami. So I'm presenting you with something for all us cannabis-lovin' ladies, and it's high time you ran one of these sausage shots too. This is how me and my friends pollinated our plants this year, and let me tell you, each one was good to the last seed.

—Missy
Philadelphia, Pa.



Hey, everybody, pour the suds and roll the buds, 'cause Trina's back with a four-page spread. That's right, friends, this month marks the triumphant return of Trina Robbins to the pages of HT. In issues past the California-based cartoonist treated us all to the adventures of Lulubelle, that free-wheelin', coke-dealin' high-brown from Harlem. This month Trina crosses the color line and presents us with the story of Sinsemella, a forlorn lovechild who lived once upon a time and permanently stoned. Her strips may remind many of you of the comic books of the late '50s, and indeed Trina herself cites the mighty "Mary Marvel" as being instrumental in her decision to pursue a cartoon career. As Trina puts it, "Mary proved to all of us girls that it was possible to be a female superhero, keep the world safe for democracy and be flat-chested—all at the same time!" Trina is currently working on adapting Sax Rohmer's classic 1919 dope novel, aptly entitled *Dope*, for Eclipse magazine.



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A GIRL NAMED JO



Marcia Resnick

When Jake Riviera, Elvis Costello's and Nick Lowe's manager, heard a demo of Jo Marshall singing, "Cops rip up my tickets/everyone believes my lies/the judge always sets me free/because of my big brown eyes," he immediately rang her up and arranged to meet for dinner that very night. After taking one look at the petite kick-ass pop singer, he sent her off to London where Nick Lowe produced a few songs for her in his newly finished basement studio. Included in the session was the song "Might Man," specially written for her by Elvis Costello, who, along with the Attractions, Nick Lowe and Carlene Carter, acted as Jo's backup band.

"When I flew into London's Heathrow airport," Jo whispers grittily backstage somewhere between Manhattan and Boston as the Ramones thunder in the background, "Nick and Carlene came to pick me up and apologized for Elvis not being there; he'd gotten too drunk and they had to leave him home." She giggles with schoolgirl innocence at the memories of Elvis's drunken antics in London, never losing that undercurrent of devilish sexuality reminiscent of the young Brigitte Bardot. "I had a nice time," she continues. "I got along well with Carlene Carter, probably because we both have a tattoo in the same place." I eye her body, pretending to write notes, and was just about to ask her where might that tattoo be when she is called away by a member of her all-male band.

When she returns, I ask Jo what it was like coming back home as a relative unknown after busting it up with the big boys over in England. "It was great having Nick and Elvis helping out, but when I got back to the States I was out of a band, but just dying to get out in front of an audience. It was frustrating. I felt like jumping out of the window but that wouldn't have worked, seeing as I live on the first floor." Through it all she kept her wits about her,

hiring a rather unorthodox band for the pumping out of the "new music"—a pedal steel guitar in lieu of the usual rhythm guitar and keyboards. Then boys and girl got down to getting their collective chops together.

Why the pedal steel? "It's really a versatile instrument, it works well with a hard driving lead guitar, providing a real melodic sound, but you can also get that bouncing '60s, Beach Boys organ sound out of it. I don't know why it's just used to make twangy sounds for country and western bands. We never use it like that."

And a penchant for the pedal steel isn't the only thing that separates Jo Marshall from the glut of hot young female singers that are making the rounds these days. The woman's voice is simply incredible, one of the most imaginative voices to be heard in years; full of character and uncanny phrasing, she delivers each line with a mountain of emotion that's got to be heard to be believed. Jo herself puts it more simply: "I always thought I sang like a guy but with a girl's voice....not to mention body."

—Legs McNeil



Marcia Resnick

FLASHES*



CANADIAN UNDERGROUND

Editor:

Maybe those slimy peckers in Ottawa think that just because they've banned *High Times* we're gonna stop growin', smokin', and partyin'. Here's a shot to show them different. Regardless of what all you Americans think, there's more to us "sap-sucking seal murderers" than back bacon and beer.

—Jamie Hooten
Ontario, Canada

ber of times when he was "consumer-testing" Isomerizers on the premises. But after a bona fide chemist explained it all to him, it won his endorsement.

The Drug Enforcement Administration also endorses Isomerizers, in their own unpleasant way. Freedom of Information disclosures show that the DEA has been campaigning clandestinely against Iso merchandisers since the gimmicks were first merchandised in '75. Last year under Operation Firebase the Klandestine Klub Iso unit was the very first piece of head gear the feds snapped up and impounded. Obviously, the DEA holds these gimmicks in highest esteem, and their endorsement always goes a long way with us.—Ed.

READERS TO THE RESCUE

In their September 7 issue, People magazine ran a story on legal stimulants noting how these substances are being "advertised in drug-oriented magazines like *High Times*, read by many young people." Now while we appreciate the compliment regarding the extent of our circulation, it should be pointed out that we pulled all of our legal-stimulant ads months before People ran their story (a bit of information the most perfunctory of fact checking would have disclosed) and in an editorial in our July issue explained to our readers at length our reasons for doing so.

Anyway, we wish to thank all of you who after reading the stimulant story took the trouble to write People and protest their dissemination of misinformation. We should add that we've since asked People to

EYE BALL THE STARS



with Fenton Bendix

Trouble in Paradise—The Hot News from the heaven hot-line is that John Lennon is still more popular than Jesus Christ, and the Prince of Light is reportedly more than a little miffed... Connoisseur Dopester Tip—That hi-powered and hi-priced marijuana pronounced "WA-HAK-AN" is from the state of Oaxaca, Mexico. "Weehawken" refers to ganja grown in the state of New Jersey, Nowheresville. I've been fooled by this one a couple times myself... Lovers of laughing gas have formed a lobbying organization in Washington called The National Organization of Nitrous Oxide (NO-NO)... Also capital-wise, D.C. hospitals have been experiencing a severe shortage of human tissue preservatives ever since a White House maid revealed that Ron and Nancy relax each night in a hot tub full of formaldehyde. The "keep your looks" fad is the hottest thing since mechanical bulls, and some health institutions report they have less than a three-month supply on hand... Speaking of human tissue, an ecstatic Meatloaf directed his accountant to buy the controlling interest in the Speed Queen Corporation before he found out the company manufactures washing machines... Other dopers' names in the news: Rock Hudson, Thai Babilonia, Stoney Burke and those zany siblings, Max and Hal Roach...

print a retraction (their errors have already been picked up in newspapers across the country) but as of yet have heard nothing from them.

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, SOMETIMES, DEPT.

In our November '81 issue we made available to our readers an anthology of Lenny Bruce's short stories entitled *Stamp Help*

Out! The Potsmokers. The response was overwhelming; it's only a shame that the post office screwed up and sent everybody back their checks and money orders instead of mailing out the books. We are therefore pleased to announce that all difficulties have been straightened out, and if you send your \$7.95 (New York residents add sales tax) to Bentley-Ross Inc., P.O. Box 443, New York, NY 10028, you'll get your books. Honest.

NIGHT OF THE SERBIAN SWEEP

continued from page 7
year, and voted for each one, three times a piece! That's me, Larry Sloman!"

So Andy Kowl brings in a sanitation squad late one night: one of our most cherished advertisers, Communication Control Systems, an international corporation that markets everything from infrared viewers to bulletproof vests and cars. And boy, what a romantic crew of badmashes they were—swarthy, beetle-browed, young, burly chaps, the dozen or so of them. After quietly consulting among themselves in some Serbo-Croatian pinko babble ("Oh my God," blurted George Barkin when he heard them palaver, "Rooshkies, we got goddamn Rooshkies debugging our offices"), they sandwiched their heads between sets of giant earphones that were linked through black portfolio consoles to long antenna-type wands. Then round and round they went, from room to room, reflecting those things through every nook and cranny in the joint. Or they sat motionless in pitch-dark office cubicles, hunched over dreadful humming consoles that spat out bright-colored pinlights on the walls, and intermittently vocalized in eerie beeps, whines, keenings, rumbles, rushings, rustles, quacks, whirs, whistles, and general tinnitus—exactly the sort of noises crazy people hear in their heads all the time, with no aid from technology.

It was straight out of James Bond, the big briefcase the sweep chief opened on the publicity director's desk; inside there were

enough metal switches and colored indicator lights, in serried ranks and terraces, to operate all Amtrak. And the guy, after consulting the trilingual operator's manual—English, Italian and Arabic—lifts up the desk phone and commences punching numbers. Punch punch punch punch punch... Paaaaauuuuuuuuu... Punchpunchpunch punch punch. "Somebody is on the phone," he intoned, amazed. "All the time." Then Laurence Cherniak showed him how you have to punch 9 to get a dial tone.

Amazing, though, into what microscopically tiny fragments a phone can be disassembled down. Anywhere in South America these days a phone costs over a thousand dollars, and Ma Bell is cranking up to make them just as precious here at home. It's a simple way of cutting off poor people—those likeliest to be discontented, and make trouble when they get together—from basic communications technology. But if you ever saw a real sweep wizard lovingly and lingeringly vivisecting a live telephone down into its most delicate innards, you'd realize that those wonderful gimmicks are really worth a thousand bucks a unit.

And that's just a damn telephone! "When you write this up," said Kowl, "be sure to go down to the countersurveillance-technology trade show at the Statler Hilton. Find out what kind of gimmicks these guys are using, how they work, what they do." Then he split, with Cherniak, Barkin and all the others, and I was there in the night with the sweep team and all these semi-intelligent machines. Learn about them and describe



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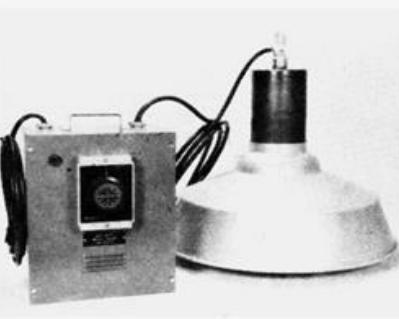
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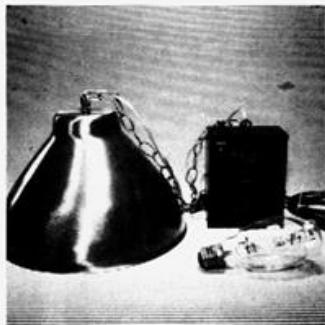
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*plant shown - False Aralia

FLASHES

them? That's a job for Carl Sagan, my man: "Immeasurably more exquisite, complex and receptive than the semicircular chambers of the human middle ear, the Communications Control System's resonance stimulator literally reaches out to any nearby eavesdropping device which may work on the same principle. It sort of physically thrills pulses of electromagnetic seduction through the ether, seeking its mate. If a spy device is present, the two machines irresistibly mesh, on an invisible plane, in a positively sexual synergy, drawn unto like—a technological reprise, as it were, of the grand medieval long-distance romance of Heloise and Abelard. Peter Abelard, we'll remember, brilliantly foresaw the development of—"

Machines fucking. Fucking machines. Machines accosting, seducing and raping each other. Machines betraying each other's innermost confidences to humans, as they betray humans' confidences to other humans. How long, I wonder, are these magnificent, gleaming, immortal entities going to put up with us rudimentary vessels of flesh, who are considered "efficient" if we last out threescore and five years per unit with just minimal residual operating function. If we set these austere metal-and-wire entities into impolitely prying up each other's assholes like this, with our tawdry interneccine political squabbles, they may very reasonably become displeased with us, even impatient (a most violently disagreeable emotion, impatience, for a semi-intelligent machine), and drop the hammer on us once and for all.

You know what I like? I like a nice sloppy little nervous system that works by dumb old sodium-calcium ion exchange. 'Cause it's so easy to fuck it all up with simple organic-plant drugs when it starts going haywire from overmuch feedback, like after a few hours with a sweep team and their weird machines in the middle of the night. Yeah, fuck technology shows at the Hilton and Carl Sagan. Yeah, I went out and got drunk on scotch, and even broke out my Bangkok sinsemilla stash in an effort to seduce a likely barmaid—who, alas, was too damn human to screw anybody who was in my state of mind that night.

Did the System's sweep team find anything? Frankly, I never asked, and do not now wish to be advised whether they did or not. And even if I were so advised, I wouldn't put it here in writing. Because if I did that, see—stated here on the page whether they found taps and bugs on the premises, or found them not—how would you-all know I wasn't lying? Dig that?

I leave you with all this on which to meditate. Give you a taste of what it's like.

—Dean Latimer
Sordid Affairs Editor □



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Designer Seeds

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SOPHISTICATED connoisseurs and serious students of *Cannabis* botany know that the real excitement, the hot action, the feverish experimentation, the triumphant discoveries, are no longer taking place in growing the weed *but in breeding the seed*.

Pedigreed-weed-seed breeding has developed into the kind of rarefied art and science that breeding the bloodlines of fine Arabian horses has always been. Dedicated weed-seed breeders pursue their passion with the erotic intensity and exotic refinements of rare-orchid cultivators steaming up their hothouses with the hot breath of their botanical fervor.

You'd be amazed at the sophistication and precision that West Coast seed cultivators have brought to their art. The implications for us simple ounce-buying consumers are astonishing, a whole brave new world of standardized supersmoke seed strains. There are some perils, too. We'll get to that shortly, but first—just to give you a flavor of what's starting to happen—let me explain the price list accompanying this month's column. It's an excerpt from a very special kind of seed catalog. I have no idea whose it is, but indications I get are that this is probably a publication of one of the many small but serious seed-breeding think tanks that are springing up to serve the seed needs of connoisseurs and growers. (The prices per seed will probably be outdated by the time you read this, of course.) Someday marijuana seed catalogs as thick as Burpee's may be standard, but in these pioneer days it's still a pleasure to feast one's eyes on a slim list like this and imagine the pleasure of shopping from it.

Look at it: 28 different varieties, each one offering a subtle new flavor to the consciousness of the connoisseur. This is truly the Baskin-Robbins of *Cannabis* cultivators. But it's more than that—more like a list

of vintages from the fine old cellar of a wine connoisseur. Wouldn't you like to have a little bit of each and every vintage harvested from these seeds in your private stash?

And look at some of the prices: A single seed of "South Indian #3" costs five dollars—as much as a whole lid of street Mex weed did back in the old days. Of course, like the magic beans Jack sold the family cow for, these precious little *Cannabis* beans produce prodigious buds and blooms, pounds per plant of stuff so potent and exotic they'd be worth selling whole herds of

cattle for. Still, the rush of progress that has ushered in the era of the five-dollar seed is astonishing to contemplate.

But let's contemplate some of the more pleasurable and provocative features of this particular collection. The importance of South Indian is a surprise even to your knowledgeable Connoisseur. But it seems to be a recent development of the greenhouse era. The use of greenhouses permits cultivation of equatorial-type plants, which require the long, hot, slow growing season of their native lands. I've had the privilege of tasting South Indian grass that was grown in South India. Marvelous stuff. Snake-charmer grass. The kind of stuff that can mesmerize you into a long, slow-growing sensual delirium. I must confess that I've yet to taste a purebred South Indian in a U.S. greenhouse, but I can't wait.

Another interesting feature of South Indian variety seems to be the preference the seed scientists have for using the South Indian males in mating hybrids. What's wrong with South Indian females? Or what's so special about South Indian males? They're certainly special enough to be the only variety I know that is specially cultivated for its males. Perhaps this foreshadows the resurgence of the male pot plant, so long scorned in favor of females and sexless sinse-milla. The differential sexual dynamics of pot-plant botany and human consciousness could be a fascinating field of study. Notice the two different kinds of Nepali/Haze cross-breeds on the menu. Would grass grown from a hybrid of Nepali males and "Haze" females be sexier to men or women than Haze males and Nepali females? Two people could have a lot of fun trying to figure that out, and probably wouldn't care if they didn't reach a definitive answer.

Yes, I think we connoisseurs are going to have a lot of

continued on page 66

Catalog of S E E D S

Effective February 1981
ALL VARIETIES LISTED IN ORDER OF MATURATION

PURE VARIETIES

\$2.00 Afghani #1
\$2.00 Afghani #2
\$3.00 Afghani #2 Purple
\$2.00 Skunk #1
\$2.00 Skunk #2

HYBRID VARIETIES ♀ first / ♀ second

Mature in October

\$2.00 Nepali
\$3.00 Malawi

\$2.00 Nepali/Afghani
\$2.00 Malawi/Nepali
\$2.00 B. Early Haze/Afghani

All above can be grown outside most years in S.F. Bay Area

All below require a greenhouse in S.F. Bay Area

Mature in December

\$2.00 South Indian #1	\$1.00 Nepali/Haze
\$1.00 South Indian #2	\$1.00 Haze/Nepali
\$5.00 South Indian #3	\$1.00 Nepali-Haze/South Indian
\$5.00 Original Haze #1	\$2.00 B. Early Haze/South Indian
\$5.00 Original Haze #2	\$2.00 Haze/South Indian
\$5.00 Original Haze #3	\$1.00 Thai-Haze/South Indian
\$5.00 Original Haze #4	\$5.00 South African/Haze
\$5.00 Burning Bush	\$2.00 Burning Bush/Nepali
	\$2.00 Burning Bush/South Indian

Mature in January

\$5.00 Extra Late (New Years) Haze

10% discount on \$100.00; 25% discount on \$1000.00 (except Skunk #1)

Special: 10 each of 25 kinds (250 for \$500) while they last.

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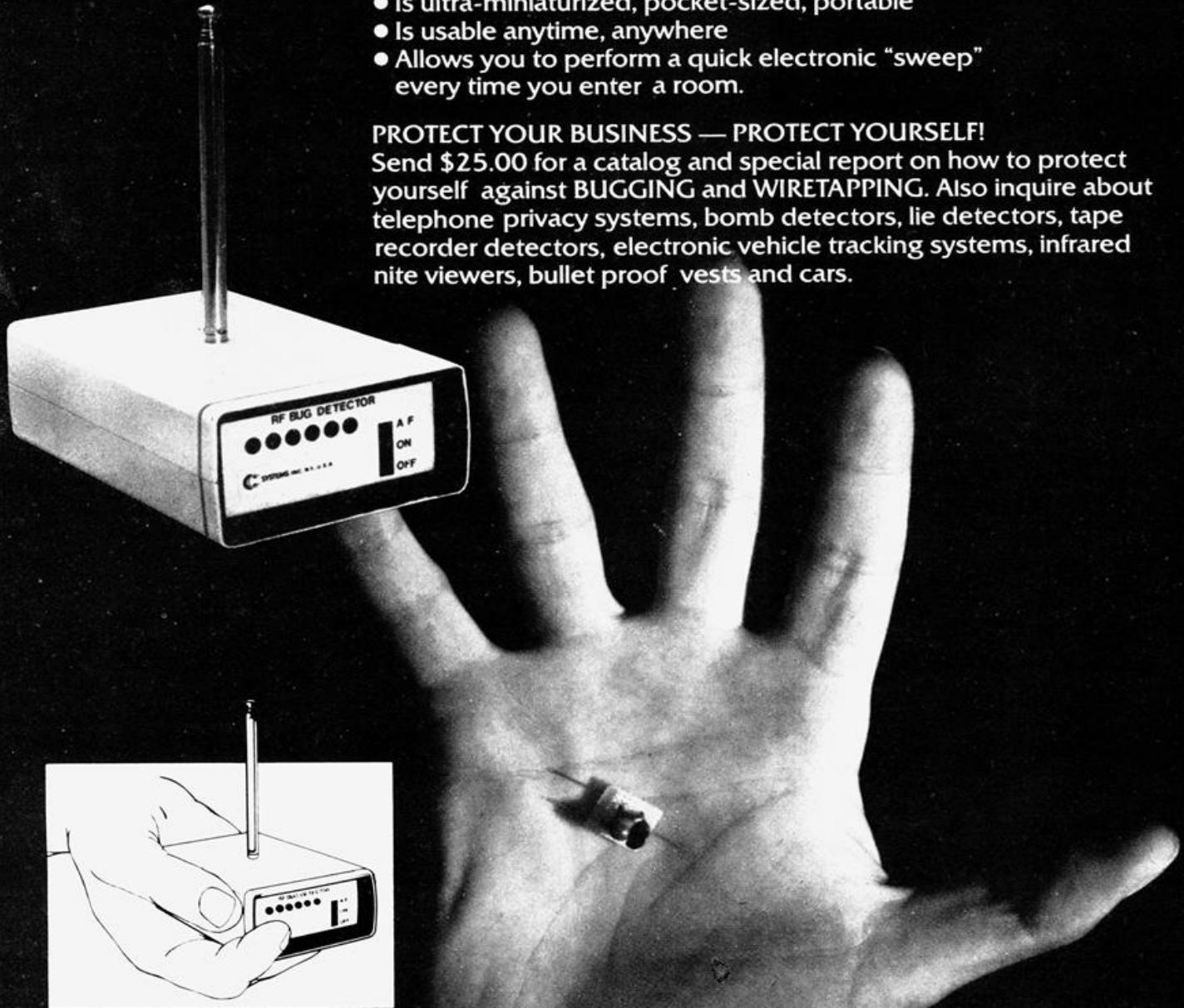
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

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DOPE
PRICES**

Feb. '82
No. 78

STOP THE PRESSES!

TOP DRUG EXPERTS FIND GRASS LEADS TO HEROIN!

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dr. ROBERT DUPONT, administrator of the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) from 1971 to 1978, has discovered proof that pot smoking causes heroin addiction. "Marijuana use causes heroin use," concludes the NIDA director,

"and heroin use is highly correlated with addiction."

Half of all people who smoke marijuana more than 1,000 times in their lives take heroin at least once, according to statistics developed by Dr. DuPont's current private drug-research corporation,

the American Council on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Drugs, Inc. (ACM). Besides DuPont, the ACM's directors comprise such prominent NIDA officials and researchers as Dr. Sidney Cohen of UCLA, Dr. Carol Grace Smith of the Uni-

formed Services University of the Health Sciences, Dr. Gabriel Nahas of Columbia University, and Dr. Carlton Turner, senior presidential adviser on drug-abuse issues—Ronald Reagan's "dope czar." Thus DuPont's continued on page 26

CALIFORNIA THRIVES ON MOM-AND-POP MARIMBA

BY MARK SWAIN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

GO PAST THE LETTUCE PATCH IN FRANK AND HAZEL'S GARDEN, TURN LEFT at the pot patch, step carefully through the sugar beets, around the next pot patch—and right under the four apricot trees over yonder, there's Frank and Thelma's pride and joy: a dozen or so female plants, grown from what they were guaranteed were Thai seeds, which they're tenderly manicuring into what they hope to sell as sinsemilla.

This was how it was before harvest last fall, anyway: two mixed-sex Colombian patches and a patch of all-girl Thai growing among Frank and Thelma's market goodies, with nothing but their big red barn between their weed and the road between Mountain View and Santa Clara. It was only their second year of pot growing, and they'd picked up most of their technique, they gratefully declared, from stray back issues of HIGH TIMES magazine. Evidently they missed the issues that cautioned that you can't expect to raise really good sinsemilla in the same garden with pollen-spewing male plants.

Frank's a taxi driver, and Hazel mainly tends the garden; she's far enough into her 50s now, it would be impolite to ask her exactly continued on page 24



Dr. Robert DuPont

UPI

LICENSE TO KILL: SUPREME COURT OKAYS L.A. DEATH GRIP

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ALTHOUGH HUG-HAPPY Los Angeles fuzz have already strangled 11 people to death

in the line of duty, Supreme Court justice William Rehnquist has given the notorious 6,500-member police force permission to continue using

"choke holds" that restrain suspects by rendering them unconscious. Justice Rehnquist, not renowned for his wisdom or compassion,

agreed to postpone a federal court order barring the LAPD from using the techniques until the Supreme Court decides whether to review the case, a process that may take months. Rehnquist's postponement, the second he granted in two weeks, allows cops to use two holds that either block the flow of air to the lungs or blood to the brain, causing unconsciousness. The lower federal court had barred the use of the lethal "choke holds"—except when cops were in danger of serious bodily harm—as a result of a civil rights suit filed in 1977 by a Los Angeles man who had his neck wrung after he was stopped for a traffic violation.

FIVE YEARS IN JAIL FOR VISITING PARENTS

THREE JUSTICE-IS-BLIND-And-Possibly-Insane Award goes this month to the Virginia Supreme Court for refusing to hear the appeal of a 33-year-old man sentenced to five years in prison for visiting his chronically ill parents.

In a punishment with oddly medieval overtones, Jerry Webster was *banned for life* from Chesapeake, Virginia, after being convicted of possessing an ounce of marijuana in 1974.

His original sentence for that foul deed was suspended

on the condition that he would never show his face around Chesapeake again.

But when Webster returned to see his ailing parents, circuit judge William Hodges revoked the suspension and sent him to the slammer for five years.

In some circles this is known as terminal paranoia.

G-MAN, G-MAN, SPARE THOSE JUGS!

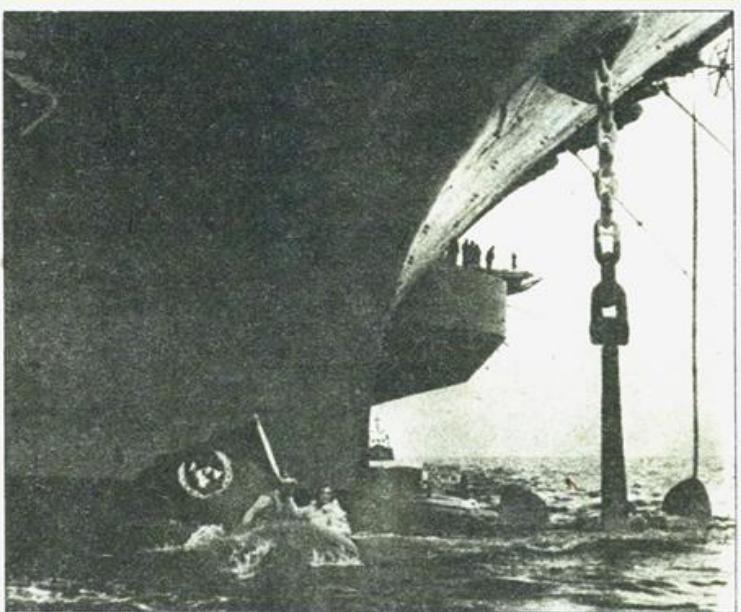
ASTARTLING DISCOVERY may mean the end of the dairy industry and motherhood. According to the September issue of *Science News*, researchers at the Wellcome Research Laboratories in Research Triangle Park, North Carolina, report that both human and cow milk are naturally spiced with a tiny amount of morphine and, like the DEA when it comes to stopping the heroin traffic, they have no idea how it gets there. But Eli Hazum, Pedro Cuatrecasas and their colleagues have no doubts about their identification, which is founded on a series of chemical, biological, pharmacological and immunological tests.

The scientists suspect that plants are a probable source of the morphine, with hay and lettuce being the main culprits. "We postulate that

morphine may be a ubiquitous constituent of plant-derived foods. Perhaps, in addition, an active concentrating mechanism exists in the mammary gland." They report finding 200 to 500 nanograms of morphine in the milk they analyzed.

Of course, the amount of M reported to be in a liter of milk is but a small percent of the usual oral or injectable dose of the drug used as a painkiller. But the scientists say that it may have an as yet mysterious pharmacological significance.

The implications are staggering. It's alleged that the DEA is considering proposals by a Georgia congressman to ban breast-feeding altogether and has already sent teams of eager young agents into the field to try and lick the problem at its source.



Vancouver, B.C....Peaceniks at sea. Greenpeace activists in small zodiacs glide around the anchor of the U.S. aircraft carrier *Ranger* as it is lowered into English Bay here. The Greenpeace swabie tried to stop the dangerous sea creature from dropping anchor by keeping the zodiacs beneath it. Shiver me A-bombs!

WEED BUSTS UP AS SMACK DEALERS SLIDE

GOD BLESS AMERICA! AND why not? If you're a high-rollin' heroin dealer with a crew of bought-off cops and politicians at your command, this is the land of milk sugar and stretch limos. But if you're some poor schmuck trying to eke out a buck with a harvest of ditchweed, you better be cool: The forces of law and order have you targeted for a cell.

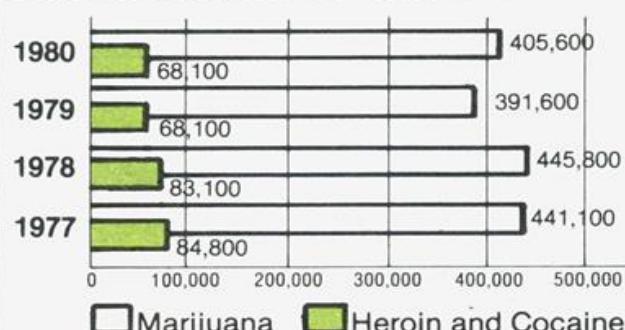
The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has released figures compiled from the FBI crime statistics for 1980. These

show that there were 405,600 arrests for grass-related offenses in 1980. The number of victims busted last year was 14,000 higher than in 1979 when 391,600 were snared.

NORML political director George Farnham noted that the increase in nonpossession arrests is attributed "primarily to the explosion of the domestic marijuana market. Nearly all states have statutes that label marijuana cultivation, even a single plant for personal uses, as a felony punishable by the same penalties as the sale of

Drug Arrests, 1977-80

Source: NORML



marijuana."

This means that a stalk of grass in your window box will get you felony time, while the same amount in a baggie under the couch rates as a misdemeanor.

Oddly enough, the number of busts for smack- and cocaine-related offenses remained stable at 68,100 in 1980, precisely the same figure reported in 1979. This occurred despite the fact that during 1980 there was a tremendous increase in the importation and use of both those drugs. Also, the FBI statistics do not differentiate between coke and smack arrests, a sly way to conceal the relatively small percentage of heroin arrests, mostly for possession, and the peculiar unwillingness of the feds to launch a vigorous campaign against the mushrooming narcotics traffic. Apparently it's much easier for agents to pop small-time growers and smokers and have their pic-

ture taken next to a blooming bush than to actually try and put some of the most corrupt bastards in the world out of business. Kind of makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Farnham expressed concern over the total drug arrest statistics:

"The overall figures for drug arrests show that federal, state and local enforcement agencies continue to make marijuana their number one drug-enforcement priority. These arrests are a waste of hundreds of millions of dollars each year and act as a strain on already limited law-enforcement budgets. NORML believes that the best beginning would be to remove marijuana from the criminal-justice system. Only then can law-enforcement agencies concentrate on serious violent crime. As long as 70 percent of all drug-related arrests are for marijuana offenses, this is not a possibility."

Amen.



What a bloomin' tragedy, me hearties! While an Atlantic Strike Team diver rests on some of the hashish bales he helped recover, other crewmen of the Coast Guard cutter *Red Beech* pass bales from the ship's small boat to waiting crewmen on the buoy tender's main deck. Coast Guard divers recovered 34,000 pounds of hashish from a sunken boat off New Jersey. Hashish, hashish, everywhere, and not a chunk to smoke!

Gregory Creedon

HAVE A COKE AND A BUST

FLORIDA CITY, FLORIDA

WHEN THE HEAT FOUND Richard Combs, 20, dozing in a car next to a gas station, they advised an overnight snooze in the local dungeon. Combs wasn't charged with anything. In the cell next to his, however, were several bales of grass being held as evidence in a dope case. Yielding to temptation, the impetuous Combs reached between the bars and

stuffed several fistfuls of weed into a soft-drink can. When he left the next morning, he found he couldn't get the top off the can and asked a man and a woman inside a nearby parked car to help. They did, and discovered it was marijuana. At that point they informed him that they were undercover narcs. A surprised Combs was back in the joint on a possession rap. There's some kind of moral here...

BRIT COURT REJECTS GLUE-SNIFFING MURDER PLEA

CARDIFF, WALES

THE WHIFFING OF GLUE AND other solvents is no excuse for behaving as though one were brain damaged, a Welsh jury recently affirmed, after learning that the whiffing of these substances does not cause brain damage in the slightest. After the testimony of some of Great Britain's foremost drug experts convinced them of this, the jurors flatly turned down the claim of a 16-year-old boy's solicitor that the youth had been suffering from "diminished capacity" on the night he murdered his grandmother, thanks to a long and intensive history of whiffing solvents.

"Solvents are no more likely to induce violent behavior than any other intoxicant," the court was advised by Jasper Woodcock, chief of Britain's prestigious Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence. "They have no specific pharmacological effect of making people violent." Another prosecution witness, Dr. Joyce Watson of the University of Glasgow, noted that although 60 deaths in Great Britain have been officially attributed to solvent whiffing, his own research suggests that in each case the fumes themselves were not the direct cause of death; asphyxiation was the likely culprit in most cases, induced when whiffers passed out while the plastic bag they'd been whiffing from still covered their noses and mouths.

The "news" that solvent whiffing has no particularly drastic or long-lasting toxic effects—although it has been a matter of scientific record for years—made headlines all over the country. The British media had been waging a sensational glue-scare campaign for months, attributing all sorts of violent and psychotic behavior to solvent whiffing, especially whenever teenagers or preteens were involved. Finally, when this 16-year-old's attorney tried to get him off a homicide rap by blaming it on glue, real drug experts had to step in and set the matter straight.

"Because adolescent behavior seems more disturbing now than before," specu-

lated Woodcock in court, "there is a tendency to want a kind of demon on which to put the blame. It is comforting to blame solvent sniffing for problems, rather than putting the responsibility on human beings."

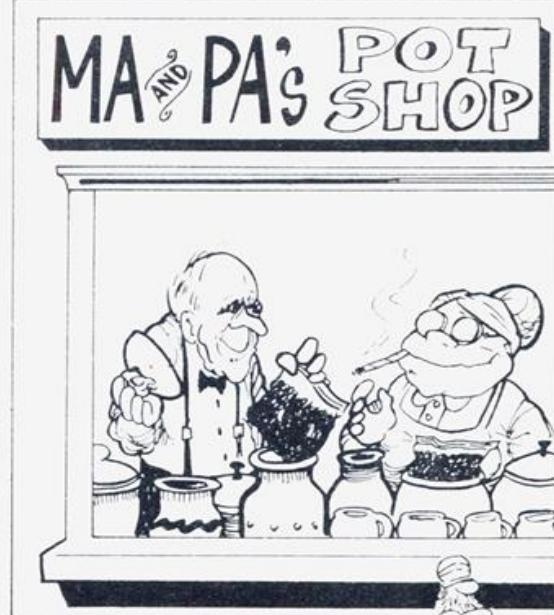
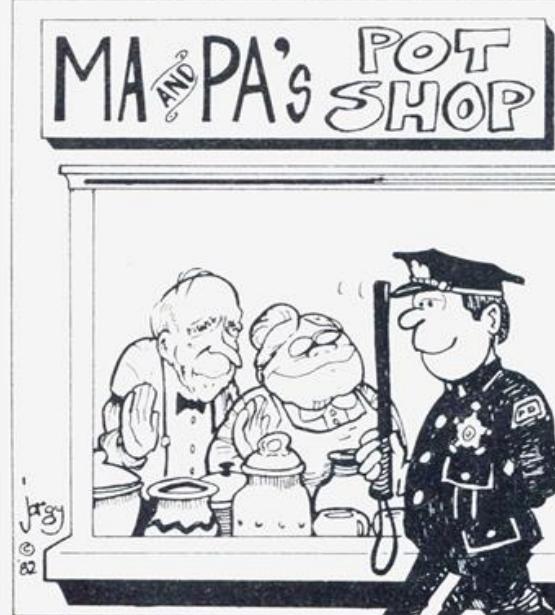
One out of ten British students, it's estimated, experiments with glue sniffing at least once before graduation.

However, Woodcock notes, almost none persist in whiffing once they're old enough to buy alcohol. While noting that punk-rock devotees have been getting a lot of lurid media play for their purported special affection for glue whiffing, Woodcock suggested that in fact the punks may be doing it specifically so as to gain the attention of a scan-

dalized press and public:

"About four years ago, punk groups, looking for something to make ordinary people upset, deliberately took up solvent sniffing as something generally thought to be disgusting and revolting. Now it is associated with skinheads." And the skinheads, of course, greatly enjoy the consequent publicity.

JORGY



SATIVA ZAPS SINO SENILITY

PRELIMINARY REPORTS FROM the People's Republic of China indicate that consumption of *Cannabis sativa* may lengthen your life.

According to the May 1981 edition of *China Pictorial*, in Bama County in southern China, where wonder weed is a regular part of the diet, 32 of the area's 230,000 residents are centenarians and 269 are nonagenarians. While marijuana isn't the main staple of Bama cuisine, locals believe that the plant "makes one become strong and tough if eaten often enough."

The Chinese mode of con-

sumption doesn't involve rolling papers and bongs, however. As *China Pictorial* describes it, "the local people often steep crushed seeds of *Cannabis sativa* in water to make a milklike juice. The dregs are discarded but the juice is used in cooking as a flavoring agent."

It is not reported what happens to the stems and leaves or if there is even a high association with the dope-seed juice; but the behavior of some local residents might be considered suspect. Both Tan Busong, 102, and Luo Bubu, 118, are very active and talk a

lot. (Tan is "very fond of chatting," and Luo likes to tell the story of his life "in a rapid flow of words.") Also, Tan smokes "a lot"—we aren't told what he smokes but the magazine notes that residents of the area are remarkably free from cancer.

Perhaps the most telling piece of evidence can be found in the magazine reporter's remarks about a dinner he attended with one of the loose-lipped oldies: "Luo Bubu has a good appetite and eats much faster than I do." Some might call it a good case of the munchies.

RIPLEY'S BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT ENTRY:**1.5 TONS OF WEED FLEE FROM MASS. COP SHOP!**

YARMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

THE SIX TONS OF MARIJUANA busted on the beach at Mashpee, Massachusetts (see "Highwitness News," August '81), just goes on giving everyone the willies—except for lucky consumers all over the country who smoked up nearly two tons of it that was subsequently nipped out of the state-police evidence bin here.

It must have taken hours, but someone still managed to trot 38 bales of grass, 60 to 70 pounds per bale, out of the downtown state-police station, which is vigilantly manned 24 hours a day. The boosters blowtorched a bale-sized hole out of the middle of the evidence room's metal door and shifted the grass out through it, taking care not to trip the alarm wire that runs around the door frame. One by one they trotted the bales out to the parking lot, through the normally busy booking room, where only one officer was on duty the night this happened.

Trooper Dan Dahlstrom, 43, a 15-year veteran—who allegedly dispatched all the other troopers on his shift to outside duty the night the

shop was raided—thus joined the 17 people facing criminal charges over the 137 original bales of Mashpee *marimba*.

The dope had been a headache for the Yarmouth cops to begin with. It had been seized not by Customs or the DEA but by the state attorney general's office. Anxious (ostensibly) to make sure the charges stuck against the rather prominent and wealthy Massachusetts people involved in the Mashpee move, the Massachusetts A.G. wouldn't let the Yarmouth cops burn so much as a twig of the six tons of evidence. So they hired guards to watch

the several million dollars' worth of weed, but after a week they dropped this out of consideration for the Yarmouth station's budget. And within a couple months, all the state troopers in town were looking the other way on the night when a ton and a half of marijuana strolled out through their booking room.

It went all the way to Boston, industry sources tell HIGH TIMES, to a certain travel agency that had been acquired, only weeks before, by a former inspector for the Massachusetts Motor Vehicle Department's merit protection board—part of the at-

torney general's office. At the agency, the 38 bales were quickly broken down to kilos and parceled out efficiently to distributors who took it all over the country.

"It was your typical middle-hold, commercial Santa Marta gold," one ki dealer told HIGH TIMES. "There was nothing particularly good or bad about its quality, and it sold for regular prices. Whoever moved it out of that cop shop must have made barely enough to cover the bribes for all the cops involved. I can't imagine why anybody'd take the trouble, but this whole business is crazy anyway."

NEOFASCIST 'ANTI-DRUG' GROUP ILLEGALLY SOLICITS FUNDS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE NATIONAL ANTI-DRUG Coalition, a front for neofascist mastermind Lyndon LaRouche, Jr., former United States Labor Party czar, has been illegally soliciting funds for two years to finance its



Lyndon LaRouche

REAGANOMICS DRIVES GREAT-GRANDPA INTO POT BIZ

CLEVELAND, OHIO

WHILE THE LOPSIDED Republican budget has proved a bonanza for arms dealers, Arab oil sheiks and multinational corporations, an impoverished 70-year-old great-grandfather charged with selling grass said he needed the extra income to supplement his meager social-security checks.

"I just try to make ends meet," Wilbur J. Abernathy

said. "I just sold a little bit."

Local narcs said Abernathy, a retired maintenance man, was the oldest suspect they ever arrested. They found a half a pound of marijuana in his home. Abernathy, who said he receives \$410 a month in social security, has five sons, five daughters, 15 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

"I help support most of them at one time or another. You know how it is," he said.

propaganda campaign, according to a published report in the *Chicago Sun-Times*.

This comes as no surprise to HIGH TIMES readers (see "War on Drugs," by Chip Berlet, May '81), but it is heartening to see the establishment media starting to take note of these vicious fanatics.

The newspaper said the group has been soliciting funds by telling people the money will help stamp out drug abuse but neglecting to mention that they are affiliated with LaRouche, who maintains that Jews financed Adolf Hitler, that the Kennedy family is a front for organized crime, and that rock 'n' roll is a plot to destroy the minds of America's youth.

LaRouche and his minions also claim that Queen Elizabeth, Secretary of State Haig, Chicago mayor Jane Byrne and others are cohorts in a plot to subvert democratic institutions through drug addiction, population control and international terrorism.

The coalition, by camouflaging its ideology, has wormed its way into public-school assemblies, tricked municipal leaders into granting solicitation permits and lured public officials to community meetings that turned antidrug forums into fundraising and political recruiting sessions, the *Sun-Times* said.

BLOOM COUNTY BERKE BREATHED

AH! A FARMER!
A MAN OF THE EARTH!
GREETINGS... I'M
SENATOR BEDFELLOW.



AH.. MY HEART BLEEDS
FOR YOU GOOD FOLKS...
BEEN HARD TIMES.
HASN'T IT?

NOPE.
DOIN'
DANDY.



WELL GOOD! GOOD!
THIS IS A FINE
BATCH OF CORN
YOU HAVE!

TAIN'T
CORN.
IT'S
DOPE.



HERE....
TAKE A FEW
POUNDS HOME
TO THE WIFE.



MOM-AND-POP MARIMBA

continued from page 19

how far. The first year they pulled in about \$7,500 above what their greengrocery wholesalers previously paid them. If the Thai since attempt paid off at all last year, they might have topped \$10,000 extra. "Money in the bank," says Frank, who declares that he's stopped cheating on his low-bracket income tax, out of

a vague sense of guilt, since the pot money started coming in.

Frank and Hazel have kept guns around since "the riots" of the '60s, but they don't anticipate using them on pot-nappers, ever. "If they want the pot, they can come and get it," Hazel says they've agreed. "But if they try to come in the house—*Blam!*"

As for the cops, Frank's more worried about his mortgage—and so's the Santa Clara County assessor, from the looks of it. "He just smiled, never said anything," remembers Frank of the last visit. Frank's relatives include local lawyers, and a county grand juror or two. "If the cops want to take my little pot patches, go ahead. It's only money. But they'd never dare put my picture in the *paper* for it, much less jail. Hell, half the farmers

in the state are growing marijuana now."

It certainly looks that way from statistics. Last year, California's cannabis crop rang up an estimated \$5.4 billion, insured, before the harvest was delivered. This was nearly twice the 1981 proceeds from milk, California's main "legitimate" agricultural product: \$3.4 billion per year, steady. Marijuana farming is no longer the privileged province of once-urban hippies gone back

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MARIJUANA Grower's Guide



to the soil in lonesome Humboldt, Trinity and Mendocino counties.

Nowadays small farmers all over are supplementing their regular income with reefer, sold mainly to local distributors who advance about a fifth of the estimated buying price in the spring, when the seedlings show their viability, and then haggle professionally over the final price when the crop blooms. Generally it's plain, commercial-quality Colombian or Mex, since exotic seedless varieties require too much laborious, ultrascientific tending. "We're not hippies," said one of Frank's hemp-raising friends—who also distributes weed after harvest over the phone. "We don't get naked and go out and trim buds every day all summer. I don't even know anybody who grows the stuff who smokes it."

The middle-class *marimberos* of Santa Clara, in fact, spend precious little time discussing fascinating topics like slip growing, photoperiods, crossbreeds, grafts and hydroponics; like middle-class folks everywhere, they

tend mainly to complain to press people about the crushing burden of taxes, the uncertainties engendered by skyrocketing inflation and interest rates, and the outrageous way the Republicans have given over the country to big industry, and with hardly a gesture to conceal it, either. Frank says he voted for Reagan (a few days after buying a new field rover with his first crop's proceeds), but "he'll have to do a damn sight better in the next two years before I do it again."

People like Frank hardly ever get raided, for obvious reasons. Only state or federal narcs are really prepared to bust these people at all, and their surveillance techniques are mainly limited to overhead fixed-wing planes; however notoriously green marijuana may be, little isolated plots of it, scattered around among other variously tinted patches of garden greenery, just don't show up too well for airborne observers.

The DEA and the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, of course, are heavily pressuring the sher-

iffs of the northern counties to let them bring in helicopters outfitted with superspy gear and paraquat. But the growers, up north, who mainly furnish connoisseur seedless weed to the big-city markets, have shown themselves capable of conducting the industry safely and peaceably, deftly repelling attempts by organized crime to muscle in on them; and their money has most wonderfully benefited the depressed north-country economy, without engendering any perceptible official corruption.

As for the middle-class *marimberos* of Santa Clara, few of them really believe their marijuana minibonanza is going to develop into anything really spectacular or will even last like it has many harvests longer.

"It's like sugar beets," a local Stanford graduate opined over beers in a Mountain View tavern. "They made a lot of money 15 to 20 years back, when cane sugar was expensive and hardly anyone yet was growing beets here. But now cane's reasonable again, mainly because of all

that beet sugar; and everybody grows beets now, so it's worth even less. Same with grass. Either it goes legal, and then it's hardly worth anything; or it stays like it is, and everybody grows a little illicitly, in which case the price eventually stabilizes, and you still wind up just making enough to get by. There's nothing special about marijuana, and everybody knows that—even the cops, which is why there aren't that many mom-and-pop cultivation busts."

Frank and Hazel of Mountain View evidently concur. While Hazel was fascinated with Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal's *Marijuana Grower's Guide*, the considerably more technical and exhaustive *Marijuana Botany* by Robert Connell Clarke left them mainly cold. "I'm just a dirt farmer," protested Frank. "If it's more trouble than tomatoes, the hell with it." And Hazel warmly concurs.

The Marijuana Grower's Guide and *Marijuana Botany* are both published by And/Or Press, P.O. Box 22216, Berkeley, CA.



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DRUG-SCARE DOC LINKS POT TO HEROIN

continued from page 19

startling confirmation of this venerable saw, that maryjane leads to the hard stuff, has some exceedingly formidable and influential backing.

Over DuPont's seven-year tenure at NIDA, during which scores of millions of tax dollars went into marijuana and heroin research under his close supervision, no such causal link 'twixt the two drugs emerged. In 1976, in fact, Dr. DuPont accepted the determination of the National Drug Abuse Council that while an estimated 7 million people in the United States took heroin at least once that year, fewer than 700,000 were addicted to it; a smaller than 1:10 ratio, showing that heroin use is not "highly correlated with addiction" at all. While virtually every heroin addict has smoked grass before trying smack, that is, hardly anyone who merely tried smack proceeds to go on to become addicted.

But DuPont, in explaining his revised reasoning through an ACM press release in late 1981, now held by a notably more baroque scheme of "causality." People addicted to heroin have commonly smoked marijuana, he pointed out, just as people with lung cancer have commonly smoked tobacco; therefore, since no actual causal link has ever been demonstrated between tobacco and lung cancer, it is no less "scientific" to maintain that grass leads to smack than that cigarettes lead to cancer. "Marijuana use causes heroin use," Dr. DuPont confidently therefore states, on behalf of the American Council on Marijuana.

Amotivational Syndrome

The ACM, whose executive headquarters lies just around the corner from NIDA in Rockville, Maryland, is currently the nation's top anti-drug lobby. While keeping no-

tably lower media profile than the neo-Right "grass roots" antidope pressure groups it has supported and guided (Families for Drug-Free Youth of Florida, the National Anti-Drug Coalition of Lyndon LaRouche, and so on), the ACM is handsomely funded by large industrial concerns such as AT&T, IBM and the Marine Midland Bank. Since its 1978 founding, however, the ACM has relied mainly on support from commercial pharmaceutical firms such as Pfizer, Bristol-Meyers, SmithKlein French and so on. The ACM is widely viewed to be the unregistered Washington lobby for the pharmaceuticals industry, which has traditionally lobbied to keep marijuana illegal, out of the realistic concern that this unpatentable herb's many medical properties would compete drastically with profitable minor tranquilizers, painkillers, nausea and hay-fever medications, and over-the-counter sleep aids like Nyquil and Sominex.

In fact, even beyond the grass-leads-to-smack shock story, the ACM's manifest

top concern is to thwart scientific research into marijuana's medicinal properties—"this half-baked idea," as DuPont characterized it in a recent ACM newsletter, fretting over the 20 states that have approved research into marijuana's use as an antivomiting adjunct in cancer chemotherapy. When the pop-science magazine *Discover* briefly mentioned these marijuana projects last year, they received a stinging letter from DuPont accusing them of conspiring with this "trojan horse of the well-organized and financed marijuana lobby."

Ironically, it was actually DuPont's NIDA in the early '70s that began extensively researching marijuana's very striking antinausea qualities and other medical uses, and against considerable opposition. In fact, DuPont became broadly viewed as a semisubversive "drug softliner" in Washington for supporting decrim and other heresies against the multibillion-dollar commercial dope lobby. When he suddenly resigned from NIDA under extreme pressure in 1978 (in the wake

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of the first memorable coke-and-Quaalude White House scandal), it was seen as the final consolidation of the drug industry's influence over federal drug policy.

"In 1978," Dr. DuPont tirelessly repeats nowadays, "I did a 180-degree turn and I have opposed decriminalization since then."

In fact, since replacing Dr. Gabriel Nahas as the ACM's president in 1980, Dr. DuPont has splendidly carried on Nahas's 30-year *jihad* of spectacular antimarijuana crankery, lending his established NIDA credentials to such venerable Nahas myths as the grass-to-heroin link and "amotivational syndrome"—not to mention brain damage, lung cancer, sexual dysfunction and every other classic Reefer-madness "medical" myth.

An accomplished behavioral psychologist, DuPont is particularly adept at extrapolating the basic work of other scientists into comprehensive jeremiads against marijuana. The ACM's summer 1981 newsletter, for instance, published Dr. Sidney Cohen's

extensive deliberations on "amotivational syndrome," in which Cohen speculated reasonably enough that *some* adolescents, those especially prone to alienation and dissociation, might have their emotional problems intensified and prolonged by compulsive grass smoking.

DuPont's ACM, in the same newsletter, extrapolated Cohen's speculation into a positive certainty that "amotivational syndrome" is some degenerative organic mental syndrome that must inevitably overwhelm *everyone*, of every age, who smokes grass. Since its mental symptoms are supposedly so subtle that they are "seldom recognized by users themselves," the ACM encourages the extension of drug-free rehabilitative services to all pot smokers—whether they desire them or not, ideally.

"The treatment needs of 23 million marijuana smokers" will be met, Dr. Robert DuPont pledges firmly; and considering that the ACM has ties through NIDA with aggressive drug abuse-industry establishments such as

the National Association of Therapeutic Communities, these words have an ominous ring. If marijuana smokers are really too *non compos mentis* to apprehend the desperately brain damaged state we're surely in, then it may be only noble and compassionate someday soon to herd us together and ship us off by the millions to drug-free TCs—in boxcars, wherever the trains are still running efficiently.

The Recrim Phalange

On the face of it, the squalid and opportunistic "medical" propaganda of DuPont's ACM is pathetically feeble, once the pseudoscientific cant has been stripped away. These superstitions would never be taken seriously if they were originally developed and issued by nonprofessional political-pressure outfits. However, when political outfits like Parents for Drug-Free Youth recite them during local neo-Right lobbying campaigns—to pass new statewide wiretapping laws or headshop bills, for example—local authorities consider them very seriously indeed.

This is precisely how the ACM works: as a propaganda think tank, enlisted by the pharmaceuticals industry to purvey pseudoscientific anti-pot propaganda to local special-interest political groups, who can be counted on to strenuously lobby for the re-criminalization of weed in local and regional levels. In very many respects, the ACM is methodically playing the same role NORML performed in the '70s, getting pot decriminalized piecemeal all around the country. The ACM is doing precisely the same thing, in the same way, but in reverse; and the ACM is much more "well-organized and financed" than NORML ever has been.

Literature from the American Council on Marijuana is available through mail: 6193 Executive Blvd., Rockville, MD 20852. The more people who follow the ACM's political lobbying endeavors—and follow the careers of the ostensibly professional research scientists who lend their names and credentials to the ACM's mouthings—the better.

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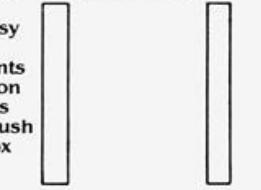
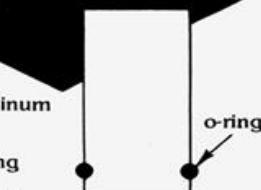
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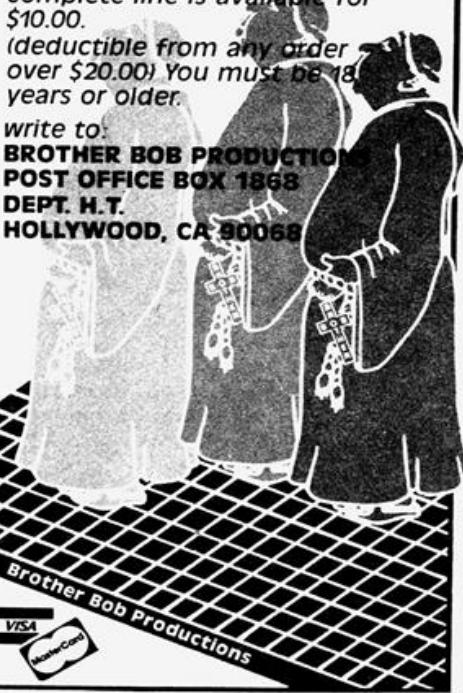
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CANADA

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Mexican tops	a few in season	oz lb	50-85 450-650
California sinsemilla	nada	oz lb	200-275 2000-2600
Homegrown pot	mild headscratcher	oz lb	10-15 50-200
Hash	red and blond Leb	oz lb	140-175 1900-2500
LSD	your choice	one 100	4-10 200-450
Methaqualone	steady	one 100	3-6 275-450
Cocaine	danced on heavily	gm oz	110-160 1850-2500

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz lb	10-15 60-100
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	oz lb	2-5 30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz lb	8-25 100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz lb	150-200 1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	good assortment	oz lb	175-225 2500-3000

FRANCE

Commercial Colombian African pot	fashion designers only	oz	140
Leb hash	lots of shake, mediocre	oz	80-100
Afghan hash	international favorite	gm	5
Nepal hash	black, strong	gm	6
Cocaine	the best	gm	7.50-12
LSD	heavily danced on	gm	150
Hash oil	art blots	one	7
Opium	popular at parties	gm	11
	Turkish, tasty	gm	14

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	from expatriate Texans	oz lb	12-15 75-100
Mexican sinsemilla	worth a shot	oz lb	10-12 80-110
Acapulco gold	yippie	oz lb	10-20 90-130
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos	oz lb	7-12 65-125
Cocaine	when around	oz	40-60
	turkey's special	gm oz	400-700

MOROCCO

Cannabis pollen, double O powder	soft, chewy balls	gm lb	1 100
Cannabis pollen, first class powder	like black chewing gum	gm lb	.50 50-75
Loose buds (kif)	8 inch buds, like Thai sticks	20 kilo	1 10
Cocaine LSD	from Amsterdam from West Germany, red stars, clear blots	gm one	100 4
Amphetamines	'script Apepin	50	2.50

THE NETHERLANDS

Commercial Colombian African buds	nothing to write home about too seedy	gm kilo	4 2000
Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	gm kilo	7 4000
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	gm kilo	8 4500
Red Leb hash	fumy, colorful	gm kilo	10 6000
Afghan hash	black, sticky, heavenly	gm kilo	15 8000

Cocaine

rarely pure
LSD blotter

gm 100 gm one 150-200 10000 4-6

PORTUGAL

Mozambique pot	colas and banana buds	gm kilo	2 1250
Moroccan hash	'double o' hash	gm kilo	3 1500
Bolivian & Brazilian coke	direct import, potent	gm	75-100
Methaqualone	buy from pharmacy	one	.50

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz lb	150 1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	lb	160 1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz lb	50-65 560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20 250
Nepalese hash	fingers only	gm	15-20 225-250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	10-15 175-200
Afghani hash	greenish black, fumy	gm	10-15 175-200
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10 175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of homemade	100 pint	5 30
Moonshine			

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Dallas	connoisseur Mex. seeded	oz	50
Central City, Colo.	bigfoot coke, lowblow	gm	100
Vail, Colo.	disco toot, passable	gm	125
New York	uncut rocks, 65% skunkweed, indicus	gm oz	180 200
Susanville, Cal.	Colombian shake, middling	joint	5
Tarrant County Jail, Fort Worth, Tex.	Commerish 'lombo, leafy red 'lombo, real buy	oz QB	65 115
Toronto	homegrown Psilocybe cubensis, dried	3 gm oz	10 95
Glenwillard, Penn.	mountain-grown Amanita, a launcher	gr oz	3-5 70
Santa Barbara	grower's paradise, sinse galore	oz	200
Twin Falls, Idaho	leb hash, z-z-z-z	oz	135
Morro Bay, Cal.			
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.			

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	some real cannons	oz	125-225
Commercial Mexican	truckers special	oz lb	10-40 100-435
Top-grade Mexican	around once again	oz	45-60
Mexican sinsemilla	and Oaxacan	lb	475-550
Jamaican	appears and disappears	oz lb	35-45 375-450
Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack	oz	70-100
Commercial Colombian	when around	lb	700-1000
Connoisseur Colombian	glut has evaporated	oz lb	30-40 265-350
Thai sticks	disappeared all of a sudden	oz lb	45-55 475-600
	doggy	one oz	10-25 180-225

Loose Thai

short season

oz lb oz kg

200-220 1950-2400

40-55 425-550

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175-225 1700-2500

165 1600-1900

35-65 350-1000

500-1000 100-150

1650 1650

17.50-25 17.50-25

Peyote

tough to come by right now

oz lb one

35-60 300-500

2-4 2-4

LSD 100 mike blots

100 150-300

Cocaine prices creeping up

1/8 gm 100-140

325-350 2000-3000

Methaqualone some real bulldozers

100 300-500

Crosses and black beauts erratic

100 25-200

Amphetamines crystallized, potent

100 gm 125

Alaska

Commercial Colombian

Domestic sinsemilla

Mexican weed

dry & harsh

oz lb one

50-65 550-650

alarmingly potent

oz oz

200 most available

oz lb

500-600 500-600

Mainland sinsemilla B-grade here: A-l there lots of lumber

oz lb one

225-300 2000-2750

Thai sticks

big mover

gm 10

130-200 100-175

Cocaine roll of the dice

gm oz

2000-2800 100 5

LSD G.I. fave

one 100 350-500

Methaqualone bootkickers

one 100 350

Hawaii

Puna buds victim of inflation

oz lb one

225-275 2200-2750

Kona gold banana-size buds

oz lb

225-275 2000-2500

Mauna Loa short supply

oz lb

250-300 2250-3000

Maui wowie grower stash grade; other grades less

oz lb one

250-300 2700-3200

LSD fresh from the lab

one 2-4

Mushrooms for cheap

gm oz

75-125 2050-3000

Cocaine not a big mover

one 2

Amphetamines speedy relief

one 2

WEST GERMANY

Moroccan hash fresh

gm oz kg

7 95 4000

Leb hash reds, golds

gm oz

4 60

LSD 50 mike blotter

one 5

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QUAALUDES (methaqualone) aka 'ludes, sopors, disco biscuits, etc.

CHARGES: Addictive as barbiturates, with bone-crunching convulsive withdrawals. Terrible overdose hazard. Irresistible aphrodisiac properties. Widely bootlegged, sometimes with poisonous ingredients.

USE & EFFECTS: Methaqualone was developed in the '60s as a "sedative hypnotic" that would be safer and less addictive than barbiturates like Seconal and Tuinal. It worked, in a sense. Chronic insomniacs who are truly fatigued find methaqualone an aid to sleep, and nervous neurotics are more functional, professionally and socially, behind it—for a couple of weeks, until tolerance sets in to the point where the dose levels get dangerously steep.

Users prefer the big, white, crisply edged tablet marked "Lemmon 714" and scored across the back for thumb-snapping. They drop it by halves and wholes, 150- and 300-milligram doses. It confers a typical "trunk" high, a tinglesome relaxation of all the body's muscles, and a disinhibited, who-gives-a-damn sense of mental recklessness, for about three hours after a given dose.

Unlike barbiturates, though, you can do 'ludes well past the point of total physical discoordination, without realizing just how disoriented you are. From the outside, a heavily 'luded out user looks pathetic, shambling around stupidly, speech slurred through bubbles of drool, like a terminal drunk effortfully fighting off a pass-out coma.

THE HAZARDS: In very large doses, methaqualone promotes anesthesia in the arms and legs and skull. So users, all disordinated and reckless while high, regularly sustain burns and bruises—even toe and finger fractures—without noticing the pain till the high wears off.

By itself, methaqualone is remarkably safe for the high it gives you. However, there is the possibility of using it with a habitual regularity due to its seeming innocuousness. Lethal ODs may occur with doses of more than ten tablets. But as users develop tolerance to the drug, the difference between a toxic dose (enough to get high) and a lethal dose gets smaller and smaller. People who put even a little methaqualone on top of just a few drinks or beers or other downs are playing Russian roulette with brain-damage coma.

FIRST AID: People who actually pass out on 'ludes, especially if they've been drinking, are potentially in bad trouble. If the breathing rate is effortful or uneven, or if weird stomach noises, hiccups or burps are manifested, victims should be taken immediately to a hospital. Methaqualone, like most tranks, abolishes the gag reflex; if a comatose person vomits, he or she will breathe in the vomit, and die or sustain gross brain damage from oxygen loss.

ECONOMICS: 'Ludes cost \$2 to \$8 a tab on the street, whether

they're authentic Lemmon 714s or counterfeit bootleg items. People who score them in stashes of 50 or 100—as dedicated users do—get appropriate price breaks.

Genuine 'ludes are very rare. The few that appear are diverted from the pharmaceuticals market by various means, most notably through "stress clinics"—pre-cription factories that furnish 'ludes in abundance to "nervous" people, who resell them to street peddlers. There are almost no pharmaceuticals sold on the black market relative to the number of boots available. Resealed or bogus jars are not unheard of.

The supply of real 'ludes is supplemented copiously with untold millions of bootleg 'ludes flown into the States from South America every year. The Latinos buy raw methaqualone by the long ton from European drug firms, and mint and stamp big white "Lemmon 714"s, thumb crease and all, on their own counterfeit die-stamping pill presses.

But now and then—evidently when there's a methaqualone shortage south of the border—"Valium boots" flood the market. These contain enormous doses of diazepam, yielding an ugly and very dangerous surprise "high," with vomiting and coma, usually followed by a 24- to 48-hour hangover. Users stuck with Valium boots commonly throw them away.

Another common substitution for methaqualone in the 'lude look-alike contest is phenobarbital. Since phenobarbital is a slow-acting, long-lasting barbiturate, it comes on more gradually than methaqualone. Users who don't get off in a short period of time on their first tab often make the mistake of taking another. One 'lude-sized tab of reasonably pure phenobarbital is greater than the therapeutic dose for a 24-hour period; two is greater than the minimum lethal dose. People who take such fake 'ludes may need up to four days to recuperate, and should not plan on driving or operating heavy machinery. Phenobarbital is extremely dangerous when mixed with alcohol or other downs.

ADDICTION LIABILITY: After just a few weeks of steady use, neophytes typically wind up gobbling 'ludes like candy, and getting about as much effect from them; tolerance sets in very quickly with methaqualone. Withdrawal from methaqualone may be accompanied by major seizures, and should not be undertaken without competent professional help. Detox procedures generally include hospitalization and substitution of less than toxic doses of phenobarbital during the stepping-down phase.

Like all tranks, Quaaludes inevitably attract a particular sort of person—insecure, self-pitying, painfully inhibited people—who are its most visible and notorious "abusers." They have excruciating love-hate, fight-or-flight ambivalences toward the drug, blame it for everything bad in their lives, and use it as an excuse to act out ridiculous and emotional temper tantrums. As long as tranks or alcohol are around, they'll be "abused" visibly by people like this, and accused of creating them with all their troubles. □

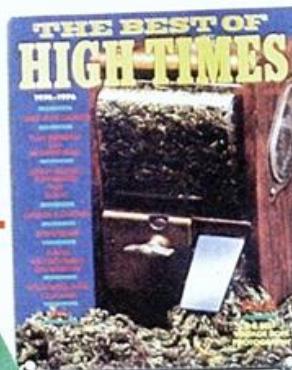
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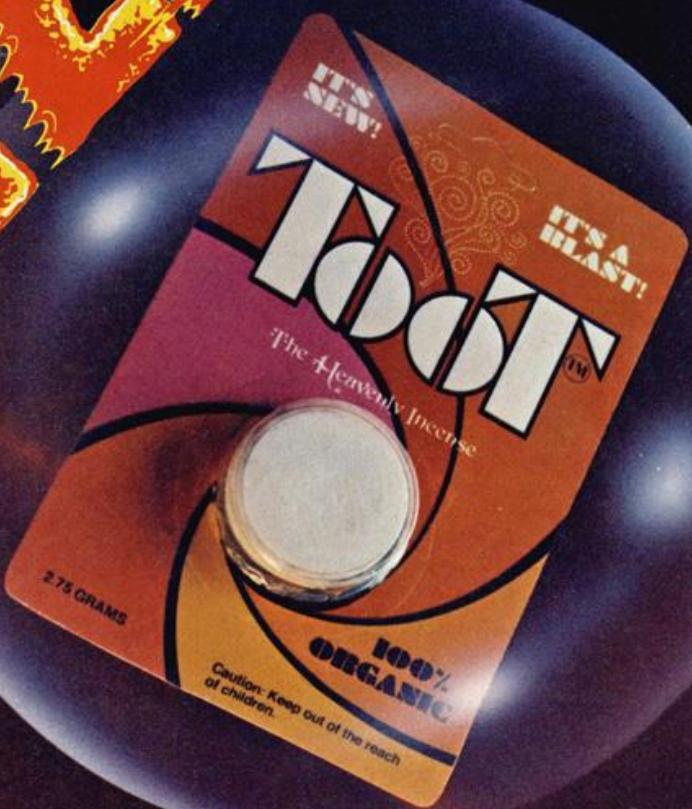


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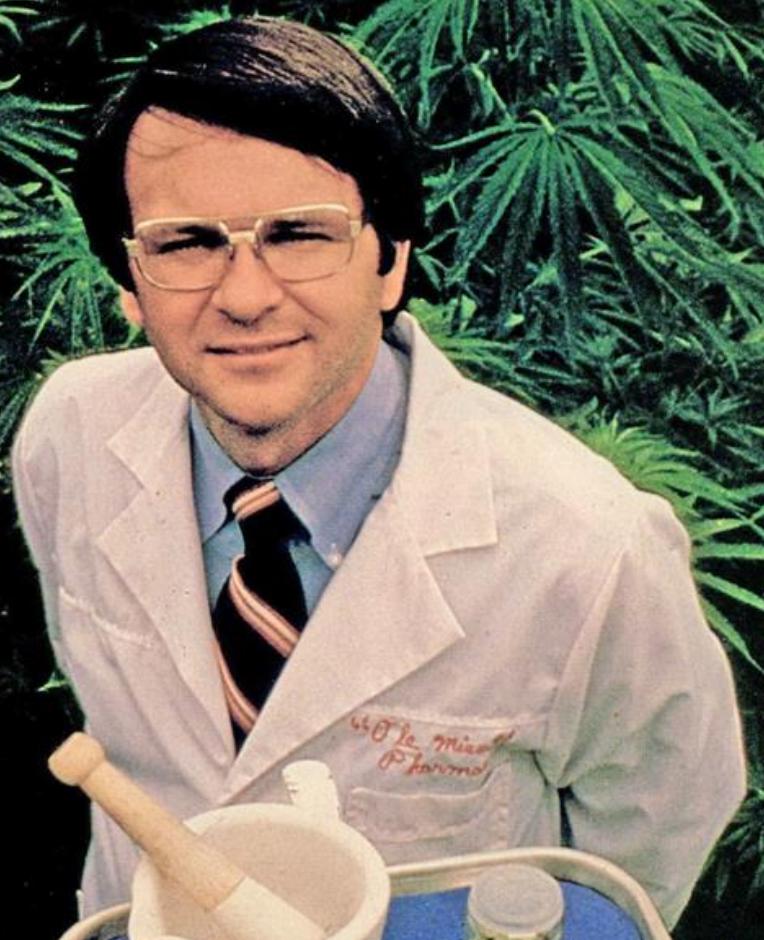
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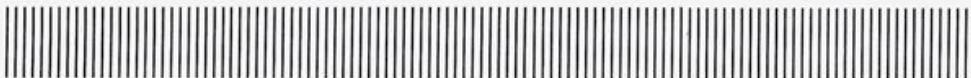
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Carlton Turner



From pot farmer to dope czar: This is the secret dream of every Humboldt County cannabis cultivator. But last year it was achieved by a good old boy from the deep South, when Ronald Reagan reached out and plucked Dr. Carlton Turner from the sultry bayou bottomland of Louisiana and installed him as the White House special adviser on drugs. For ten years, ever since grad school, Carlton Turner occupied himself at the Ole Miss pot farm, raising marijuana for the use of heavily credentialed administrators of six-digit federal grants awarded by the National Institute on Drug Abuse. His main appearances outside of University, Mississippi, had been on behalf of the American Council on Marijuana and Other Psychoactive Drugs, Inc., a privately funded antiglass lobby on Capitol Hill on which Dr. Turner has served as top-billed scientific adviser since 1980. But last year, when the Reagan people wanted a compatible personality to preside over drugs-of-abuse issues, Dr. Turner was abruptly ensconced in the White House. Turner's area of expertise is strictly limited to the chemistry and botany of Cannabis sativa L. How could this have come to pass?

Well, consider James Watt, running the Department of the Interior, after a lifetime spent lobbying for the opening of wilderness areas for exploitation by the industrial interests Watt represents. The Reagan people like to appoint foxes to guard chicken coops, that's all. So Dr. Turner is the particular fox for our coop.

His main aim with the Ole Miss pot farm, as he candidly tells Ed Rosenthal, author of Marijuana Grower's Guide and a frequent contributor to HIGH TIMES, was always to find things in marijuana that would "enhance the economy of the state of Mississippi through the pharmaceutical industry." This took the form of isolating out of "this crude drug cannabis" the agent delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol (THC), mainly, so that its most minute molecular

structure could be synthesized by commercial drug companies, who would modify it just enough so that it would be patentable for them, as Nabilone (Eli Lilly), levantradol (Pfizer) or whatnot. This crude drug kills mild pain, reduces inflammation, quells nausea, promotes drowsiness, and has over 20 other clearly identifiable pharmacological effects. It was Turner's mission at Ole Miss to help find which part of the plant did what, so that its various active principles could be counterfeited and merchandised eventually by the big drug companies.

The foxy part was keeping a lid on cannabis itself, while glorifying the various synthetic preparations. Thus Carlton Turner was never comfortable at all talking about marijuana, this crude drug. In fact, it makes Turner just exquisitely uncomfortable any time he has to address the issue of how his immaculate synthetics are always tainted by association with this crude herb. Carlton Turner before a flock of pharmaceuticals magnates at a banquet meeting of the American Council on Marijuana, 1980: "As a pure substance, single in nature, made synthetically in the laboratory, delta-9 THC doesn't know the Cannabis plant nor the crude drug, marijuana, exist."

Unhappily it does exist, as a naturally occurring organic entity, and therefore this pure, single delta-9 THC is unpatentable. This makes the pharmaceutical industry exceedingly nervous. Some suspect that the industry might even oppose a relaxation of legal restraints on marijuana just to cut down on competition with their glorious future THC homologues.

As for the evidence Dr. Turner cites to support his gloomy views on the crude herb itself, well, consider that he also cites The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire (to sort of conjure up a vision of how jazz singers and their white-liberal groupies are eroding the general cultural fabric with this hallucinogen). Pharmacology is not Turner's long suit. The Heath brain-damage reports had already been amply discredited for biased methodology and foggy results even before Turner cited them in 1978. But NIDA by then had already published a Berkeley study showing that an ounce of grass yields precisely 1.5 times as many potential carcinogens as an ounce of tobacco; so that when you smoke a spliff the size of a Lucky,

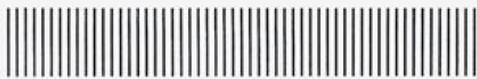
you're taking in a Lucky and a half's worth of potential carcinogens.

At the time the interview was conducted (1978), Dr. Turner was still running the federal pot farm. We sent Ed Rosenthal down to Ole Miss to lock horns with the good doctor about federal drug policy. Instead, the two of them chatted away about the potency of their plants.

When Rosenthal came away from Ole Miss, he voiced concern that the government was using as an expert a person so naive about drugs. With all the pot he has grown, Turner claims he has never gotten high. Never had a 'lude or dropped acid. Nothing. Rosenthal is convinced that based on personal experience and lifestyle, that he, not Turner, is qualified to run NIDA and the FDA.

HIGH TIMES: What is the relationship between you, the government, and the university?

TURNER: I am an employee of the Research



**Reagan's new
dope czar
remembers
the ten years he
spent growing
marijuana for the
U.S. government**

by Ed Rosenthal





"Knowing that you can grow Cannabis anywhere, I think it would be impossible for the government to absolutely eradicate use."

Institute of Pharmaceutical Sciences [RIPS], which is located in the School of Pharmacy at the University of Mississippi. The research institute was created in 1964 by an enabling act of the state legislature. Our job is to enhance the economy of the state of Mississippi through the pharmaceutical industry. It is the only institute that I know of anywhere in the world that is funded as a line item from the state legislature, is housed in an academic department and is really dovetailed with academia. Each member of the university staff must do research, since RIPS has a mandate to enhance the state's economy through research.

As my own private research I have been involved in *Cannabis* since 1970. I am also involved in ethnic cosmetics as a pharmacognosist, which is a person interested in drugs of natural origin. I also have an academic title, which I don't have reason to use, and I'm the associate director of RIPS, which means I am responsible for funding and executing in-house research programs. This defines what is happening in Mississippi.

My relationship with the government is that I am strictly a contractor and a grant holder from NIDA. I have a protocol which I must execute and I must run this in the most economically feasible way to save tax dollars.

HIGH TIMES: What is the purpose of the current grant?

TURNER: The current grant is the separation of nitrogenous compounds from the *Cannabis* plant. It is funded by NIDA. The grant originally was for twenty-one or twenty-two thousand dollars. We've found several nitrogenous compounds: hordeine, which is a beta-arylethyl amine. It's not unheard of in plants but we didn't expect to find it in *Cannabis*. Then we found two compounds of a totally different structural moiety. They're spermidine-type alkaloids, and it is the first time they were known to exist in higher plants. One of them is called cannabisativine and the other, hydrocannabisativine. These are in-

teresting in the chemotaxonomy of the *Cannabis* plant.

Since I have a contract from NIDA, I say if I'm going to talk about something that someone else has sponsored, the people who sponsor it ought to know who I'm talking to, and I have to be responsible for everything that I say. Not that they're going to tell me what I can say. I have never had anyone in the federal government say that you can't publish this or you can't say this. I have never had anyone at the school or RIPS say you can't do this, you can't do that. But I have always tried to be honest and tried to be considerate of other people's feelings, and tried to be scientific, instead of trying to be a promoter or a crusader.

HIGH TIMES: How did you get into working in this area?

TURNER: I got a degree in organic chemistry, as a synthetic organic chemist working on plant growth regulators, in 1970. In 1970 organic chemists were a dime a dozen. I took the only job I found available, that I was qualified for and was offered, and that was a postdoctoral research-associate position in the Department of Pharmacology in the School of Pharmacy at the University of Mississippi. I came here with the idea of spending one year learning something about marijuana and then going to law school.

In 1971 I was asked to assume the responsibility of the project, and I felt at that time as though I was the only one here that could. I accepted it, and it's been a rat race ever since.

HIGH TIMES: Have your feelings about marijuana changed since you started working with this program?

TURNER: I think my feelings about the crude drug marijuana have been broadened tremendously. In 1970 people said everything there is to know about marijuana is known. And how wrong they were. But as far as me being scientifically concerned, I have not changed that.

HIGH TIMES: What is the purpose of the program you are involved in?

TURNER: The purpose is to provide the National Institute on Drug Abuse [NIDA] with a standard grade of marijuana for research. When we say standard grade of marijuana, it is one that we know the content of within analytical limits. There are a total of sixty-one cannabinoids known, so there are many cannabinoids we know very little about as far as analytical methods are concerned. This doesn't mean that the batch we prepare today for a research purpose will be the same three years from now.

We give the best defined materials available to NIDA and the research community. Also this material is used by the U.N. narcotics laboratory, so it goes all over the world. We are primarily here for this part of our program. To execute and accomplish this, you must have a growing facility, some good analytical support facilities, isolation-separation facilities, and the ability to export and import to get variants from different geographical locations.

HIGH TIMES: In any given year do you provide more than one standard grade?

TURNER: We have a Mexican variant which is our standard drug type. Mexican variant from location A is not the same as Mexican variant from location B, but the one we're using is the one that was selected in 1968 as the drug type. We've been extremely satisfied with it. We've grown the Mexican since 1968 and we haven't seen the deterioration of potency that people talk about. The drug type is the one that all the INDs are operating under. When you talk about Mexican, there's only one variant that has an IND.

HIGH TIMES: An IND?

TURNER: An IND is an investigative new drug application.

HIGH TIMES: How does this variant rate in THC content?

TURNER: Delta-9 THC content is something that you can't put your finger on. You can go out and take a sample and analyze it and say, this is Mexican, it has 2.1 percent THC. That tells you the analysis of one cannabinoid out of a total of sixty-one, out of a total of roughly three hundred sixty-odd chemicals in the plant. We can produce a good drug, marijuana, from this Mexican variant. It is as good as you will get without going through a great deal of sophisticated agricultural procedures.

HIGH TIMES: People often say that different varieties of *Cannabis* give different highs: speedy, work oriented, laid back. Would you say that the interaction of these different cannabinoids relates in some way to this?

TURNER: You've got to take into consideration the interaction of the cannabinoids. We know that cannabidiol (CBD) antagonizes and cannabinol potentiates some of the effects of delta-9. We don't know what kind of effect cannabichromene has on delta-9 but all potent drug types contain it and rarely if ever contain any CBD. These are just four cannabinoids we're talking about. The research that has been done is primarily on delta-9 or delta-8 or some of the synthetic cannabinoids, so you've got to go

back and look at the plant material, this crude drug marijuana is not a plant, it is a crude drug from the *Cannabis* plant.

If we take this crude drug and roll it into a joint, the amount of the drug quality or the amount of the cannabinoids coming through the smoke stream will depend on the compactness, porosity of the paper, humidity of the material, the particle size and puff volume. These are the five main variables. So, as you get a different joint, you have a different ratio of these cannabinoids. When you subject that to the pyrolysis process, you have a much different ratio.

I would expect the different marijuanas to give different highs. I would expect to go out to a single *Cannabis* plant, select a sample at eight in the morning, process it into marijuana; if I go out at ten to the same plant, I'll get another marijuana. And I would expect those two to give you a different-grade high.

You see, the cannabinoids are a unique class of compounds in nature, and they are very hard to work with. I think we're probably the only people that have done a lot of extractions to see what are the conditions in which you get the most cannabinoids out of the plant. Analytically, you have to be very careful about using an internal standard and response factors. The response factor is how much you actually see coming through the detector in regard to what you really put in. People assume cannabinoids have a response factor of one. That's not the case. The concentration of the cannabinoids varies, and the response factors will vary slightly. This is the reason you're going to see a great dichotomy in the literature.

HIGH TIMES: When you test, what part of the plants do you use?

TURNER: We use the leaf part.

HIGH TIMES: Do you use the bud? Do you grow sinsemilla?

TURNER: No. When you run it through a cigarette machine the tiny-sized particle is going to be kicked right out. So you've got to get a leaf that is large enough to go through a cigarette machine, that is large enough to be sliced where you can make a good particle size out of it with the bracts still in there.

HIGH TIMES: Then if your material tests at, let's say arbitrarily 2 percent THC, then actually the flowering buds might actually test at 3, 4 or 5 percent THC.

TURNER: Some cigarettes analyzed up to 2.68, and that's after it's been processed into a cigarette.

HIGH TIMES: When do you harvest?

TURNER: We harvest the plant when it reaches the state that it has the cannabinoids that we desire for our research program, regardless of whether it's twelve weeks old or whether it's twenty weeks old. We don't wait until it comes into flower because when you're growing in a large garden area, you can't cut all the males out. When you've got over five acres, there are going to be some of them. That flower, that little flowering top, which are leaves, are not going to do a darn thing as far as making

a cigarette.

HIGH TIMES: Can high quality marijuana be grown anywhere in the United States?

TURNER: Sure. The South African material has been grown in South Africa, Mississippi and Norway—above the Arctic Circle—and the data is so close that if I looked at it and did not know that it was done independent of each other, I'd say someone was gilding the lily.

HIGH TIMES: Do you use any special fertilizers?

TURNER: We have a soil sample done and find out what area of our garden grows best, and then we try to mimic that.

HIGH TIMES: Do you do any pruning?

TURNER: No.

HIGH TIMES: Have you ever tried to simulate either climatic or soil conditions from exotic areas?

TURNER: No. That is totally outside the realm of what I'm interested in, outside what the [NIDA] program could afford to find.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think altitude has anything to do with THC content?

TURNER: We are in the process of publishing a paper based on altitude. Ideally you should take the same seed and plant them in different geographical locations, and analyze them over a long period of time and look at the total profile. But what the botanist did is he made collections at a certain time of the year, with the idea that these samples had been unmolested by man for a long time, and that this should give us some idea of what, over a period of time, the altitude variation would give us.

HIGH TIMES: What time would you harvest?

TURNER: Very early in the morning. It follows a cyclic pattern. You are going to have to do an analysis over a period of weeks to find out exactly.

HIGH TIMES: Do you feel that THC generates and regenerates over a twenty-four-hour cycle?

TURNER: I don't know. I don't think anyone knows. There is a fluctuation with time,

just like our biorhythms change. These cannabinoids change with time. I don't know where they go but this indicates that the plant is using these in some sort of metabolic way. I don't really know how to explain it.

HIGH TIMES: Over a twenty-four-hour period, you'll get a different analysis of a particular leaf, and it will go up during the dark hours and during the light hours it will go down?

TURNER: That's an indication, but it's not absolutely an innate fact. You may run four or five days where the fluctuation will be significant, but the baseline data will be the same, where the next week the baseline data may go up, and the fluctuation may not be as much. You cannot say absolutely during the dark hours this is going to happen, or absolutely during the day hours it's going to happen. It depends a lot on the variants: the chemical makeup of the plant regarding the cannabinoids; and on what the plant needs, if we assume that the cannabinoids are being metabolized by the plant. I can't say categorically that they are, can't say that they aren't.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think the purpose of the cannabinoids are to the plant?

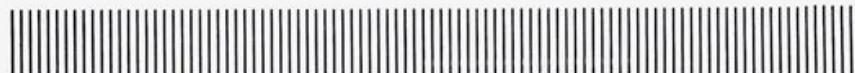
TURNER: I don't know.

HIGH TIMES: Is anybody doing research on that, or are there any theories on it?

TURNER: There are many theories that it is a protective coating; it is also some protection from predators according to some people; but as far as knowing with a great deal of fact to back you up, no one really knows.

HIGH TIMES: Would a hemp-type *Cannabis* plant ever be resinous even though it contains mostly CBD?

TURNER: Resin is by definition the water-insoluble components of the plant. The most resinous plants that I have seen have been grown from the Czechoslovakian and from Lebanese seed. They exude resin. However, the THC content is extremely low. Hash coming from Morocco and the Czech material has a lot more CBD than it does THC. Yet you will find more resin in



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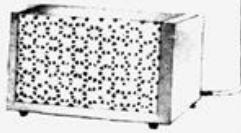
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these two plants at our facility than we've seen in any other plant. The Mexican material is a very potent drug type, but you don't see resin on the buds. You have to rub them in your hands real tight and crush them to get the resin on your fingers.

HIGH TIMES: I saw some Afghani this year that had an almost skunklike odor, and it was very resinous. You mentioned Lebanese and Moroccan, and I mentioned Afghani. All of those are plants from around the thirtieth latitude.

TURNER: The Afghan, Moroccan, Lebanese, Pakistani, many of the Indians, and the Nepalese usually have more CBD than delta-9.

HIGH TIMES: I think that's why all of those plants traditionally have been concentrated into hashish.

TURNER: They would make very bad marijuana.

HIGH TIMES: Although Afghani I have tried has been potent as well as tasty.

TURNER: This is an anomaly.

HIGH TIMES: How does THC get one high?

TURNER: I don't know.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any ideas along those lines?

TURNER: We know that the 11-hydroxyl metabolite is an active psychotropic-type compound. We also know that the hydroxylated compounds on the side chain without the hydroxyl in the 11 position, using the delta-9 nomenclature, also get you high. But what chemical mechanism it triggers in the brain to cause that, we don't know. And our knowledge of brain chemistry is in the embryonic stage.

HIGH TIMES: Do you know what constituent of marijuana causes the munchies?

TURNER: No. I've heard the munchies mentioned, but not having firsthand experience, and not really being concerned about the munchies, that's all I know about it.

HIGH TIMES: There definitely is something in marijuana that causes smokers, especially inexperienced ones, to get a craving for food.

TURNER: If that's the case, we ought to see a lot of fat marijuana smokers, because they ought to eat a lot. I don't see a lot of fat marijuana smokers around.

But if you take into consideration that you're dealing with an awful lot of compounds in the *Cannabis* plant that have a strong affinity for brain cells and for the fat cells and the various proteins in the body, then these compounds get from the bloodstream into the brain, you would expect anything to happen according to what side of the brain they come into, how they are stored in the brain, and how they are handled in the brain.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think the future of marijuana will be in America?

TURNER: I'll be happy to give you a scientific opinion based strictly on the facts as I know them. If you look at what is in the literature today related to marijuana, you don't have a very optimistic future. That doesn't mean the illicit market is going to go out of business. But let's forget about the il-



"I know we don't have enough data to say that marijuana is an innocuous drug."

licit marketeers and look at this crude drug, marijuana, and put blinders on, and just say we're going to go down the middle of the road and see what we know about this crude drug.

First of all, there are over six thousand papers in the literature. Now of the six thousand papers, most do not deal with marijuana. They deal with synthetic cannabinoids. However, certain individuals, organizations, agencies, et cetera, have tried to extrapolate the data and say that the cannabinoids are the same as marijuana. And there's a lot of misinformation about marijuana in these six thousand. In these six thousand papers I can support any conceivable idea you may come up with of what marijuana will do or what cannabinoids will do. Let's now forget about the cannabinoids and run back to the crude drug, marijuana.

The second thing is that marijuana has to meet certain guidelines to get on the market. You have to go through an IND and then an NDA [new drug application]. Only one variant of marijuana, that is, the Mexican variant, is even in the IND stages.

Another problem that I see, or another possibility, is what about the Delaney Amendment? Nobody has bothered to investigate the Delaney Amendment. Look at the cyclamates. In the late '60s one article says that cyclamates cause bladder cancer in animals. Three hundred papers since then have not been able to duplicate that, and yet cyclamates are still not on the market. We know that there are more cancer-causing agents in the smoke of one marijuana cigarette than there is in one tobacco cigarette. The smoke from one marijuana cigarette when painted on laboratory animals will cause cancer, so there's a statutory bar against *Cannabis* by the Delaney Amendment.

The next thing is you must have shelf-life stability on any drug before it goes to market. But the cannabinoids change over a period of time. And as these cannabinoids change, the quality of the drug changes. Now I'm not saying you can't make a plus or minus criteria, but this is an inherent problem which must be solved before you can ever bring anything on the market.

The future of marijuana as a crude drug I see as very, very bleak. I'm not saying that some of the compounds of the *Cannabis*

plant, their homologues or their analogues, may not be used by society. In its medical applications to disease states, I wouldn't say that at all.

HIGH TIMES: The question is, even with all the laws such as the Delaney Amendment, if Congress decides that it does not want the loss of *Cannabis*, it can just pass a law saying *Cannabis* can be grown for home cultivation or for commercial use, or whatever; and since Congress makes the laws, it has the power to change them.

TURNER: That I would not disagree with.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think it will be decriminalized on a state-to-state basis?

TURNER: I think there's de facto decriminalization in most states. I have quarreled with the word decriminalization; I think it's a bad choice of words because, to the average person, it means that you remove the criminal penalties. But in effect you're not removing the criminal penalties. Most of the state laws that I'm familiar with have reduced the penalty on the low end and raised the penalties for the smugglers or the big-time operators. I personally feel that reducing the penalty for the kid with one joint has not been a bad idea, and I was for it in Mississippi. But I was also for the guy dealing in hundreds of pounds to go to jail.

HIGH TIMES: What about the home gardener cultivating for his or her own personal use?

TURNER: The home gardener is an individual within himself or within themselves. How they handle it is up to each state; I'm not trying to make policies or make decisions. I'm just saying that, knowing what I know about that crude drug, I would hate to see it ever happen, that we have home growing of *Cannabis* to produce the crude drug, marijuana. I'm afraid they will go from marijuana to liquid hash, and a combination of more things. As you apply physical, chemical or heat methods to process the *Cannabis* plant, you alter the chemical constituents, so the data on marijuana is not the data on delta-9, is not the data on hashish. So I have a terrible fear as a scientist on what would happen there.

HIGH TIMES: In California the buds may go for a hundred dollars an ounce and the leaves for a hundred a pound. Those leaves may contain one-third to one-half the THC grown on the plant. It's only a matter of time before people start using it either as a ghee, or in cookies, or something like that.

TURNER: When you take it orally you've got a different drug than when you smoke it; you have metabolism occurring in two places, the lung and the liver. The metabolites in the lung are much more potent psychomimetic agents than the metabolites in the liver. This is one of the reasons people can get a much higher high on smoking a small amount than eating a much larger amount, and these affect the body differently.

I'm fearful of the increasing potency, of the concentration of the cannabinoids in

continued on page 64

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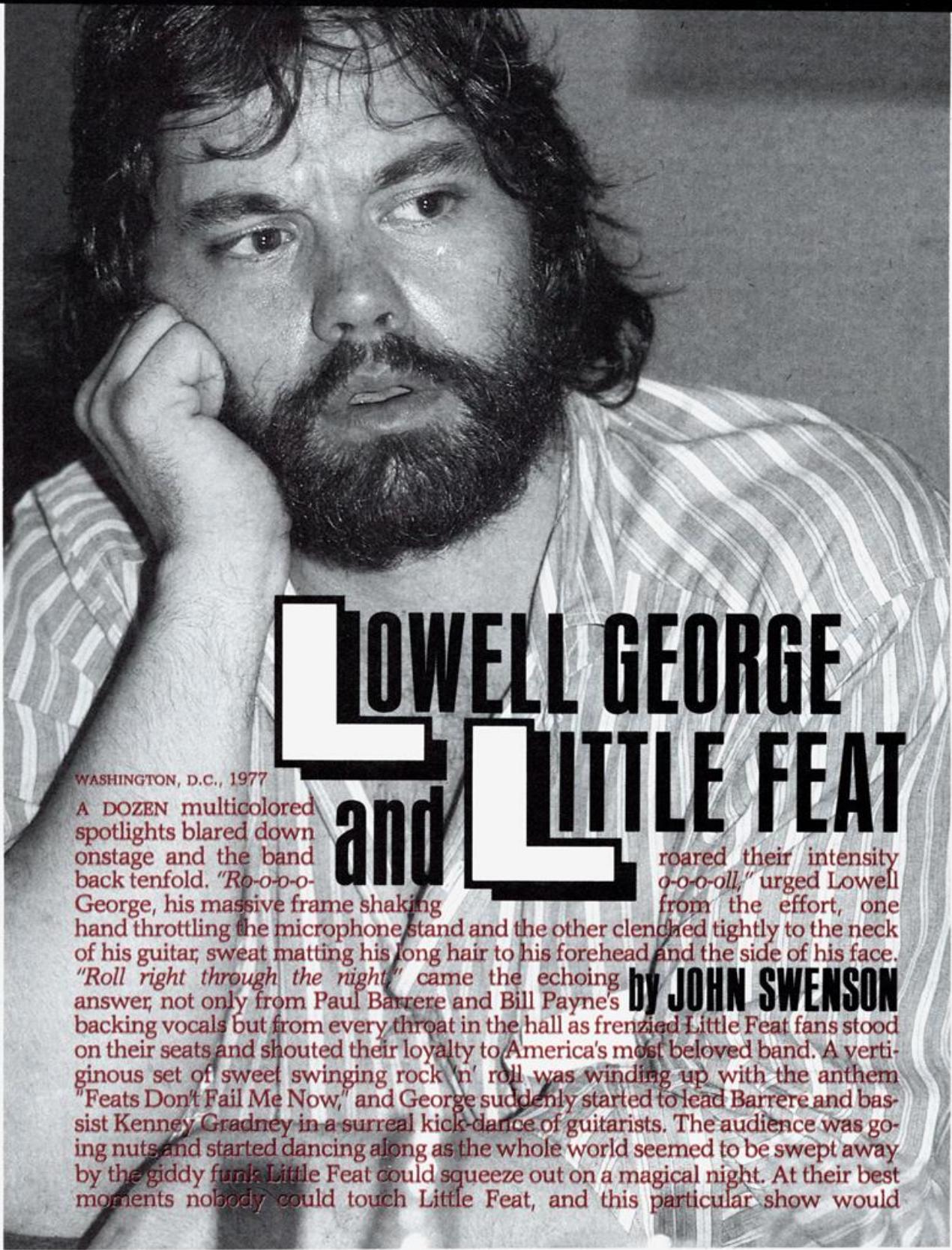
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WASHINGTON, D.C., 1977

A DOZEN multicolored spotlights blared down onstage and the band back tenfold. "Ro-o-o-o-George, his massive frame shaking hand throttling the microphone stand and the other clenched tightly to the neck of his guitar; sweat matting his long hair to his forehead and the side of his face. "Roll right through the night," came the echoing answer, not only from Paul Barrere and Bill Payne's backing vocals but from every throat in the hall as frenzied Little Feat fans stood on their seats and shouted their loyalty to America's most beloved band. A vertiginous set of sweet swinging rock 'n' roll was winding up with the anthem "Feats Don't Fail Me Now," and George suddenly started to lead Barrere and bassist Kenney Gradney in a surreal kick-dance of guitarists. The audience was going nuts and started dancing along as the whole world seemed to be swept away by the giddy funk Little Feat could squeeze out on a magical night. At their best moments nobody could touch Little Feat, and this particular show would roar their intensity o-o-o-o-oll," urged Lowell from the effort, one

LOWELL GEORGE and LITTLE FEAT

by JOHN SWENSON

The legacy of America's greatest unknown band.

become a cherished memory for anyone who followed them.

In 1977 I was on assignment from *Rolling Stone* doing a Little Feat story. The band had just released its best-selling album (up until that point), *Time Loves a Hero*, and was touring to promote it. The climax of the tour was a three-night stand at the Warner Theatre in Washington, D.C. Coincidentally enough, Warner Bros., the Feat's record company, organized a press junket around these dates, since the Baltimore-D.C. area is the center of the band's most fanatical following and the theater was one of those vaudeville palaces from the early 1900s that have always provided the best venues for rock 'n' roll shows.

At the time it was widely rumored that Little Feat mastermind Lowell George was dissatisfied with the band and was contemplating a solo split. George had just come off a bout with hepatitis and was working on a solo album; nobody, including the other members of the band, knew what to expect from him, which gave a mysterious twist to the proceedings. Lowell was a subdued, but visible figure backstage; he performed brilliantly during the shows but disappeared the rest of the time. If he was harboring the secret to the Little Feat mystery, nobody got it out of him.

George was virtually invisible on *Time Loves a Hero*, a fact that had been attributed to his illness; but the tension in the backstage atmosphere and the guarded way group members spoke about his role in Little Feat suggested a serious conflict. Keyboardist Bill Payne and guitarist Paul Barrere had pretty well taken over the group, while George was estranged enough to travel separately from the rest of the band, choosing to drive while the others flew.

"He told us each to take a bigger role in the group," Payne explained at the time. "But we had been starting to do that already. It really comes down to whoever has the hot hand with the songwriting—that's whose songs we end up recording. A lot of people seem to think George is holding out his songs for the solo album, but he's not even writing all the stuff on that record himself, he's doing a few covers, too."

When I pressed Barrere about Little Feat's future without George, he said, "If George left, we wouldn't break up. We'd have to find another golden throat, but we could do it. But he's not gonna leave the band; no way that's gonna happen."

I didn't realize then how significant that statement was, although I knew something was amiss. George did not make himself available for comment, so I asked Little Feat's road manager, Rick Harper, for some clue as to Lowell's status in the group. "Lowell is an iconoclast," Harper offered. "He doesn't have faith in anyone. But he does have faith in this group."

N RETROSPECT, what was happening in Washington makes more sense. Lowell George was an unhappy man who saw his dreams of the perfect rock 'n' roll band slipping away from him even as he approved of the group's musical maturation. The only place where he could resolve these differences was onstage, and it was there that he was transformed from the tired loner to the dynamic frontman of one of America's greatest groups.

Little Feat staggered through a couple more tours and two albums—the live *Waiting for Columbus* and Lowell's last studio production, *Down on the Farm*—before finally breaking up. George released his solo album, *Thanks I'll Eat It Here*, in 1979, just as the Little Feat breakup became public. During a tour to promote the record, George died of a heart attack the morning before he was to play a live broadcast in, of all places, Washington, D.C., where he was most loved.

When I saw Bill Payne again, last year, it was a sad reunion. Payne had just finished putting together a moving tribute to the Little Feat era, *Hoy Hoy*, a two-record retrospective covering most of the unreleased tracks left over by Lowell George and his zany cohorts, a final garage sale of wonderful Little Feat memorabilia.

"The record wasn't supposed to be a Lowell George tribute," Payne told me. "But with an overall view of the band, certainly, when we were looking at the material, I think a lot of it came from Lowell. That's one reason why Little Feat is not going to be a band without him. It's because he had so much to do with it."

What *Hoy Hoy* did provide Payne was a sense of completion that *Down on the Farm*, which was in progress when George died, never gave him or the rest of the group. "The main reason we did this album," he explained, "was because *Down on the Farm* wasn't the proper way to close out this band. At the time we were doing it I was pretty dissatisfied to say the least. There were so many problems. We had just gotten off of a really good tour, oddly enough. We toured in the fall and we started recording around January, and it just was not happening. We were trying to do it out of a place called the Paramount Ranch and it was just too loosely set up to get any serious work done. I think the motive behind it, though, which was Lowell's idea, was real good, which was to get us out of a studio, get us into a loose place and have things set up where we could go in and just play."

"When Lowell died we finished the record as best we could; most of the tracks we still had to do overdubs on, and there were

Ebet Roberts

some decisions to make. It was impossible to try and figure out what he wanted. Within the band itself emotions were running high and so it was very tough to finish the thing."

The weird timing that saw Lowell's solo album released just as the band announced its breakup added credence to the rumors that George himself was behind the split, but it was also Payne who actually threw in the towel during the *Down on the Farm* sessions. "I had made my intentions known," Payne recalled. "I said, 'This is the last record I was involved with,' primarily because even though that tour I spoke about was really good, he was only able to sing three songs, because of health reasons. He sounded great in those three or four songs, but I know physically he was having a tough time pulling it off, and I thought up to a point we were cheating ourselves and our audience. I didn't like the way *Down on the Farm* was happening."

"I felt we should be involved, I certainly wanted to be involved and I was hoping Paul would be helping out productionwise. I felt it was time to really make a marriage of





it, and it wasn't seen that way, so I said, 'I'm not interested in doing it then. Because we've said about as much as we're going to say.'"

Despite his differences with George over control of Little Feat during the band's last days, the news of his former partner's death came as a terrible shock to Payne:

"When Rick Harper called me up and told me about it, I had just heard about Richie Hayward breaking his leg two weeks before, and it just seemed par for the course for the band. As the day wore on the shock was very tough to get over. In fact, at times it's still hard to accept that the guy's not here. Spending eleven years out of your life with somebody like that..."

Beery and W.C. Fields, were friends of his father, and some of whom, like Errol Flynn, were larger-than-life neighbors.

As a kid, George was something of an outcast. He was always overweight and was teased by the local kids as well as by his older brother, Willard. But music offered a useful retreat even in those early days. At the age of five Lowell picked up the harmonica and played a duet with his brother on "The Ted Mack Amateur Hour."

When he was 12 Lowell started studying classical flute and developed an interest in jazz. Martin Kibbee, the childhood friend and musical compatriot who co-wrote several Little Feat tunes under the name of Fred Martin, was Lowell's constant sidekick during his bohemian days at Hollywood High. "It was right around that time," Kibbee recalls, "'61 to '63, the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis, and we were all convinced that the world was gonna end before we grew up. So we figured, why not raise a little hell?"

George continued his schooling as an art major at Valley Junior College, during

continued on page 91

LOVELL GEORGE was born in 1945 in Hollywood. His father had moved there from Las Vegas in 1910 and became one of Tinseltown's top furriers. George was brought up

in an environment cluttered with famous movie stars, some of whom, like Wallace

**Lowell George
was an
unhappy man
who saw his
dreams of the
perfect
rock 'n' roll
band slipping
away from him.**

LANGUAGE SHAPES OUR ENVIRONMENT. It is impossible to have thoughts without words. This well-established fact seems to be completely ignored by reporters and broadcasters who claim to be "objective" while using heavily loaded language. Smart guys like Edwin Newman and William Safire write books and columns about the misuse of English in everyday life but shy away from pointing

out the politically biased

vocabulary that daily molds our views of world events. Network executives pontificate at fancy dinners about equal treatment while media critics nod in agreement. It's almost as if no one actually reads or listens to the news, for if they did they would soon discover a naked emperor babbling advertisements for a free press not really all that free.

Recently I watched some reporters on one of those Sunday television roundtables discussing land reform in El Salvador. To be sure, there was gentlemanly disagreement on the effectiveness of the government's program (though the opposition's was never mentioned), but all seemed to have arrived at a consensus for how the various forces in that country should be identified and curiously enough that language was exactly the same used by Secretary of State Haig in the day's press conference. No matter what "excesses" were caused by government troops; they were still security forces, while the opposition of peasants (translate: "dumb farmers"), students (translate: "naive patsies") and union leaders (translate: "rabble-rousers") would be labeled the *ultra-Left*, or, at times, the *communist-inspired ultra-Left*, which, although an exercise in redundancy, drives home the point that once again the bad guys in the mountains are disturbing cherished peace in the valley.

Once identified, who really has to examine the land-reform program of an *ultra-Left*?

Indeed, what even is an *ultra-Left*? We know "old Left" and "new Left," "left-of-center" and "far-Left." We even know "extreme-Left." *Ultra-Left* rings of designer jeans, punk music and Brian DePalma horror movies. A new-wave left. Something for the '80s, like Carlos the International Terrorist or the Red Brigades. But what exactly does this term have to do with the reality of El Salvador? What does it have to do with the tens of thousands murdered by the government and the tens of thousands offering resistance? How does it encompass the fact that Guillermo Ungo, titular leader of the opposition, was not so long ago the vice-president of El Salvador? Is it fair to confuse a people's liberation movement in Latin America with a small band of European urban guerrillas? They call themselves *democratic revolutionaries*. Is that term too hot to handle? How can an *ultra-Left* speak to Americans who have been nurtured on the idea that truth, like the hole in the doughnut, rests firmly in the middle?

This is nothing compared to cold-war language on the grand scale. Does anyone know the difference between an *ally* and a *satellite*? What about a *government* or a *regime*? Or a *puppet government*? Certainly not the Philippines. Think fast: Which side has *polices*, which has *party lines*? They have *strong bosses*. We have *partners*. At times our Third World partners (only a First Worlder could have come up with these rankings to begin with) practice *firm leadership*. *Firm leadership* seems to be an editorial writer's term for the slaughter and jailing of thousands. Careful, though. *Leaders* are not to be confused with the *iron-fisted rulers* on the bad guy's team. All the world's *dictators* are there also. So Cuba is destined to be *ruled* (not led) by *dictator* Castro while South Korea's *President* Chun will get a warmer reception by the U.S. media. Brought to power by a Korean Intelligence Agency coup that murdered or imprisoned 25,000 political opponents matters not. He's our Chun, so we love him. If he wasn't, how would we explain the 50,000 U.S. troops that *occupy*



What's behind the iron curtain? and rhetoric as revealed by leading dissident, uh . . .

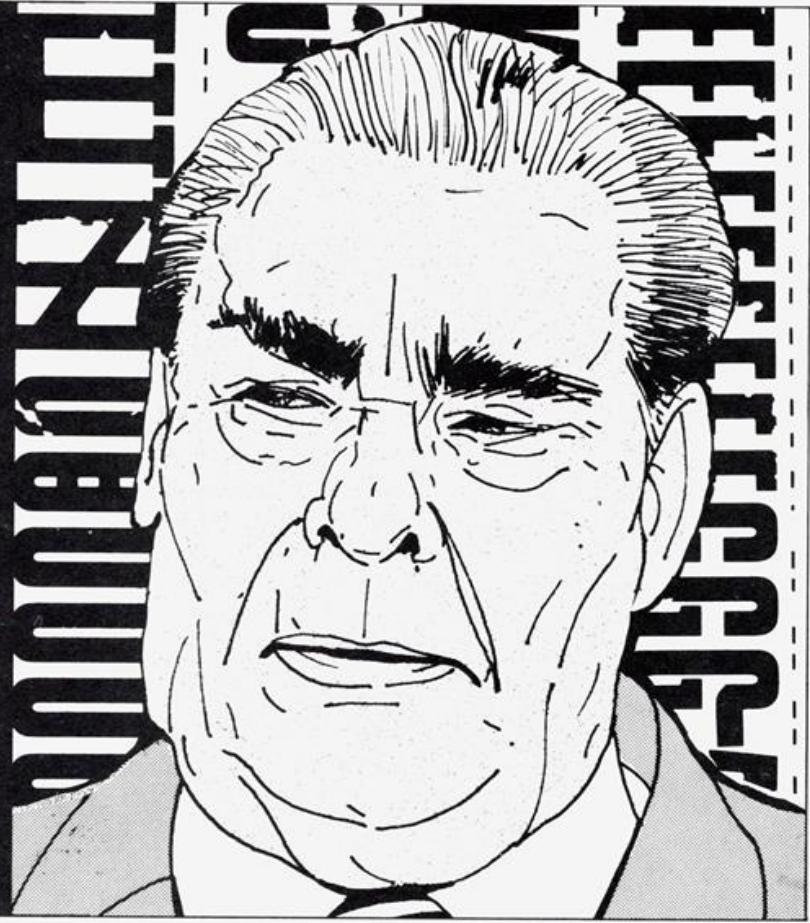
—excuse me, assist—South Korea? Chun recently legitimized his office through what the U.S. press termed a *free election*. Not entirely untrue, since the Koreans had just one choice less than we get every four years.

Of course, things around Seoul are way better off than in communist Korea. Nobody knows anything about communist Korea, but for some reason we all know they live in slavery—a term now synonymous with living under communism. As I understand it, we all live "on top" of capitalism, never having to escape from under its yoke. The closest we ever hint at the "yoke of capitalism" is in April when commentators talk about the nuisance of taxes.

Communist as a label is used

by virtually every reporter in this country. Who's ever heard of *fascist* Chile or *capitalist* West Germany? It's impolite to use adjectives with friends. The only color in our vocabulary for a country is *red*.

And why be impolite? Our friends never commit *aggression* nor do they *intervene*. They *retaliate* or they *aid*. We help *rebels* in Afghanistan and Angola; they supply *guerrillas* in Latin America. Washington advises but Moscow *calls the shots*. The United States, always referred to as "the most powerful country in the world," never pulls strings, twists arms or issues ultimatums to friends. In fact, it's a complete mystery as far as the press is concerned how exactly the United States uses all this accumulated power.



A lot of cold-war language Abbie Hoffman, America's radical subversive, that is.

while mocking Iranian references to "Satan America" or "imperialism." In fact, *imperialism* is a nonword in U.S. semantics. It is always something they accuse us of doing, thence *propaganda*, hence a lie. Remember, nonwords mean nonexistence. No one has therefore ever heard a discussion of American imperialism in the mass media.

The terrorist/commando distinction is far from the only category the press uses to distinguish individual friend from foe. For example, our team has no *dissidents*. *Dissidents* are heroes, like the savage in *Brave New World*. What we have are *radicals*, *subversives*, *subversive radicals* or *radical subversives*. I guess the thinking is: How can you dissent when you have *democracy*? *Democracy* gets *subverted*; *totalitarianism* breeds *dissidents*.

We also, by the way, have no *refugees*. Since we and our allies live in the best of all possible worlds, why would anyone choose to escape? The correct term for our *refugees* is *expatriates* or something. Whatever it is, they are sure ungrateful. Not like a professional who's been educated at state expense in a socialist country and chooses to sell his services for ten times the price on our side. A typical refugee hero. Whereas expatriates are just writers not good enough to get published: mean, bitter little ingrates.

Last year, 100,000 Cuban refugees swam to Miami Beach escaping the "crumbling economic chaos of Castro's communism" (it's been crumbling for 20 years). They were reported down to the last detail. We know each by name, their pedigree, even dental charts. During the past four years of the Begin regime—excuse me, *government*—in Israel, 500,000 Israeli refugees, nearly 20 percent of the population, have fled to the United States as the Israeli inflation rate skyrocketed. Not only is this nonnews here, but under the rules of U.S. journalism there cannot even be an "Israeli refugee."

But unless our government is sponsoring some massive taxi-driver educational-exchange program, New York and L.A. are swarming with such unidentified Israeli refugees.

US VS. Them

by
Abbie Hoffman

The *refugee* problem often arises in countries prone to *massacres*, another politically burdened term. We all know about the 87 billion Cambodians massacred by the godless Vietnamese. Not far away, in Indonesia, a leftist government was overthrown by military-religious elements helped by the CIA. What followed was the bloodiest massacre in modern times with estimates of nearly a million and a half victims. Not only was this bloodshed not given much coverage in the U.S. press when it happened, but the just completed slaughter of 400,000 Timorese by "our" Indonesian government has also gone unreported. The more recent carnage happened concurrently with the Cambodian killing, but, alas, Indonesia is a valuable ally in the Far East. Think of it: The extermination of the snow leopard has received more press attention.

One way to tell our team from theirs is to watch how convoluted the terminology gets. For example, when Syria crosses into Lebanon, it simply *invades*; but with Israel it's a *preemptive strike* or, better still, a *defensive preemptive strike*. In over 30 years of Middle East conflict Israel has yet to invade a neighbor, an amazing record.

Another common practice is contrasting nationalism with ideology. Thus, in reporting the ball-score body count each night during the war in Southeast Asia, broadcasters would say, "Americans killed 175

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HEN THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN the baffling distinction between *commandos* and *terrorists*. *Commandos* are currently training with machine guns, mortars, helicopters, you name it, in southern Florida. Their aim is to recapture Nicaragua (a country with which we still maintain diplomatic relations). If those *commandos* were training in Libya, they would obviously be *terrorists*. Of course, they would have to leave the helicopters behind since *terrorists* would lose their classification if they bombed from the air. Our friends bomb from the air. The formula goes something like this: The forces of terror destroy from the ground, the forces of freedom destroy from

the air. Freedom flyers, like God and Superman, can always count on rave reviews.

Last year, during the Iranian hostage crisis, Hodding Carter, spokesman for the State Department, became the nation's most influential English teacher. For the first month, *students* held the hostages; by the second month, those same students were now *militants*; and by the third month they had become *terrorists*. As the months dragged on they went from *terrorists* to *extreme terrorists* to *cutthroat terrorists* to *fascist cutthroat terrorists*. It's a good thing the hostages were finally released—the State Department was beginning to run out of bad words. What was of interest was the way the Washington press corps echoed each increment of slander even

Harry Towns had everything a man could ask for: a slew of foxy girl friends and an almost endless supply of Peruvian rock. Then his mother died. . .

LADY

"Lady" first appeared in *Esquire*, in 1973, and in an anthology, *Harry Towns*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, 1974. Reprinted by permission of Candida Donadio Associates. ©1974 by Bruce Jay Friedman.

WWY

When it was good, it was of a smooth consistency and white as Christmas snow. If Harry Towns had a slim silver-foil packet of it against his thigh—which he did two or three nights a week—he felt rich and fortified, almost as though he were carrying a gun. It was called coke, too, never cocaine. A dealer, one side of whose face was terrific, the other collapsed, like a bad cake, had told him it was known as "lady." That tickled Harry Towns and he was dying to call it that, but he was waiting for the right time. The nickname had to do with the fact that ladies, once they took a taste of the drug, instantly became coke lovers and could not get enough of it. Also, they never quite got the hang of how expensive it was and were known to toss it around carelessly, scattering gusts of it in the carpeting. Even though one side of his

A classic cocaine story
by Bruce Jay Friedman



Michael Emerson

face was collapsed, the dealer claimed there were half a dozen girls who hung around him and slept with him so they could have a shot at his coke. Harry Towns could not claim to have enslaved groups of women with the drug, but it did help him along with one outrageously young girl who stayed over with him an entire night. She didn't sleep with him, but just getting her to stay over was erotic and something of an accomplishment. Wearing blue jeans and nailed to him by the sharp bones of her behind, she sat on his lap while he fed her tastes of it all night long. She lapped it up like a kitten and in the morning he drove her to her high-school math class. He wasn't sure if he was proud of this exploit—she was about the same age as his son—but he didn't worry about it much either.

If someone asked Harry Towns to describe the effects of coke, he would say it was subtle, and leave it at that. He could remember the precise moment he had first smelled and then tried grass—a party, a girl in a raincoat whose long hair literally brushed the floor, some bossa nova music that was in vogue at the time, a feeling he wanted to be rid of both his wife and the tweed suit he was wearing—but he could not for the life of him figure out when coke had come into the picture. It had to do with two friends in the beginning, and he was sure now that the running around and hunting it down was just as important as the drug itself. They would spend a long time at a bar waiting for someone to show up with a spoon, one of them leaping up at regular intervals to make a call and see if their man was on his way. It was exciting and it kept them together. While they were waiting they would tell each other stories about coke they had either heard about or tried personally, coke that was like a blow on the head, coke that came untouched from the drug companies, coke so strong it was used in cataract operations. Or they would tell of rich guys who gave parties and kept flowerpots full of it for the guests to dip into at will. It was a little like sitting around and talking about great baseball catches. Sometimes they wondered about how long you could keep at it before it began working on your brain. Even though they kidded about winding up years later in the back streets of Marseilles with their noses chewed away—it was a serious worry. Freud had supposedly been an addict and this buoyed them up a bit. Also, Towns had once run into a fellow who lived in Venezuela most of the year and had a gold ring in his ear. Rumor had it that he was a jungle fag. Leaning across to Towns one night, he had tapped his right nostril, saying, "This one's thirty-six years old." The fellow was a bit bleary-eyed, but otherwise seemed in good health; the disclosure was comforting to Towns although he wondered why the fellow said nothing about his left nostril.

Once their contact arrived, they would each get up some money, not paying too much attention to who paid the most. Then they would go into the bathroom, secure the door and lovingly help one another to take snorts from the little packet. One of Towns's friends was a tall stylish fellow who was terrific at wearing clothes, somehow getting the most threadbare of jackets to look elegant. It was probably his disdainful attitude that brought off the old jackets. The other friend was a film cutter with a large menacing neck and a background in sports that could not quite be pinned down. They were casual about dividing up the drug, with no thought to anyone's being shortchanged, although later on the stylish fellow would be accused of having a vacuum cleaner for a nose. But it was a sort of good-natured accusation. On each occasion, Towns's debonair friend could be counted on to introduce a new technique for getting at the coke, putting some in a little canal between two fingers, getting a dab of it at the end of a penknife, and on one occasion producing a tiny, carved monkey's paw, perfectly designed to hold a little simian scoopful. Towns's favorite approach was the penknife one. The white crystals, iced and sparkling, piled up on the edge of the blade, struck him as being dangerously beautiful. But Towns felt with some comfort that the varied techniques placed his friend

further along the road to serious addiction than he was; Towns made do with whatever was on hand, usually the edge of a book of matches, folded in half. The film cutter had a massive family, and on occasion they would tease him about his children having to eat hot dogs because of his expensive coke habit. One night, out of nowhere, he gave them both a look and they abandoned

He admitted one night that if it came to choosing between the drug and a beautiful girl, he would have to go with the coke.

that particular needle. He had been ill recently, and they had heard that four hospital attendants had been unable to hold him down and give him an injection.

After they had taken their snorts, they would each fall back against the wall of the john and let the magic drip through them, saying things like "Oh, brother," and "This has got to be the best." Towns usually capped off the dreamily appreciative remarks by saying, "I'll always have to have this." The stocky film cutter admitted one night that if it came to choosing between the drug and a beautiful girl, he would have to go with the coke. It seemed to be a painful admission for him to make, so Towns and the debonair fellow quickly assured him they both felt exactly the same way. Actually, Towns didn't see why one had to cancel out the other. He had heard that lovers would receive the world's most erotic sensation by putting dabs of coke on their genitals and then swiping it off. He tried this one night with a stewardess from an obscure and thinly publicized airline and found it all right, but nothing to write home about. As far as he could see, it was just a tricky way to get at the coke.

They would take about two tastes apiece and then bounce back into the bar with sly grins and the brisk little nose sniffs that distinguished the experienced coke user. Even if they scattered and sat with different people, the drug held them bound together in a ring. Later, when the evening took a dip, one of them would give a sign and they would return to the john to finish off the packet.

They kept their circle tightly closed, even though at least one fellow was dying to get into it. He was a writer who stood careful guard over his work and on more than one occasion had said, "I'll be damned if I'm going to let anyone monkey around with my prose." He also spoke of having "boffed" a great many girls. Towns took exception to that word "boffed" and so did his friends. They doubted that he had really done that much "boffing" and they didn't care that much for his prose either. So even though the fellow knew what they were doing in the john and gave them hungry, poignant looks, they would not let him into the group.

Sometimes, instead of waiting around at the bar, they would make forays into the night to round up some of the drug. They spent a lot of time waiting outside basement apartments in Chinatown, checking over their shoulders for the police. Towns owned the car and he had plenty of dents in the side to prove it. Somehow, tranquil and frozen by the drug, Towns felt that a little sideswipe here and there didn't matter much, but the dents were piling up and the car was pretty battered. The dapper, arrogant fellow sat in the back and seemed annoyed at having to ride around in such a disreputable-looking vehicle. He lived with his mother, who supposedly did all his driving for him, after first setting him up beside her with blankets over his knees for warmth. Towns decided to have all the car dents fixed in one swipe and then start over.

Leaving his friends behind one night, Towns went on a drug-hunting foray with a

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**RIGHT UNDER THE NOSE OF U.S. CUSTOMS,
AN ELITE GROUP OF SMUGGLERS PLY A
LUCRATIVE NEW TRADE . . . IN BIRDS**

FEATHER WEIGHT



Sulphur-crested cockatoo by Anthony Mercica/Photo Researchers, Inc.

ON A DUSTY SIDESTREET OFF TIJUANA'S AVENUE REVOLUCION, A CHUBBY, DULL-EYED BOY OF ABOUT 14 LOUNGES IN THE WIDE DOORWAY OF A SHOP and gestures listlessly to the occasional passerby to enter. Inside, cheap pottery and macrame owls share space with other staples of the border-town tourist trade. There are no caged birds in sight, but it is here that the old man hawking silver jewelry on Revolución said they could be found.

"Birds?" I ask the kid in English. "Do you have birds?"

The skin around the kid's eyes twists into an expression halfway between confusion and suspicion.

"Birds," I repeat. "You know—cheep, cheep—birds!" I flap my arms like a chicken.

A few volts of electricity appear in the kid's eyes. He grins, nods and leads me to a wrought-iron cage, about two feet by three feet at the bottom and three feet high, almost completely covered with a blue blanket.

"Birds," the kid says, jerking the blanket from the cage.

The shock of sudden light sends the inhabitants of the crowded cage into a squawking, screeching fit. Necks crane, beaks peck, wings beat against other wings and against the bars of the tiny prison.

continued on next page

BY MICHAEL DORGAN

When the birds settle down, it becomes clear there are more than 60 baby red-headed Amazon parrots crammed into the small space. There is not room for all of them to roost at once, so many cling to the sides of the cage while others crowd the floor, hock deep in shit. Some of the little creatures, who were snatched from their nests in the wilds not more than two weeks ago, are nearly bald from the nervous pecking of fellow inmates. Many have the same listless, dull look as their boy guardian.

"How much?" I ask. "Cuanto?"

The boy thinks before answering, careful to get the figure right. "Eighteen dollars," he says finally. "For one."

The price is cheap—suspiciously so. Young redheads usually go for \$50 to \$100 in northern Mexico, which is still far below the \$250 or more you can pay north of the border. Were these birds suffering from more than just the trauma of being kidnapped and held captive in a crowded cage? Parrot fever, maybe? Or worse yet, exotic Newcastle disease?

NEWCASTLE DISEASE IS A HIGHLY CONTAGIOUS AND USUALLY FATAL bird sickness that sometimes reveals itself through a swollen head, a twisted neck or a black, gooey fluid that oozes out the eyes and mouth. But sometimes not. Sometimes there are no symptoms at all, until one day the bird falls dead.

These parrots show no symptoms, but there is no way short of a lab test to tell for sure. I ask the boy if he has other birds.

He leads me to another cage, which he uncovers to reveal about a dozen larger red-heads. I ask the price. Again he is slow and careful with the answer.

"Fifty dollars for one," he says.

The price is closer to typical for adults but makes the price of the babies even more suspicious: Young birds are usually more highly valued because they learn to talk more easily.

"Macaws?" I ask. "Do you have any macaws?"

He shakes his head but then begins a slow count on his fingers. When he reaches the middle finger, he says, "October—baby macaws in October."

I ask if he knows where I can buy macaws now. He retreats to the rear of the store to consult his mother, a dark, papaya-shaped woman who is whispering conspiratorially to another woman who is dark and heavy.

As the mother approaches she gives me a long, ambiguous look, then leads me out the door of the shop. She points to a street intersecting the one her shop is on.

"One block," she says, pointing south. "Macaws."

The block is like a miniature barrio; clusters of little wood and adobe houses surround courtyards of bare dirt. The woman had given no address, but that wouldn't have helped anyway as there are no num-

I am
here to see how
easy it would be
to break into a
fast-growing
smuggling trade
that is, pound for
pound, far more
lucrative than
marijuana.

bers visible on the houses.

I stand in the center of the block and listen. Sure enough, from a distance comes the cacophony of caged birds. I follow the sounds to a tiny wood house.

Before I reach the door, a man of about 40 steps out and asks in passable English what I want. He has a solemn, almost stern face with dark, deep-set eyes and high cheekbones. He wears a thin mustache over thin lips. Had he been born a bird, he would be a hawk.

I tell him I am interested in birds.

He motions me into the house. Just inside the door, in the living room, is a row of cages stacked to the ceiling and filled with finches and parakeets. When I ask if he has any macaws, the man steps to a small, covered cage next to the row of larger cages and pulls away the cloth, revealing a handsome military macaw, the large, sassy, green-bodied bird often found on the shoulders of pirates.

"How much?" I ask.

"One hundred and seventy-five dollars," he says. The price is about one-fifth what the bird would cost in the States.

I ask if he has any yellow-naped Amazons, parrots prized for their conversation as well as their beauty.

He leads me past his Indian wife, who is sweeping the worn linoleum floor and who has not looked up since my arrival, and into the kitchen, where a big pot of beans bubbles on the stove and where three skinny kids sit around a table. Beneath the table is a cage measuring about two feet wide, three feet long and two feet high that is filled with 20 young yellow-napes.

Two of the kids shyly divert their eyes, but the third, a girl of about five, looks on with amused interest as her father squats and opens the door of the cage. "They no bite," he says; a nice feature, considering that some parrots can bite through almost anything short of forged steel. He inserts a finger to prove his point.

One of the parrots hops onto the finger and is lifted out of the cage. The bird

stretches his neck and wings and swivels his head to check out the room from his new point of view. The other birds scratch and flutter in apparent envy. He puts the bird back in the cage.

"How much?" I ask.

"Two hundred seventy-five dollars each," he answers.

"How much if I buy all of them?"

"Two hundred twenty-five dollars each."

I know it isn't his final price but I don't bargain because I am not buying. I am here only to see how easy it would be to break into a fast-growing smuggling trade that is, pound for pound, far more lucrative than marijuana.

To get an idea of just how profitable bird smuggling is, consider those 20 yellow-napes. Even at the \$225 asking price (which probably could have been cut by a third through bargaining), a retailer could quadruple his investment north of the border, where young yellow-napes go for a grand or more, partly because it is illegal to export any baby birds from Mexico. Twenty birds: more than \$15,000 profit.

Bird smuggling is not only profitable, it's relatively easy. Anyone with a slaver's soul and a bit of imagination can do it. Unlike dope, birds are legal in Mexico, which means you can locate, purchase and transport them freely. The only problem is crossing the border, and that's not a very formidable one.

Large numbers of birds are usually smuggled in cages; by rafts across the Rio Grande or by jeep or burro across any number of spots along thousands of miles of poorly guarded border.

When small numbers of birds are involved, they are usually sneaked across at border stations bound feet-to-beak and stuffed inside a purse or door panel or wrapped in paper and stuck beneath the seat of a car.

BOTH WAYS USUALLY WORK. DESPITE A GROWING CONCERN AMONG CUS-

toms and wildlife officials over bird smuggling, relatively few smugglers are nabbed at the border. And those who make it through the border are usually home free. Birds brought in by tourists spend quiet lives at home, while those brought in by professionals rarely leave footprints when they travel. Once inside the United States, they are quickly sold to wholesalers or pet-shop owners (unless, as is sometimes the case, the smugglers are themselves wholesalers or pet-shop owners), who often don't care whether the bird is an illegal alien if the price is right. They accept forged importation papers or claims that the birds were bred in captivity, even though most exotic birds steadfastly refuse to bring babies into lives of captivity.

Even when bird smugglers get caught, the penalties are light. Small-time smugglers, tourists caught with a couple of cockatoos, merely lose their birds and are fined

Hyacinth macaw by T. McHugh/Photo Researchers, Inc.



an amount equal to the retail value of the birds in the States. It's a purely civil reprimand that leaves not so much as a blemish on one's criminal record. Because of that, and because only a small percentage of cars are searched at the busy border stations, many tourists consider small-time smuggling well worth the risk.

Big-time smugglers face criminal prosecution, but nothing so severe as they would face for even a pound of marijuana. In fact, until recently bird cases were treated as training exercises for Customs agents being groomed for dope cases. As late as 1977, the average penalty imposed for smuggling birds and other animals into the country was \$53.

Recently both Customs and the courts have gotten tougher, but not much. A case in point:

In March 1980 a U.S. Border Patrol officer stopped a car that had been cruising around suspiciously in the middle of the night near Dulzur, California, just north of the Mexican border. Inside were 259 yellow-napes and David Alan Rives, the operator of a government-licensed bird-quarantine station.

Rives was apparently no virgin to the bird-smuggling trade. An investigation revealed that just one day before his bust he sold 100 yellow-napes of questionable origin for \$28,500 to Smith's Exotic Aviaries in Alexandria, Virginia. Yet when it came time for sentencing for the smuggling of the 259 yellow-napes, Rives was ordered to serve only six months of a three-year sentence.

His sentence might not have been even that severe had he not come so close to triggering a Newcastle epidemic. The 259 birds Rives was busted with, as well as the 100 birds he sold the day before his arrest and hundreds of other birds those birds came into contact with, either died of Newcastle or were euthanized for fear they were infected and would spread the disease. Like many smuggled birds, they paid the ultimate price for a smuggler's profits.

BECAUSE SMUGGLERS OFTEN TRY TO MAXIMIZE PROFITS BY OVERCROWD-

ing birds, thereby making them more susceptible to everything from disease to suffocation, the mortality rate among smuggled birds is high. An all too typical example of the fate of many smuggled birds can be found in the case involving the largest seizure of birds ever made along the California-Mexico border.

Early one morning in August 1978, a station wagon being driven by William Joseph Conger was stopped at a border checkpoint in Temecula, California, which lies about 60 miles north of the border. Inside the station wagon, in cages covered by a blanket, border agents found 562 parrots of several species, including yellow-headed Amazons, redheaded Amazons, half-moon conures and Aztec conures.

According to U.S. Customs special agent

Unlike dope, birds are legal in Mexico, which means you can locate, purchase and transport them easily.

Karl Sundstrom, who investigated the case, about 20 percent of the birds were already dead from intense heat, lack of water and crowded conditions (which caused many of the birds to severely bite each other) when Conger's car was stopped. And the remaining birds were so weakened that about 75 percent eventually died from their ordeal.

(Even the few birds that survived the smuggling attempt were doomed. They died in miniature gas chambers operated by the government in compliance with a disease-prevention policy which ordered that all confiscated birds be euthanized. In 1980 the government adopted the more humane practice of quarantining confiscated birds for 60 days and then selling them at public auctions.)

An investigation revealed that Conger bought the birds in Ruiz, Nayarit, Mexico, and then drove to the border town Tecate, where he left them in a motel while driving his empty station wagon back into the States. Then he drove to a secluded area along the border fence where he rendezvoused in the dark of night with four accomplices who had picked up the birds at the motel.

Though the investigation concluded that it was not Conger's first bird-smuggling venture, upon pleading guilty he was made to serve only 60 days of an 18-month sentence.

There is no way to know just how many smuggled birds die in transit, but Sundstrom says that at Port of Entry San Ysidro just below San Diego, the busiest crossing along the entire border, "approximately one-third of the birds discovered hidden in vehicles or otherwise concealed are either dead or dying due to the methods of concealment."

Many die from suffocation, either from having their beaks taped shut to prevent them from making noise or from being rolled up in newspapers and put into paper bags that do not allow enough oxygen. Others, including many of those hidden under engine hoods or in door panels, die of

extreme heat. Still others die from drug or liquor overdose after being fed Valium or tequila-soaked cornmash to tranquilize them.

The birds found dead at the border are not the only victims of the smuggling trade. Many birds die before the trip to the marketplace even begins.

Virtually all birds smuggled across the Mexican border are captured in the wild, not only in Mexico but throughout Central and South America. Most adults are taken with nets or traps. Some are wing shot with shotguns. Whichever the method of capture, many birds do not survive. Many of those netted or trapped are strangled or mortally injured in the process, while many of those wing shot are either killed by the impact of the pellets or die slowly from lead poisoning. Baby birds probably fare even worse. To capture them, hunters cut down their nesting trees, and many die in the fall to the ground. Of those that survive capture, many perish quickly from trauma or starvation despite the best efforts of the hunters to fill the role of mother bird.

Perhaps the most authoritative estimate of just how hazardous the smuggling trade is for birds has been made by the Australian Parliament's Environment and Conservation Committee. After a long-term study, the committee concluded that 80 percent of birds smuggled out of Australia probably end up dead before their time.

No similar study has been conducted of birds smuggled out of Mexico, but there is no reason to believe they have a higher survival rate. It may even be lower. Some experts estimate that for every bird smuggled from Mexico that arrives safely to the cage of a "bird loving" owner, there are ten birds that die.

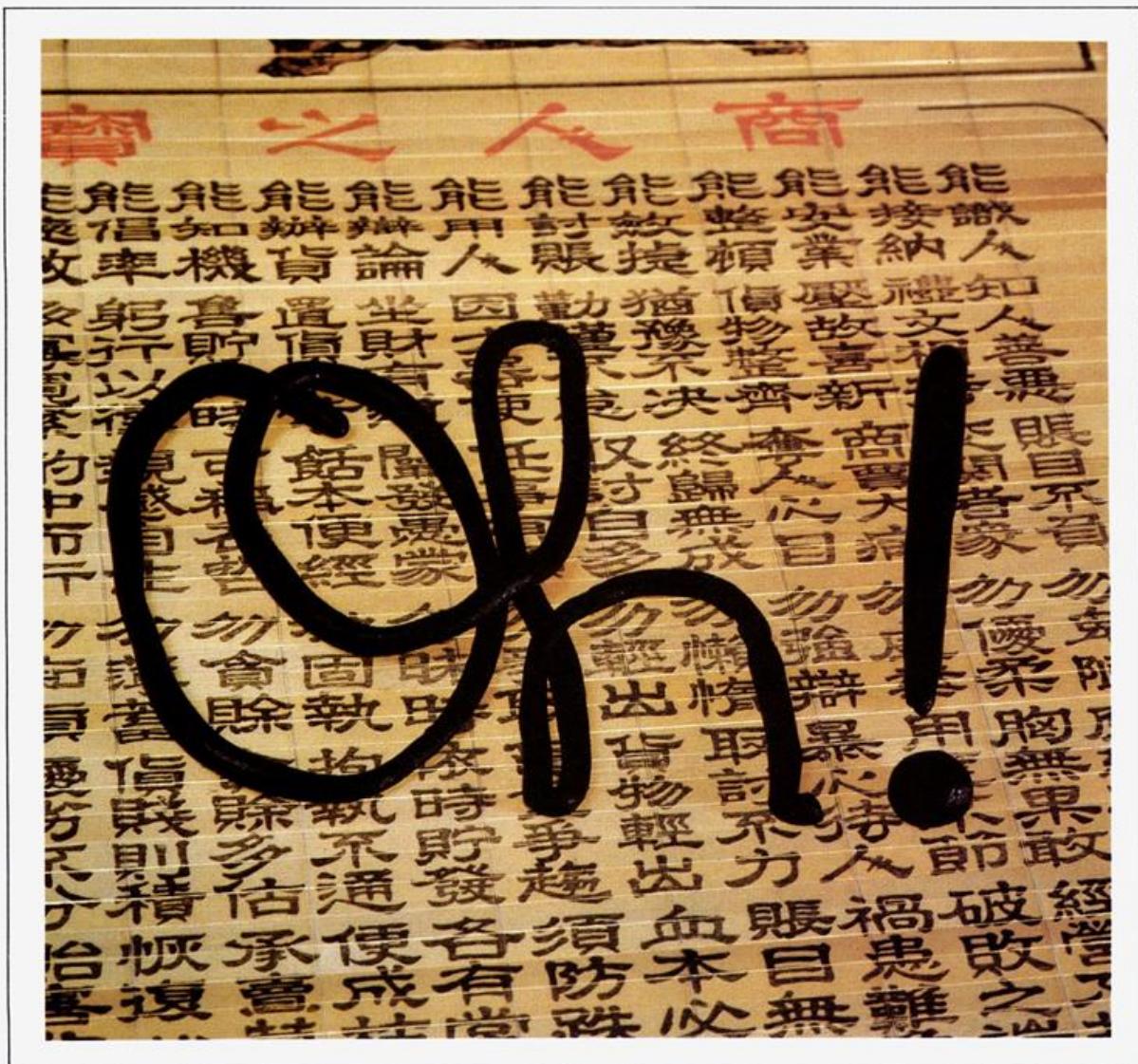
Considering that U.S. Customs agents estimate that up to 100,000 birds smuggled from Mexico make it alive to the United States each year, the number of dead birds left along the way is staggering. When all the birds smuggled into the States from all other countries are added to the birds arriving through Mexico—and some say that total is as high as 1 million per year—the number of birds sacrificed to smuggling becomes awesome.

YET SMUGGLED BIRDS ARE BY NO MEANS THE ONLY BIRDS THAT SUFFER

from bird trafficking; in fact, these casualties represent only a fraction of the total number of victims of the wild-bird trade. Smuggled birds often travel more hazardously than legal birds, but legal birds are often caught and kept in the same ways, and many share the fate of their illegal brethren.

According to studies done by England's Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the worldwide traffic in wild birds has reached 7.5 million per year. Thousands of species are being thinned out and hundreds are being directly threatened with extinction by a growing demand for exotic birds.

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OPIUM MAY BE LIKENED to the stupefying medicines of kidnappers and the poisonous drugs of sorcerers, all used by them to seize upon and destroy the property of innocent individuals.

—Lin Tse-hsu, special narcotics
commissioner for Guangdong
Province, China, 1839-1840

(From *Flowers in the Blood* by Dean Latimer and Jeff Goldberg.)
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Photos by Mick Rock

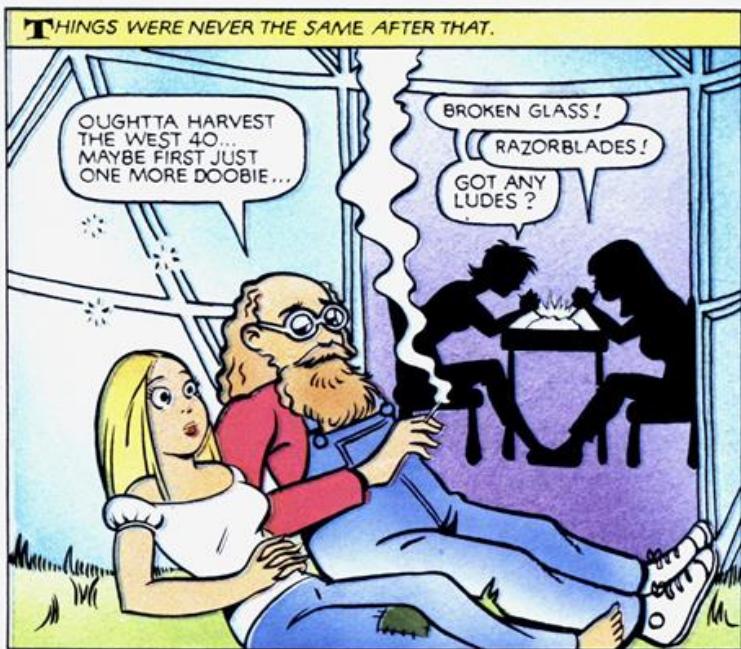
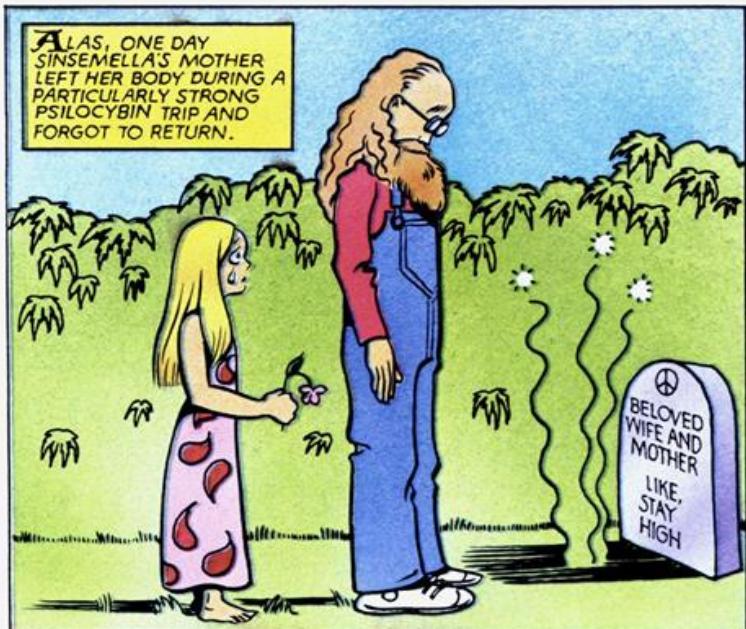




Sinsemella

BY Trina
©1981
LETTERING: ORE

ONE DAY THEIR BLISSED-OUT EXISTENCE WAS MADE HIGHER BY THE BIRTH OF A BEAUTIFUL BABY GIRL!



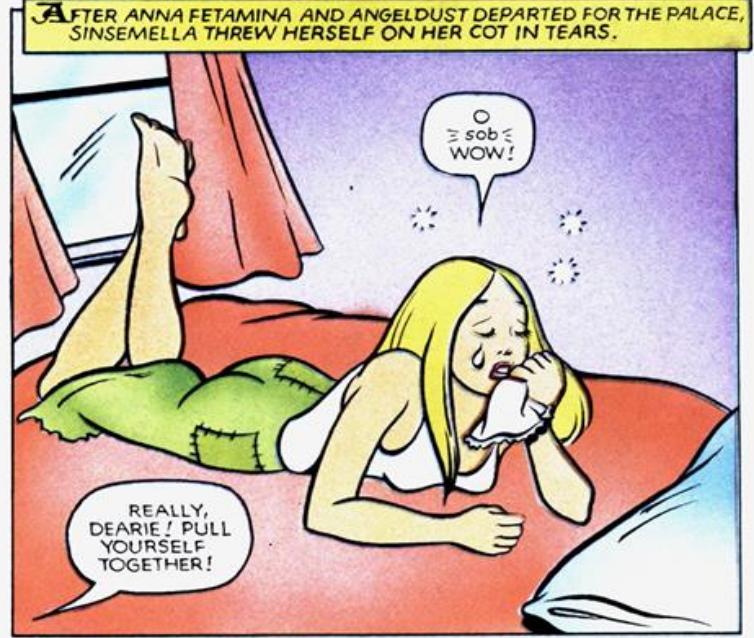
ONE DAY...



LITTLE CREEP! YA THINK THEY'LL LET YOU INTO THE PALACE IN YOUR PAISLEY BELLBOTTOMS? OOH, YOU'RE SO TACKY!

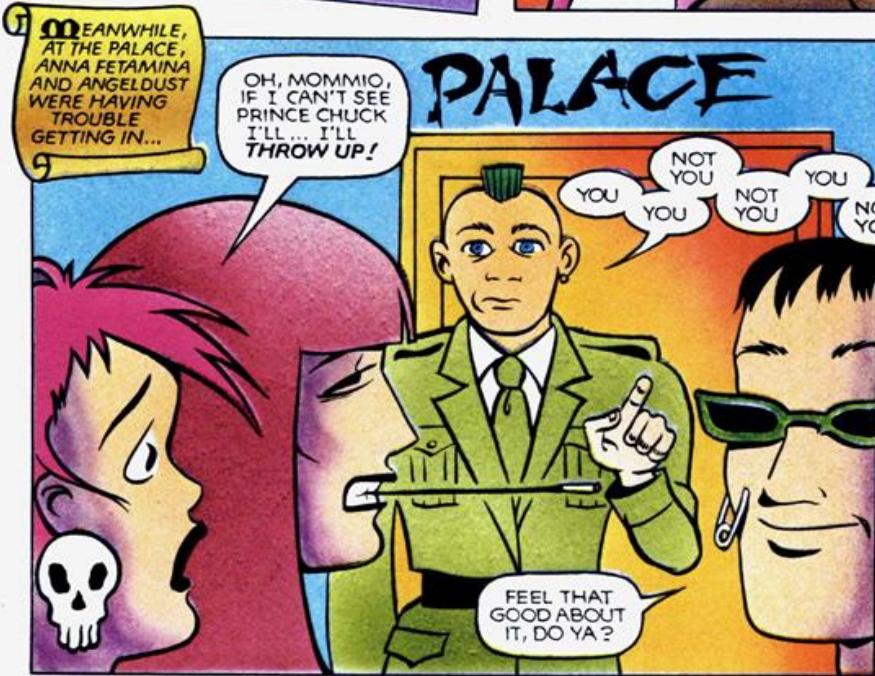
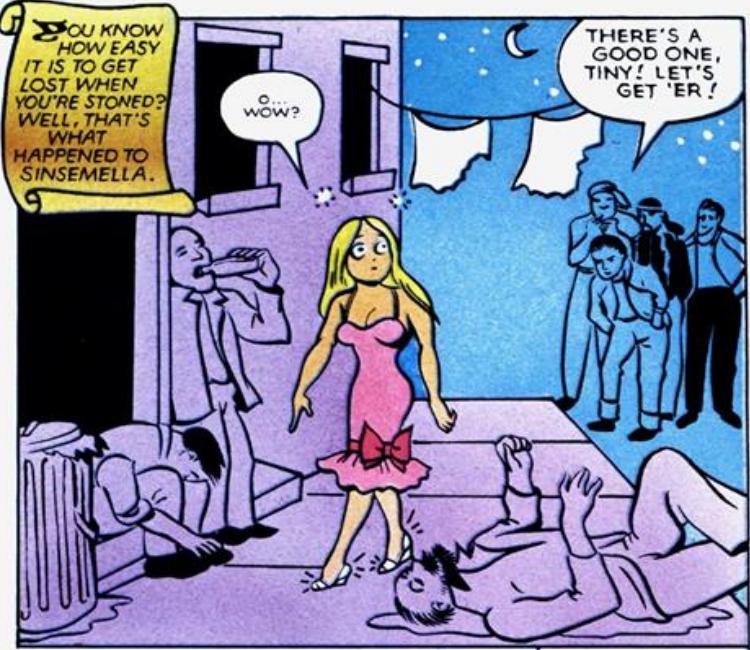
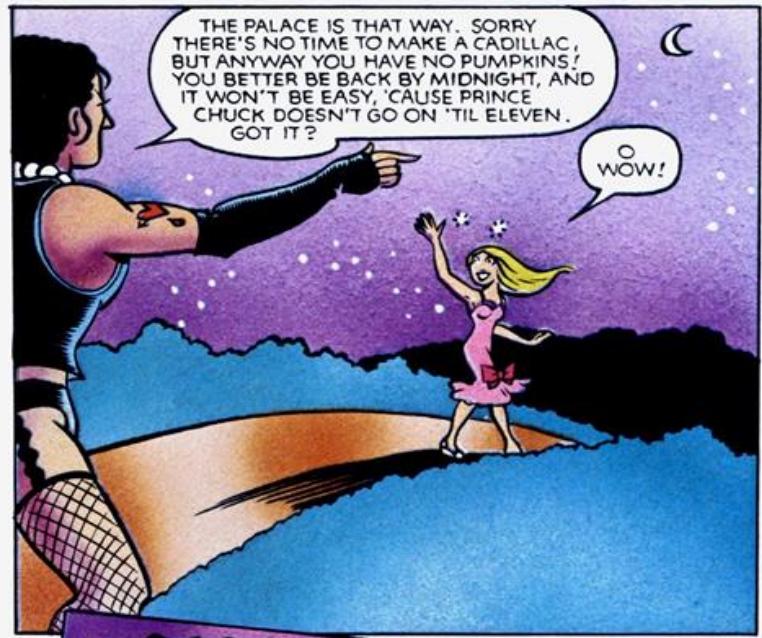
REALLY, KID. PRINCE CHUCK IS NOT INTERESTED IN HALF-WITTED FLOWER CHILDREN!

AFTER ANNA FETAMINA AND ANGELDUST DEPARTED FOR THE PALACE, SINSEMELLA THREW HERSELF ON HER COT IN TEARS.



SINSEMELLA WAS SO ASTONISHED THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER SHORT LIFE SHE FORGOT TO SAY, "O WOW!"





INSIDE THE PALACE, PRINCE CHUCK WAS SITTING AT THE BAR ...

OH, PRINCE CHUCK,
I'D LADY DI FOR YOU!

OH, CHUCKIE, LOOK AT ME!

NO,
ME!

WHO'S
THAT??!

FOR THE
NEXT HOUR,
SINSEMELLA
AND PRINCE
CHUCK HAD
EYES FOR NO
ONE ELSE.

... AND THEN OUR DRUMMER FELL
OFF THE STAGE INTO THE AUDIENCE
WHERE HE WAS BEATEN TO A PULP.
THEY LOVE US!

O
WOW!

SAY, MAN, IT'S MIDNIGHT,
AND WE'RE ON NOW...

O
WOW!

WHERE YA GOIN'?
I DON'T EVEN KNOW
YOUR NAME! DID
I SAY SOME-
THING WRONG?

SOME-
WHERE IN
THIS LAND
IS A LADY
WHO FITS
THIS SHOE
AND WHO
SAYS NO-
THING BUT
"O WOW!"
I'LL FIND
HER!

AND SO THE SEARCH BEGAN! THOUSANDS OF GROUPIES CUT
THEIR FEET, BUT NOBODY GOT THE PRINCE, UNTIL ...

WHAT A
DUMP!

OH, MOMMIO,
I LOVE HIM!
HE'S GOT BETTE
DAVIS EYES!

ANGELDUST
TRIED ON THE
BROKEN GLASS
WEDGIE, IN
THE PROCESS
SUSTAINING A
NASTY CUT...

OH! OW!

MY LONG-LOST
HIPPIE HONEY!
I'VE FOUND
YOU AT LAST!

CAN'T
YOU DO
ANYTHING
RIGHT? YA
THINK IT WAS
EASY GETTING
YOU INTO THE
PALACE? MAGIC
DON'T GROW
ON TREES,
YA KNOW!

BUT WEREN'T
YOU A
BLONDE ... ?

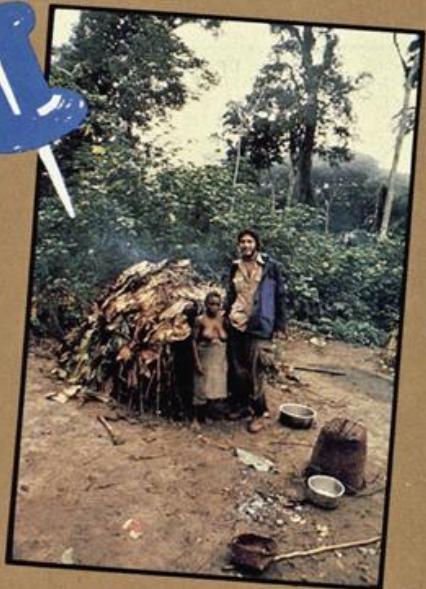
AND THEY RODE OFF
INTO THE SUNSET,
SAN FRANCISCO,
WHERE HE HAD A GIG
AT THE FAB MAB.

CELLOPHANE.

OH.

GOT ANY
LUDES?

The End



I Got Small with the Pygmies

*Story & Photography
by Ronald Schnur*

THEY CAN HEAR US COMING a long way off, plunging through the dense jungle underbrush. The *BaTuri*, say the People of the Forest, scare off all the game with their noise. But the *BaTuri* are paying for the hunt, and the *BaTuri* bring T-shirts and ballpoint pens and money to buy cigarettes and beer. For this reason, they welcome us all over Africa.

We met up with the ranger on the eastern edge of the Ituri Forest in Zaire. The capture station was said to have an *epulu*, an animal best described as looking like both a zebra and a giraffe, so he had gone to verify the report. Would the *BaTuri* like to see the Pygmies? *Oui*, he has friends in the forest. He is only too happy to accommodate. Anticipating my needs, he arrives early on the day we are to set out. "Chanvre?" he asks, proffering a large sack of pungent hemp. I shake my head and pull out an even larger quantity to show that I have adequate provisions.

The camps lie seven miles beyond the edge of the forest — perilously close to the villages in the Pygmies' minds, but a far distance for an outsider to travel in the jungle. The trails are the only route. We proceed slowly, sometimes by foot and sometimes on our hands and knees where the jungle growth is so thick we cannot stand. Animals growl close to the trail, but in the brush we

cannot make out their shapes.

When we emerge into the camp, we are approached directly by one of the Pygmies. To judge from his appearance, he is a man of some importance, nearly four feet tall and sporting a loose approximation of Western dress that may indicate he is accustomed to dealing with outsiders. Speaking in the singsong language native to the Pygmies, he negotiates to supply men for the hunting party with the ranger, who is gesticulating emphatically in response to our pidgin French. Children crowd around us, expecting the candy we pass around. But our arrival hardly disrupts the activity of the camp. The other Pygmies observe us from a distance. They have seen *BaTuri* before. Several of the women duck inside to squat in the doorways of their huts, as if posing for our cameras.

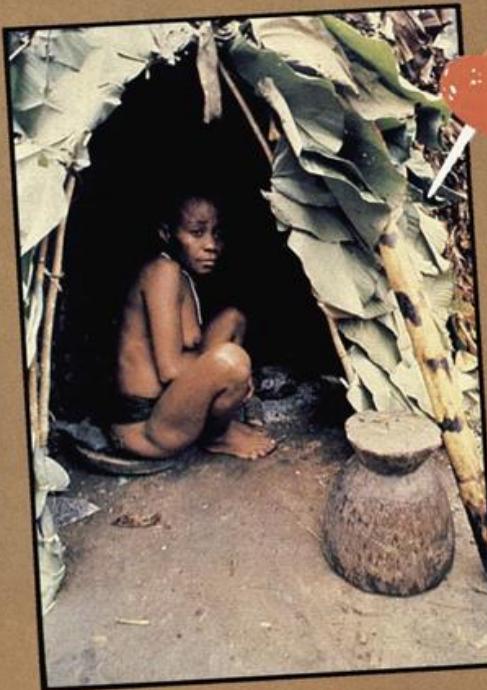
The ground is bare of vegetation, perhaps signifying that the campsite has been used before. Pygmies are nomads, making camp wherever the hunting is good. They grow no crops, preferring to trade or, better yet, steal from the plantations and villages outside the forest. But in this camp we notice a healthy stand of hemp. Whether it is wild or cultivated we never learn. The ranger is taking note of our interest. "Chanvre?" he offers for the second time on the same day. The Pygmies

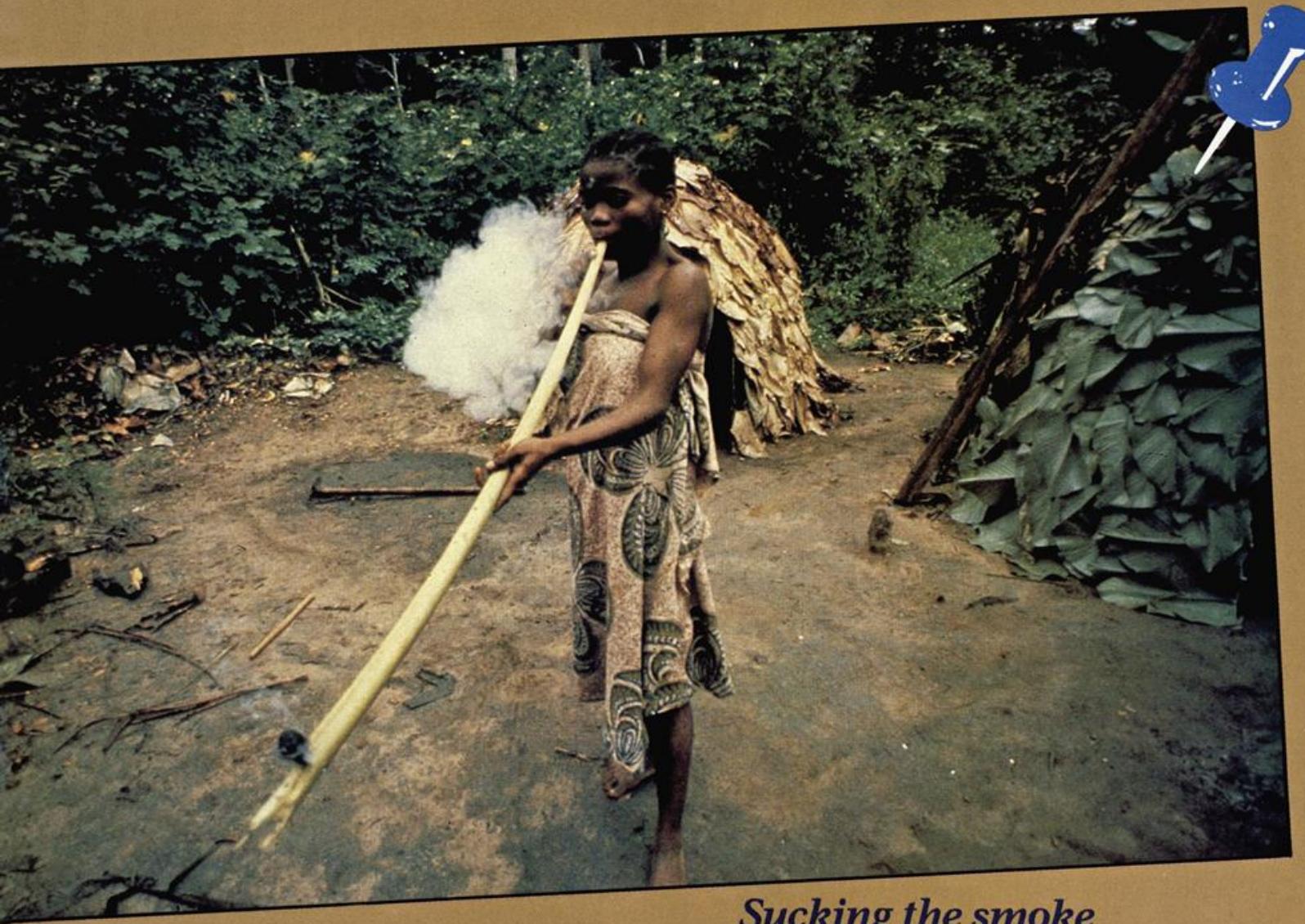
are pleased that we will accept *djému* as a welcoming present. Besides, they are relieved when they see us act like regular *BaTuri*.

The Pygmies show us how to smoke *djému* in the traditional way. They cut a fresh leaf from the plant and place it next to a glowing charcoal. When the leaf is dried from the heat of the charcoal, they place it in the clay bowl of a pipe the stem of which is the long hollowed-out stem of a palm leaf. And since, as we are told, the People of the Forest do not make fire, the bowl is lit in the traditional way, by dropping burning charcoal into the bowl. And this is how the pipe is smoked: by sucking the smoke the full three-foot

length of the stem. Sucking so hard makes my lungs hurt, but the *djému* tastes fresh and green and sweet.

After smoking many bowls, the Pygmies tell us they will take us on the traditional hunt. We are already slow witted, but our guide tells us *djému* gives the Pygmies *force*. They lead us into the forest at a run, following the antelope trails. Their four-foot bodies glide easily along the narrow trails, but the larger visitors straggle behind, often tripping over vines and then running all the faster to keep up. Many times an overhanging branch grazes my face, narrowly missing my eye. Suddenly the hunters stop ahead of us. They are already hanging up their nets when we catch up





with them. The hunting will be good here, we are promised.

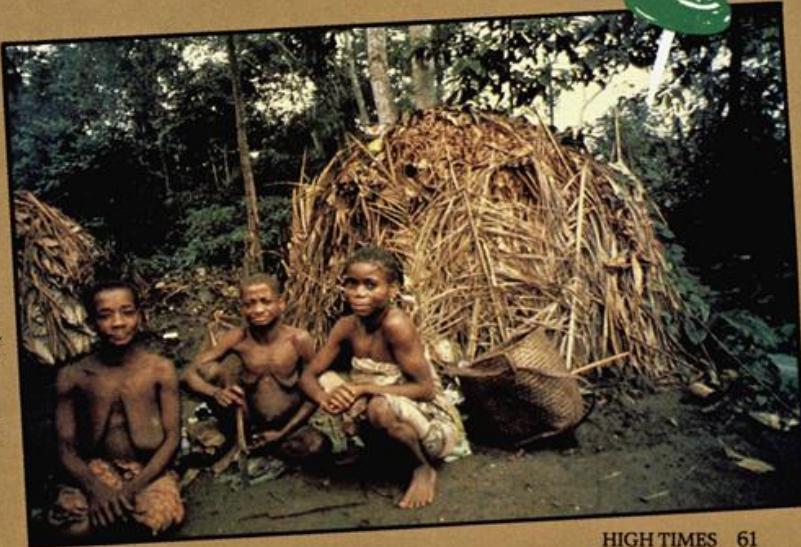
While the Pygmies prepare their nets, I sit on the ground and listen to the sounds of the jungle. Monkeys jump from tree to tree overhead. Small antelope and wild pigs are heard rushing in all directions. And for the first time I can make out the songs of individual birds.

I am roused from my daydream by the ranger, who instructs us in our role in the hunt. He leads us further into the forest to spread out in a semicircle about a half mile from the nets. There we wait in silence for him to signal that game has entered our trap. To keep myself from drowsing, I wonder what will happen if an elephant blunders along. Armed with nothing but a camera, I am singularly unprepared to face down an elephant. I am

musing in this manner when the signal comes. Whooping and hollering and clapping like a pack of wild savages, we chase blindly toward the net. Not until we are almost back at the nets do we see that the object of our chase is a small antelope known as a duiker. The spear that pierces its side belongs to a boy of perhaps 15.

The duiker proves to be delicious, better by far than our usual fare of tough mountain goat. After our meal, each of us shows the degree of his appreciation by the number of coins that is dropped into the hat passed around the campfire. Our farewell gift is graciously accepted. It is then hastily dispatched, in the company of the leaders of our successful hunting party, to the outskirts of the forest some seven miles hence, which is where the nearest bar is located. □

Sucking the smoke along the three-foot length of the pipestem makes my lungs hurt, but the djému tastes fresh and green and sweet.





A cutting before trimming. The large fan leaves tax the new plant's ability to draw water, so they are later removed. Inset: A cutting from a flowering female rooted in a perlite-vermiculite mixture. This photo shows growth after six weeks.

Cuttings

by Ed Rosenthal

The usual way to start a new marijuana crop is to plant seeds. About half of the resulting plants will be male. The remaining females will be of varying quality even if their background is certain.

Most flower and vegetable seed sold in the United States is standardized. Seed of a particular variety will have the same growth habits, harvest time and yield. But marijuana has been bred for uniformity by only a few dedicated growers. Of course, this seed is not commercially available. Without an intensive breeding program, clones are the only way to get a uniform crop. For an all-female crop, of known quality, growers can use clones (cuttings or slips) or plant regeneration.

Regeneration or recropping is a method of obtaining a second harvest from a plant. We discussed its application indoors in a previous "Grow American" (Feb. '81). A plant can be returned to its vegetative growth stage by letting a number of healthy shoots and leaves remain on the plant when most of the buds are harvested. Bring the lights back up to 18 or more hours per day and fertilize with a high nitrogen fertilizer. Plants growing outdoors in containers can be brought inside for another harvest using this same method. In greenhouses the fall and winter natural light should be supplemented and extended. Within a few months the garden should be ready to be turned back into the flowering phase by increasing the number of hours of uninterrupted darkness (turning the light cycle down to 12 or 13 hours of light).

Such regeneration has several advantages. Each plant's qualities are known. The garden can be designed and used most efficiently because you know the plants' growth habits, and you can devise a rational breeding program.

A clone is a genetic duplicate of its parent. Clones should be made any time you have a unique plant whose particular genetic code is worth preserving. Examples might be ex-

tremely potent, fast-growing or early-flowering plants. A garden of these plants given the identical environmental conditions of their parents will act identically. They will be the same height, have the same general growth habits, will flower and ripen at the same time and have the same potency.

Growers sometimes make clones from all their plants while they are still in the vegetative growth stage. Later, after harvest and testing, they decide which clones to keep. These plants are grown under lights for their cuttings so that the grower can have a uniform crop the next spring or fall. It is essential for anyone who is doing controlled environmental experiments to use plants of a uniform genotype. Otherwise the experimenter does not know what is being measured.

Homogeneous or "clone" gardens have several disadvantages. Plants with identical genetic structures have similar resistance and susceptibilities to insect attack and microbial infections, and any type of degeneration is likely to spread more quickly than if the plants were from different varieties or just different seeds.

As we mentioned before, clones from the same parent will all taste about the same and have the same high. This is fine for a commercial operation, where standardization may increase profits, but most smokers would prefer to indulge in several varieties of pot. One way to solve this problem is to culture clones of several varieties that will flower in succession.

There are several cloning techniques, including air and soil layering, and tissue culture, that are used commercially to mass-produce some nursery stock. But the easiest and most familiar method of cloning is taking slips or cuttings. Cuttings can be taken at any time in a plant's life cycle, whether the plant is young or flowering, but cuttings taken before a plant is flowering root more easily. Larger branches sometimes have white protruberances near the

base of their stem. These are called *adventitious roots* and appear in humid conditions and grow readily into roots when placed in water or medium. Cuttings from the lower branches, which do not contain as much nitrogen and have a higher ratio of sugars, root somewhat faster than slips from the top of the plant, so it's wisest to take your cuttings from the bottom branches.

To take a cutting, make a clean cut with a razor, knife or clippers. Place the cut end in water. Remove the large fan leaves so that the cuttings' water uptake capabilities are not overtaxed. The cutting can be propagated in water, pasteurized packaged soil or vermiculite-perlite mixtures. Before being placed in the medium they should be treated with a fungicidal-B₁ mix that promotes root growth, such as Rootone F.

Place your cuttings in four-to-six-inch individual pots with the stems about two to four inches deep (quart and half-gallon milk containers will work fine), and be sure to keep them in an area that gets only a moderate amount of light or they will wilt. After five days they should be fertilized with the vermiculite-perlite mixture diluted to one-quarter the normal strength, once a week. Covering the cuttings with clear plastic will increase the humidity and the success rate.

Plant rooting is inhibited by lack of oxygen. To prevent this from occurring aerate the water before using by shaking vigorously. Cuttings being propagated in water will do best if the water is changed regularly or aerated using an aquarium pump and air stone. Make sure the bubbles rise away from the stems and do not create too much turbulence, which may inhibit root growth.

Cuttings root in three to five weeks, after which time you should transplant to a larger pot. If they are growing under lights, introduce them to sunlight gradually so that the leaves do not burn when placed in full sunlight. □

INTERVIEW: CARLTON TURNER

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the tissues of the body. These things bother me as a scientist. But each individual has to make up his own mind what he wants to do. I don't believe the government should say, here it is, available to everybody, use it as they want to. But I don't really know what the proper position is right now. I know we don't have enough data to say that marijuana is an innocuous drug.

HIGH TIMES: But we have to look at it from a societal level, too.

TURNER: You have to take it from the total scientific spectrum. In science you can't cut one layer out. You have to look at it in context to what it is doing to the human organism and what it is doing to society. My point is very basic. It is not an innocuous drug.

Look at tobacco. We know if we smoke x amount of tobacco cigarettes a day, the chances of us getting lung cancer are x percent increased over the guy who never touches a cigarette. But I'll challenge you or anyone else to find me any sociological data, or any other kind of data, prior to World War II, that would link tobacco smoke with bronchial carcinoma. It did not exist. And now look at the people dying of lung cancer.

We know that *Cannabis* smoke contains as many carcinogenic compounds, more, than a cigarette. We know that in our society people smoke several joints a day. We also know that as they grow for their own use, they're going to get more potent material because of the tolerance, so there are some intrinsic problems. I do not want to say that sociological studies are not significant. But when you do sociological studies, you've got to do studies on the basis of how the people in our community use it, not how they do it in Jamaica or how they do it somewhere else.

HIGH TIMES: What are the long-term effects of occasional and heavy marijuana use?

TURNER: I don't think anyone knows in the society in which we are operating today.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of Reese Jones's experiments, where he's giving people tremendous doses of THC which don't really correspond to what's happening?

TURNER: Can you say that?

HIGH TIMES: Yes. I have experience with the underground culture, and he's talking about much more than the heaviest smoker that I've ever seen. Even when I've known people dealing in hash oil, they don't use as much as he's giving his people.

TURNER: You don't know what's in hash oil until you analyze it. I've seen hash oil go from very small amounts of THC to up to 40 percent THC.

And the other thing is, a lot of scientists have been criticized for the dosage they are giving. But there is a tremendous problem here. Smoking is the worst possible way to

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LADY

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hooker who had seemed beautiful in the saloon light, but turned out to be a heavy user of facial creams. He didn't object to a girl using creams in private, but felt she had an obligation to take them off when she was out and around. She said she knew of some great stuff just over the bridge in Brooklyn. Towns drove and drove and when he asked her if they were there yet, she said it was just a little bit farther. He felt he might as well be driving to Chicago. When they finally got the coke, she described herself, with some pride, as a "nose freak"—as though Towns would be thrilled to hear this. Then she got rid of most of the coke in the car, beneath a streetlamp, leaving Towns with just a few grains. He felt it would be the right thing on his part to smack her around a little for her behavior, but he was worried about friends of hers running out of a nearby building with kitchen knives. So he let it pass. Besides, there had been something attractively illicit about snorting the drug with a heavily creamed hooker deep in the bowels of Brooklyn. And it was strong, too, even if there wasn't much of it. He would have something to say to his friends about "Brooklyn coke" and how it could tear your head off if you didn't watch it. So instead of smacking her around, he took her on a long, silent drive back to Manhattan where he let her out.

In the beginning, Towns and his friends would fool themselves into thinking that the nighttime get-togethers were for the purpose of having some dinner. Midway through a Chinese meal, one of them would casually ask if the others felt like going after some coke. But after a while, they dropped all pretense, skipping the dinners and diving right into the business of getting at the drug. Towns soon discovered that he was throwing over entire evenings to phone calls, long waits, nervous foot-tapping and great outbursts of relief when their man finally showed up with the prize. He wasn't sure if he felt the tension legitimately or if he was just playing at it. There weren't too many things in life he liked to do more than once in exactly the same way and he figured out that he was having the same kind of evening over and over. So one night he simply stopped, probably too cruelly and abruptly, the way he stopped most things. He decided to get a whole bunch of coke and have it just for himself. He invited the dealer with the collapsing face up to his apartment and told him to bring along an entire ounce. It was a very exciting and significant call for him to make, and he rated it right up there with such decisions as moving out on his wife and signing up for a preposterously expensive apartment. Both had worked out. As soon as he called the dealer, he became afraid of some vague unnameable violence. His way of handling it was to strip down to his waist and greet the dealer

bare-chested. Towns had a strong body and this maneuver would indicate that he was loose and could take care of things, even stripped down that way and obviously having no weapons concealed in the folds of his clothing. The dealer didn't notice any of this. He swept right in and began to carry on about some new moistureproof bottles he had found for the coke. If you closed them after snorts, no moisture would get in and the drug would not cake up. He was terribly proud of the bottles and told Towns to hang on to them; when they were empty, he would come by with refills. After he had left, Towns sunk back on a leather chair and didn't even try any of the coke. He just lit a cigar and richly enjoyed having bottles of it up there on the thirtieth floor with him. The idea fell into his head that if you had a lot of it, you were relieved of the pressure of always having to get it and as a result you didn't take that much. But he got onto himself in a second and knew it wasn't going to work out that way. He'd take more. The next time he saw his friends they tried to start up the coke-hunting apparatus and he excused himself by saying, "I don't think I'm in the mood for any tonight." He felt very sorry for them; they would have to go to all that trouble for just a little packet of it that would be sniffed up in an evening. Somehow they sensed he had a whole bunch of coke of his own and were snapish with him, but they stopped that quickly because they weren't that way. The stylish fellow's eyes began darting all over the place and Towns sensed he was making plans to lay in a giant supply of his own. He would be all right. But the film cutter's head drooped and when he was alone with Towns he admitted for the first time that even though he had a massive number of kids, he hated his wife. The evenings of hunting down coke had been terribly important to him. He said he always knew Towns was afraid to get close to people and amazingly he started to cry for a few seconds. At that moment, Towns would have taken him up to the apartment and given him half of the huge amount of coke. It was a close call, and the next day he was thrilled that he hadn't. As to Towns's inability to stay close to people, the fellow probably had him dead to rights. He had gone with a girl for three years and then brutally chopped off the affair, practically overnight. When it came to girls, if there was going to be any chopping off, he wanted to be the one to do it. Once it had been the other way. He saw himself as a man who had gotten off to a shaky start, then patched himself together and now had tough scar tissue at the seams. Chopping...getting chopped off...what he hoped for in life was to work his way back to some middle path.

Meanwhile, he had all that coke and a whole new style of evening set up. He would spread some of the drug on a dark surface, a pretzel box, as a matter of fact,

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US VS. THEM

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communists today." In the dozen years of conflict, no Vietnamese were killed in the media and certainly no capitalist ever killed a communist. Kind of unfair; they didn't get a chance. This nationalism/ideology contrast makes it easier to explain just why we send troops all over the world: They defend "our way of life." Always a valid reason, mediawise, to eliminate millions of nonbelievers. After all, communism doesn't bleed.

BY FAR MY FAVORITE COLD-WAR TERM IS *FREE World*, as in "Free World spokesmen gathered in Vienna to discuss the latest economic crises...." Though I defy you to find the *Free World* on any map, it is a place as well known to all of us as the Panama Canal or Coney Island. Emotionally it's more important, for to leave the *Free World* means suffering the fate of ancient sailors who disappeared off the edge of a flat earth. All reporters use the term, but TV broadcasters use it with such regularity that even the most skeptical viewers are susceptible to its devil lure. For Walter Cronkite the *Free World* was a place not unlike the Garden of Eden. For Chancellor Brokaw and

Rather it's a more modern version—a vast productive enterprise in occasional need of minor repair but basically a reasonable, responsible vehicle. A corporation, if you will, not unlike those that had the good sense to recognize their talents. While to ABC's Frank Reynolds the *Free World* is the neighborhood where he grew up. Whatever the vision, the *Free World* is there, on the right side of the *Iron Curtain*—a huge mass of bountiful wealth and happy people with its capital somewhere around Scarsdale, Illinois.

Tape tonight's news broadcast, play it back and list the value-laden phrases. Take a news clipping about something like "arms buildup in the Soviet Union." Substitute "United States" for "Soviet Union" and read the article again. You'll quickly see a whole flood of adjectives and adverbs that are out of sync in describing our own stockpiling. Contrast the language used to describe economic problems in England and Poland. After all, *union agitation* was about as healthy as bubonic plague until the *Wall Street Journal* discovered Lech Walesa. In fact, try and name another foreign labor leader and pretty soon you start to realize we're getting only one side of a one-sided coin. Has anyone ever heard of "management agitation"? There are a thousand ways to control the news. The Russians, clods that they are, have invented only one. The freedom of our system has forced us to come up with the other 999. □

CONNOISSEUR

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fun in the coming years trying to figure out just what strain of which seed did what to us when. Conscientious record keeping is going to be important. The seed breeders need feedback from consumers and connoisseurs to see which flavors the smoking public favors, what genetic trends we'd most want them to pursue.

But here's where we get into a problem area: authenticity. When someone shows you a bunch of big fat potent-looking seeds and tells you it's a "Malawi/Burning Bush tenth-generation hybrid," you want to believe every generation of the pedigree can be vouched for; but for all practical purposes you have to take the guy's word. If someone offers you a luscious-looking cola of what she says is "eleventh-generation Nepali/Afghani," you have to take her word that she knows the grower who knew the seed salesman who knew the ten previous generations of planters. I believe in trust, but I also believe there are people who are tempted to abuse it. You have no idea whether I invented or embellished that seed catalog, do you?

Is there a solution to the problem of proving pedigree? The French government has decided that the only way to protect the pride of its vintages from fraud is the use of the *appellation contrôlée* labeling process. Any wine that calls itself "St. Julien," say, must in fact have come from grapes grown in that particular area of Bordeaux. Government inspectors certify its pedigree from vineyard to château to cask to bottle.

Château-certified cannabis? Unfortunately, our government takes a far less enlightened attitude toward the proud new products of American agriculture that are coming out of the valleys and greenhouses of connoisseur-level cannabis growers. You would think that the state of California, for instance, would be as proud, even snobbish, about its grass-growing wizardry as it is snotty about its far less impressive varietal wines. You would think that instead of persecuting the pedigreed-seed breeders they'd encourage them. But perhaps those stout-hearted agricultural artists, those heroes of the herb harvests, those Luther Burbanks of the burning bush, the pot growers of America, will figure out some self-regulatory way to certify the provenance and pedigree of their crossbreed creations. Meanwhile, we can read the seed catalogs and dream of more and better harvest festivals to come. □



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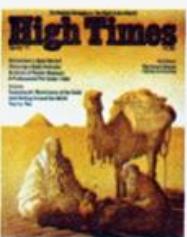
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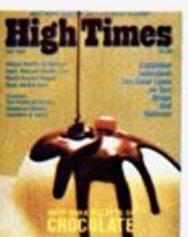
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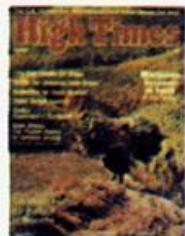
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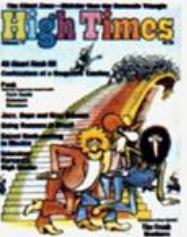
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INTERVIEW: CARLTON TURNER

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get a dosage form of any drug into the organism.

One researcher will tell his people, "Smoke this, you'll get a pleasant high." [He will] never quantitate the blood, never know how much is getting in, because until recently you couldn't do that. Another researcher will say, "I want you to smoke this in toto, because that's the only way I know you're getting what you get." Well, a 2 percent cigarette, one gram, will contain twenty milligrams. When both of those researchers publish their data (and you can get anything you want published on marijuana—you may have to look around to find a guy that wants to make a quick buck, you may never get it published in a scientific journal, but you can get it published), it's quoted as law, and it's very difficult to change the opinion once it gets in print. A guy that says, "Smoke it, you get a pleasant high," is not going to find the same change in respiration rate, blood pressure or pulse rate, if there is a change, than the person who makes them smoke all of it. The lay, and even the scientific, community then says one of these guys is wrong. In reality both are correct according to their methodologies, but you have to take into account which methodology is correct.

Until I see the data, and until I see how it



"I don't believe countries would continue putting money into certain funds controlled to study drugs if they planned to legalize them."

happens... I have seen a lot of people that have been getting tremendous criticism off their dosage range; when I looked at the data, they were all getting very small amounts.

HIGH TIMES: What do you feel are the dangers of marijuana as compared to alcohol?

TURNER: There is a very different profile when you look at alcohol and *Cannabis*. The body can handle alcohol quite rapidly. About one ounce per hour for the average person. And in a few hours, it's totally removed from the system. But the cannabinoids have a long staying power. For example, if you give a naive subject one joint, after a period of fifty-six hours there is going to be at least a half of the cannabinoids still in the system, and after a period of eight days you can still find the cannabinoids.

The cannabinoids are totally insoluble, but they are infinitely soluble in the lipid proteins of the body. Which means they are stored in every major organ including the brain. This means that after a long period of time there's going to be a residual amount of delta-9 and other cannabinoids.

If you only smoke one joint, and you don't smoke any more for a while, it gives your body an opportunity to sort of purge the system. But if you keep loading that system up, with three or four joints a day, one has to be concerned, knowing that the cannabinoids are stored in the brain and other places, over the long-term effects—not over the subtle differences of ninety days, that is ridiculous, but if it is done every day. So my concern is basically over the long haul.

HIGH TIMES: Is somebody who has smoked for twenty years going to have so much in their system that they are never going to get rid of it?

TURNER: No one really knows. We're participating in a long-term study. I have a deep-seated fear for long-term use.

HIGH TIMES: Does a nursing mother transfer the cannabinoids through the milk?

TURNER: There's a paper that was in the *Journal of Toxicology* which shows that there are a lot of problems. Your milk has a lot of lipid protein-type material and a lot of fat, and if the cannabinoids were to be stored, this would be one place. If a young lady is smoking a lot of grass and she is nursing a baby, it's probably going to have cannabinoids in the system.

People say that marijuana causes birth defects. There has been no really good documentation of birth defects using marijuana, but there have been documents of embryocidal effects, which means that the embryo was reabsorbed. This indicates that the cannabinoids do interfere with the reproductive systems of the body. It is now looking very strongly that it is more acute in the male than in the female. You see some testicular degeneration with CBD. CBD is one of the most abundant cannabinoids, particularly in hashish and some forms of marijuana. So as these cannabinoids are brought and stored in the body, and the child is going through a normal development, there is more than an average chance of problems over the long haul.

HIGH TIMES: Do experienced marijuana smokers metabolize *Cannabis* in a different way than inexperienced smokers?

TURNER: They have a lot of enzymes in the system that can handle it. I don't think anyone has isolated the enzymes that are responsible.

HIGH TIMES: Have long-term changes been noted in the brain synapses of marijuana users?

TURNER: Drs. Dick Gary and Bob Heath in New Orleans did some work on the monkey brain, and in every animal that had *Cannabis* or delta-9, they saw some problems in the synapses and in the brain. That is pretty hard evidence, and if that were a drug on the market, it would be pulled off immediately.

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There are also some changes with chronic smoke in the electrocardiogram.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that marijuana changes motivation?

TURNER: Some people say that the amotivational syndrome is only a syndrome with those people doing the research. But if you talk with the people that work with *Cannabis*, marijuana, the cannabinoids, they will tell you that everything is dose dependent, as with any drug. I think it has a lot to do with the biochemistry and maturity of the person involved and a lot of other things.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that the government can enforce the marijuana laws?

TURNER: Enforcement of the laws is something that society wants one day and something society does not want the next day. It will be extremely difficult to enforce the laws of this country on the use of *Cannabis*. On the other hand, if the penalties were so severe that the use would not be worth the consequences if you were caught, you would reduce it. But as an objective individual, and knowing that you can grow *Cannabis* anywhere, I think it would be impossible for the government to absolutely eradicate the use of *Cannabis* in this society. I don't think it can be done.

HIGH TIMES: If the penalties become so severe, considering that we have a representative society of some sort, I think that kind of law would alienate society as a whole from the government.

TURNER: An excellent example of that is Germany before World War II. Every power that Hitler had was given him by the legislative body. And everybody says Hitler was a dictator.

HIGH TIMES: I think our experience is different from the German experience.

TURNER: Well, regardless of the political implications, if it were the death penalty, whether you or I agreed with it, I think that both you and I agree that there's no way that some of the people we know who use it would even touch it with a ten-foot pole.

HIGH TIMES: I think that marijuana is one of America's secret weapons in our conflict with the Soviet Union. This could be one of the main things changing Soviet society, changing the Soviet government.

TURNER: Well, if it would change the Soviet government, it's changing our society, too.

HIGH TIMES: It certainly is. How do you think it's changing our society?

TURNER: The value system of any society is based upon the learning pattern. What you're saying is that we're changing that learning pattern. We're basing our values somewhere else. I think that's where the sociologists have got to come out of the closet and get on with the job of finding out what's happening to our society.

Just as our society in the South has changed, I think any society's going to change, and change for change's sake happens sometimes. We hope it doesn't happen. We hope that we have a better society due to change. But if we study history, and we look at what's happening to our society,



"Knowing what I know about that crude drug, I would hate to see home growing of Cannabis to produce marijuana."

we ought to have some second thoughts. If you study Gibbon's *History of the World* [sic], it scares you if you look at what's happening to our society today.

HIGH TIMES: If individual states passed laws decriminalizing or legalizing marijuana, or its cultivation, do you think the DEA would stand still?

TURNER: I don't know. You'd have to ask someone in the DEA. But I don't see how the government could stand by and watch an international treaty, the FDA guidelines and the laws of the country be totally neglected. It would be a precedent-setting thing that would open the door for any drug to go on the market without proper testing, because only one variant of *Cannabis* is in the IND.

What if the federal government were to

say, we're going to make *Cannabis* available to everybody. Then suppose ten or fifteen years down the road we had a tremendous increase in neurological problems with young people and they traced that back to *Cannabis* in the brain? The same people that are pushing for these drugs to be on the market today would then be in their fifties or sixties, and they would be raising more hell with the government because their daughters or their grandsons have neurological problems and it's the government's fault.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that any of the government's programs are effectively informing people about marijuana or keeping people from using it?

TURNER: It's a difficult task insomuch as preconceived ideas abound in the area of marijuana. Because if you're using it, whether it does you any harm or not, if it's a subtle amount that you can't observe daily, you're not going to see it and you're going to say nothing's wrong with this drug, and don't try to educate me about it, because I know more than you. And I've talked to kids sometimes, not with scare tactics, but just talked to them, and I've had kids say, have you ever tried it? I have no desire or need to try it. [They say] "Well, then don't talk to me about marijuana." The very classical comeback is, how many male obstetricians have you seen that have had a baby?

continued on next page

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INTERVIEW: CARLTON TURNER

continued from preceding page

This gives you the attitude about marijuana. As an organic chemist and pharmacologist, I have learned to have a great deal of respect for chemicals and what they can do with the body, and I never had any reason nor any desire to smoke a joint. I've always wanted to keep my mind clear. I enjoy nature, people, working and doing things with my hands, and when you get into an intoxicated level, whether with alcohol, Cannabis or any other drug, that you are no longer in total control, then things happen to you that later on you may not want to have happen to you.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that we're going to find in four, five or ten years that preadolescents and adolescents who used marijuana have had deleterious effects from its use during the formative years?

TURNER: If you take the biological data on marijuana now, you have got to be concerned about such.

HIGH TIMES: What are the long-term effects of use of marijuana by preadolescents and adolescents?

TURNER: I can't say what the long-term effects will be. We can only look at what the scientific data has indicated and extrapolate. It is going to have a change. Whether that change is going to show up in the second or third generations you can't say, but it will



"Suppose ten or fifteen years down the road we had a tremendous increase in neurological problems, and they traced that back to Cannabis in the brain?"

have a change.

HIGH TIMES: How do you think that the government's attitude toward Cannabis has changed over the past three or four years?

TURNER: I think as the trends go to much more potent material, you're going to find a hardening of the attitude on the federal level, and some of the manipulation of the news media by the pro-marijuana people have turned the other people totally against them. The overzealous attitude of the pro-drug people backfired and I think we're going to see a hardening at the federal level.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think is going to happen in Colombia?

TURNER: Colombia has for many years in the past been making more money on the export of Cannabis products than it has on

coffee. And in developing countries, there is a different political climate. But it is going to be extremely difficult to convince these governments to do away with Cannabis. If our government tried to help the Colombian government, I don't know how people would react.

HIGH TIMES: I've heard two things: they're going to legalize or start spraying. Two conflicting opinions, both from so-called informed sources. I've also heard that Jamaica was planning to start legalizing.

TURNER: I don't believe that Jamaica will legalize it. I don't believe there is any politician in the world today that could stand the heat from the other government agencies in the world if they did. And I don't believe the countries of the world would continue putting money into certain funds that are controlled to study drugs if they planned to legalize them.

HIGH TIMES: What do you feel the cost of marijuana is to society, in terms of people who use it, and in terms of law enforcement?

TURNER: I don't have any idea how many people smoke grass in the country today. I've seen estimates from nine to twenty-five million. But I don't know if that figure is valid statistically.

I think that some of the costs that I have seen have been grossly inflated. There is a baseline cost of police protection, regardless of whether they are chasing crooks, sitting on their butts, fighting fires or whatever. That's a basic cost.

HIGH TIMES: How do you think that Cannabis will be used pharmacologically?

TURNER: There are possibilities for certain individual cannabinoids. There are some drawbacks. It affects the central nervous system. Secondly, you have a tolerance built up to them.

Some products that may come to the marketplace will not have a name even remotely associated with marijuana or Cannabis, but the idea for the synthesis of these products will have originated from NIDA's total marijuana program. One that comes to mind now is Nabilone, which Lilly has been promoting, but that's not to say there aren't others around. But it's hard for me to conceive of delta-9, with the side effects that it has, ever being on the market. I believe there will be a product on the market that has structural similarities.

HIGH TIMES: Is there anything else that you would like to say?

TURNER: I hope that you come up with something legitimate within itself, and that we give the people an opportunity to see both sides. I keep trying to reiterate: I have tried not to be anti or pro, but to look at the scientific facts. And I can back those facts up. And I would like for the people to be aware of all the volume of literature, and not be caught defending their position on a single paper. □

For a complete transcript of the interview, send \$10 check or money order to Ed Rosenthal, 2000 Center Street, Berkeley, CA 94704.



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18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO COOL AROUND.
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21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO".
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32. ONE OF A KIND.
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34. GO POUND SAND!
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39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS.
41. RACER RIDERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS
42. SCRATCH KIDS AND VICE-VERSA
43. PUT A PEN IN ON BEFORE SOMEONE THINKS YOU'RE A DICK!
44. GIVE ME HEAD TILL I'M DEAD
45. IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE, TAKE A DICK.
46. DON'T ARGUE WITH YOUR WIFE.
47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT.
48. NO MUFS TO TUFF
49. SAVE A MOUSE, EAT A PUSSY.
50. I'VE GOT MORE DRAGGING THAN YOU'VE GOT HANGING.
51. DISCO SUCKS, BUT PUNK SWALLOWS
52. DISCO SUCKS, BUT COUNTRY SWALLOWS
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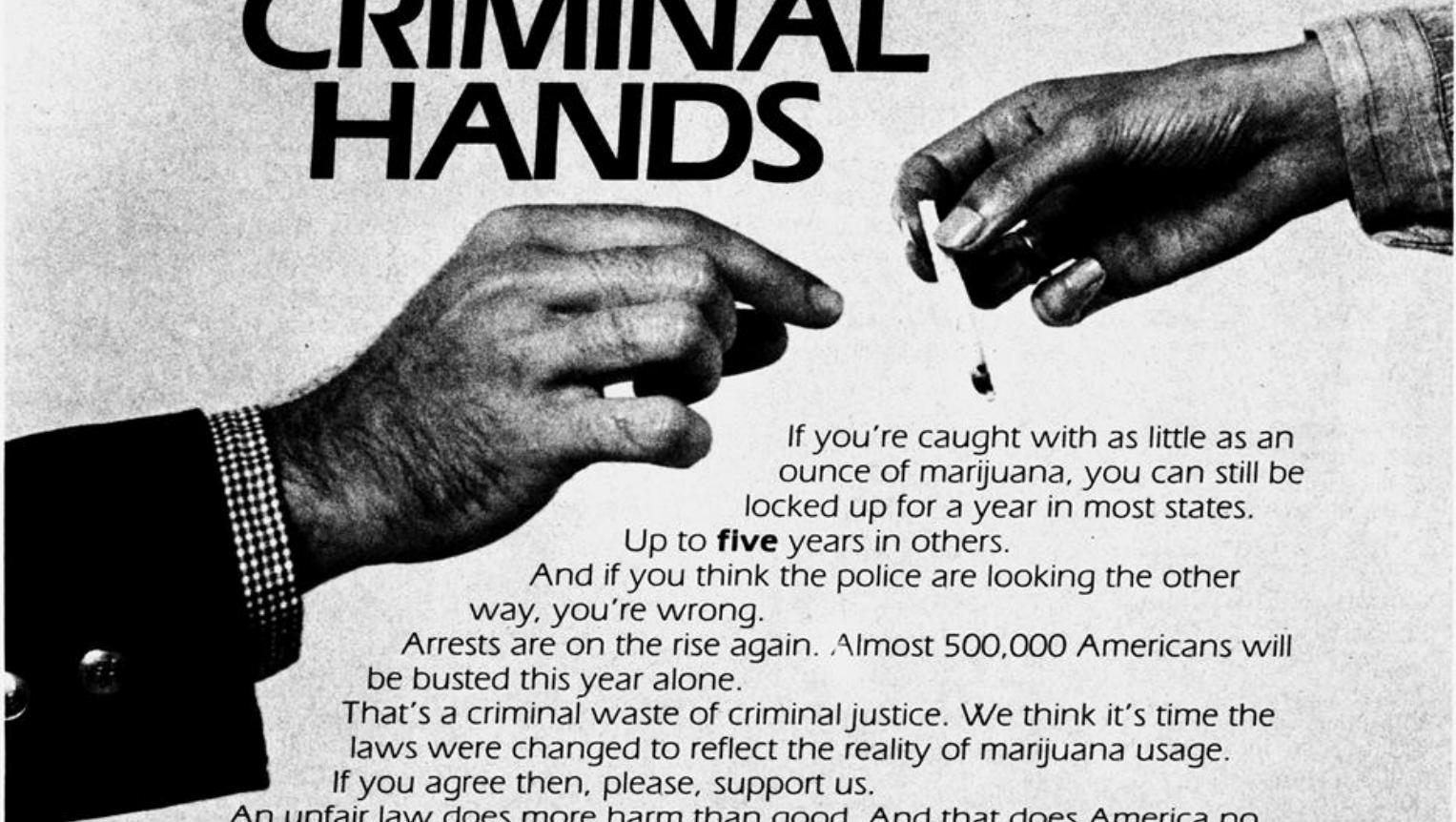
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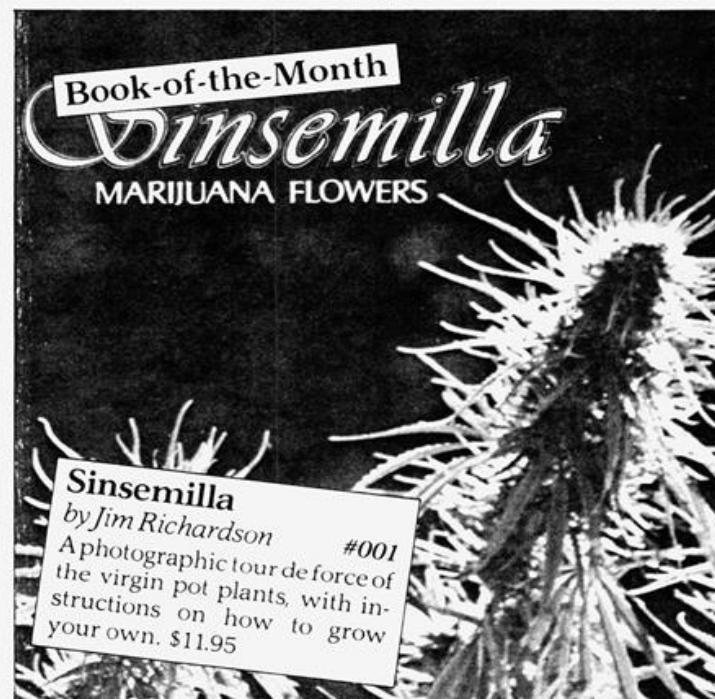
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ARE WE NOT HOME?

Brothers Bob and Jerry Casales—who make up one-half of Devo—were raised in Akron, Ohio—the birthplace of their de-evolution concept. "We came from an atmosphere of overstuffed chairs," recalls Bob, "but we grew up in a purely industrialized area. My brother, Jerry, was heavily involved in graphic art, which eventually extended into electronic music. I had graduated from college with the training to be a radiation therapist."

The brothers live with their childhood friend, science-fiction propman and designer John Zabrusky, close to the beach in Southern California. The apartment is chock full of a collection of Devo paraphernalia. The home furnishings express the essence of the Devo philosophy: "We epitomize the industrial revolution and the idealistic threat of individualism throughout the world," says Bob Casales. "We hope someone stops us when we run out of ideas."



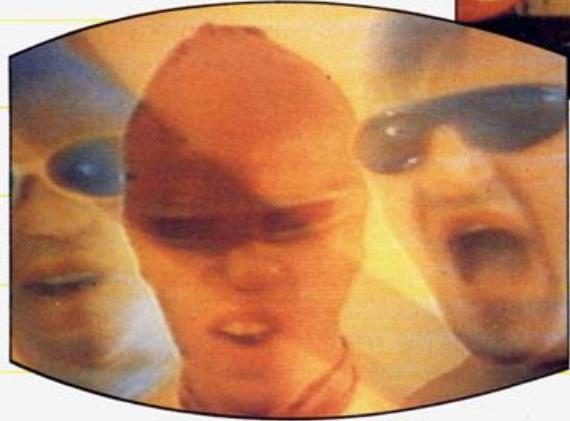
In the living room of the Casales-Zabrusky apartment, comfort is a function of a 1930s beautician's chair.

Adapted with permission of Running Press, Philadelphia, Pa., from *Musical Houses* by Environmental Communications, photography by Tim Street-Porter. Copyright © 1980 by Running Press.

Cable Rocks



**Underground Rock
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Ever since a half million souls crashed the gates at a rock festival called Woodstock, the electronic media have been scrambling for the combination that would unlock that so-called youth market. The broadcast networks finally hit, in the middle of the last decade, with a variety-comedy-show formula that featured big-name rock acts; shrinking cultural options in a shrinking economy. Now the USA cable network is going after the same audience with "Night Flight," a late-night program produced by ATI Video.

Actually, "Night Flight" is not so much produced as compiled—from existing films and tapes of concerts and rock coverage produced by independent pay-TV suppliers. Three weekly segments cover the rock scene: "Take Off," which documents the latest trends, has covered the ska revival in Britain and aired experimental video from rock artists; "New Wave Theater" offers the latest genre bands from the West Coast; "Spotlight" features promising new groups. Not all the groups are or deserve to be major acts, but then the producers of "Night Flight" aren't looking for safely homogeneous programming. "We're aiming for the cutting edge in rock 'n' roll," says Cynthia Friedland, who's in charge of programming.

She's also aiming for an audience as wide as the age span between those original Woodstock heads and today's pop enthusiasts, as evidenced by her scatter-shot programming. Aware of a wealth of underground material that didn't fit the narrow strictures of mainstream TV, she's reviving such hoary classics as Lenny Bruce Without Tears, and J-Men Forever, an overdub of a science-fiction B movie with a new script by Proctor and Bergman, two members of the team that created Firesign Theater. This winter "Night Flight" begins showing reruns of the '50s vintage TV series "Sky King."

Unlike the late-hour programming on the broadcast networks, where slickness is defined as lulling the viewer to the next commercial, a two-hour program of "Night Flight" encompasses the kind of video madness an insomniac viewer might happen to find if he were flipping through the channels. Consciousness flickers in sympathy with the screen. America's archives are on the tube.

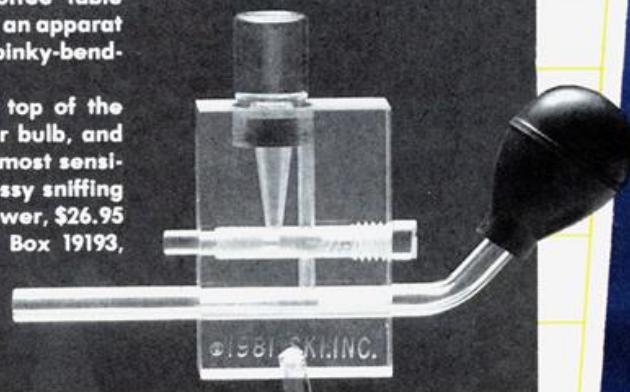
"Night Flight" is on every Friday and Saturday night, beginning at 2 A.M. E.S.T. Friday night (actually Saturday morning) and 11 P.M. E.S.T. Saturday night. Check with your local cable system for availability, channel and starting times.

R E S

SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE

It's always struck us that compared to the really great social rituals—the Japanese tea ceremony, even the three-martini lunch—this business of leaning over the mirror, *bunda* to the winds, or getting down on one's knees to snuffle off a coffee table lacked class. Finally there's an apparatus you could use in the most pinky-bend-ing situations.

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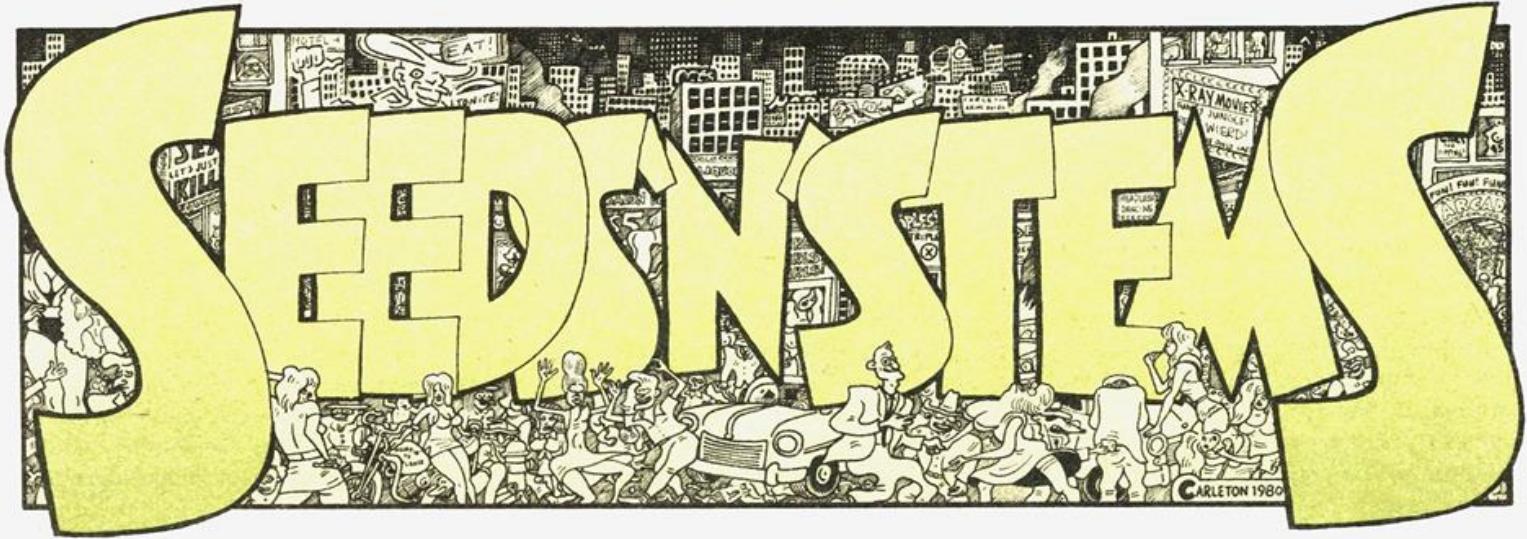
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Conservative Honchos Demand Bite of Narco Trade

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA—Direct-mail tycoon Richard W. Vigorish, comptroller and guiding genius of the Conservative Political Action Conspiracy, has called for the complete opening of the narcotics industry to independent American businessmen.

"Laws against drugs do absolutely nothing except concentrate the drug trade into the hands of a few select syndicates, generally composed of tightly knit hereditary clans with non-American names ending in vowels," Vigorish observed in a recent open letter to Sen. Jesse Hell, the New Right's top congressional front man. "This constitutes an outrageous, state-supported monopoly of an industry that would otherwise distribute scores of billions of dollars among independent American entrepreneurs. And the obscene thing is that even while the law-abiding businessman is prohibited from participating in this lucrative exchange, he pays federal taxes to enforce the very laws which restrict him out of it."

The combined proceeds of the marijuana and cocaine traffics peaked at about \$52 billion in the late '70s, Vigorish noted indignantly, and have been on a notable down-slide since then. "That's ridiculous," he told Senator Hell. "We're talking narcotics here! If the Guineas can't keep demand and sales up in the narcotics field, then they fully deserve to be divested of it, by force if necessary."

Legal interference with the heroin trade, though, was cited by Vigorish as "the most egregious example of federal paternalism in U.S. history. The whole domestic heroin industry, thanks entirely to narcotics law enforcement, hardly tops \$12 billion annually. Dump the heroin laws, put good old American commercial know-how to the project, and heroin sales could outstrip the proceeds of all other narcotics combined. It'd be the single solidest long-term investment on the Big Board, too. Once those junkies



Small-industry businessmen from the Conservative Action Political Conspiracy besiege Western White House with demands for revocation of all federal laws prohibiting narcotics traffic.

are hooked, they're hooked for life!"

Asked if he was designing legislation to revoke the narcotics laws as a result of Vigorish's lobbying, Senator Hell responded affirmatively. "He's the boss," Hell observed. "Anyway, this is just a logical extension of

conservatism in the Reagan era. We don't pay for their abortions and school lunches and chemotherapy programs anymore, do we? Why should we pay to enforce laws to keep them from getting strung out on their dope?"

WHY IS THE POPE QUITTING?

In the 1,700-odd years that the stewardship of St. Peter over the Catholic church has been embodied by a pope in Rome, none has ever simply kicked over the traces and gone on to greener pastorals. But Carol Wojotokoja, the first non-Italian pope since Adrian VI (a Dutchman), is a special case, in this as in so many other things.

Rumors that Pope John Paul II is about to retire have been leaking out of the Vatican since even before he was shot last year by a Muslim terrorist. So the official alibi for Wojotokoja's impending retirement—his delayed recuperation from his bullet wounds—is unlikely.

"His Holiness is profoundly aware," observes a Lateran Council insider known to "Seeds 'n' Stems" as "Deep Chalice," "that he has had his moment of glory quenched prematurely by forces beyond his control. Remember his tour of the Americas in 1979, and the hysterical millions of all faiths who rioted passionately at his every whistle-stop? It was a phenomenon, verily, that put even the Rolling Stones in the pale."

"But then, just weeks later, the Ayatollah Khomeini took the American hostages," Deep Chalice recalls bitterly, "and suddenly the media went sour on portraying religious leaders provoking insane adulation from en-

ormous mobs of chanting fanatics. Since then it's been straight into the pits—no pun intended—with the pope's public image and self-esteem. Carol Wojananski could have been the largest historical figure of the 20th century short of Mickey Mouse, if the media had only kept up his profile. But they didn't, so he's quitting. Who could blame him? Who are we to judge?"

The betting around St. Peter's for John Paul's replacement is between Dayton archbishop the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Chuck Harris and Italian cardinal Giovanni "Little Boots" Maldorio. The odds are 5-1 in favor of Maldorio.



"I'm not hear nothing," barks the pope, fleeing mob of gate-crashing kids shrieking for his autograph while it's available. "You fuck off, all of you."

Rumors of pope's discontent date from 1979 tour through Jackson Heights, Queens.
"Holy Mother! We're not get no snort from so pure in Europe, no way."



Progressive John Paul rejects compulsory medieval rituals, such as pushing knucklebone of St. Elmo across St. Peter's Square with nose on Shrove Tuesday.

Pope groupies pleased John Paul at first, but soon paled.
"You don't know where they been before. I'm afraid, me,
maybe I get Keith Richards's herpes or what."



UPI

Wide World



Pope's grand secret project, to clone entire body of Jesus out of blood cells found in Shroud of Turin, was disappointment. Clone reconstruction was suspended after toenails of right foot showed that messiah had been one-eighth Negro by blood. "There are things man was meant, sure enough, not to learn."

Pope, who has always wanted to be cowboy, will retire to Wyoming diocese. "In nomine patris, et filii, et yipple-ki-yi-oh."



Wide World

WHITE HOUSE TAPES

The suspension of federally financed legal services to the poor has "saved a bundle of taxpayers' money already," declares an accountant in the White House Office of Management and Budget. Office manager David Shockman, 23, is particularly keen on pointing out that though the poor may effectively be deprived now of any protection against injustices committed against them by the well-to-do, the poor are still paying taxes at the usual rate. "They're notoriously undependable at tax time, individual by individual," Shockman concedes, "but there's so many poor people now, it adds up to a nice, tidy, regular cash flow."

An assessment of the profitable legal-services cutoff was recently conducted in the president's quarters at the Executive Office Building. President Reagan and his glamorous wife, Nancy, hosted while Shockman talked shop with presidential adviser Edwin Meese and Secretary of State Alexander Haig. None were aware that the tape recorders installed a decade ago by Pres. Richard M. Nixon are still operating automatically.

Shockman: Now, you may be wondering why I called you all here. The fact is, I think we have to maximize what little we've got going for us if we want to turn this administration around. The one big thing we've got is that we really stick it to poor people, and that plays big in Peoria. Now—

Mrs. Reagan: Dear me, David, where have we heard *that* before? We'll keep a civil tongue in our heads, dear. If you can't say anything pleasantly, don't say anything at all.

General Haig: Yeah, stuff a fucking cork in it, punk. The walls have ears. You want to bullshit like that in this room, you go stand upside down in the corner, et cetera.

President Reagan: Expletive deleted. Burp.

Mrs. Reagan: Honey, you know those crab croquettes are poison for your dyspepsia. Here, at least let me chew them for you.

Shockman: Can we get this show on the road? I've got an eviction over on D Street

I've got to superintend at noon.

Mrs. Reagan: Now David, you know what I told you about moonlighting on company time. It looks positively horseshit, dear. Ronnie gets so provoked.

Shockman: It is company work. It's a federal office worker's day-care center. Is that nasty enough for you, big guy?

President Reagan: Ethnic characterization deleted?

Shockman: Of course. All of 'em. Who else puts their brats in day-care centers? With any luck there'll be a sit-in and we can drag them out one by one for the cameras.

Haig: Ought to soften 'em up with flamethrowers first and then drag the bodies to court behind armored carriers. Link the fuckers to SWAPO terrorists when the Jewpress asks why. That'd shut up the niggers and the Yids, by Jesus.

Shockman: Not so fast, General. Play it your way and I swear to God, we'll wind up being evacuated out of the Rose Garden clinging to Cobra skids.

Haig: Where the fuck were you in '75, punk? You were in fucking grammar school, you little pansy! Don't come at me with that faggoty veiled-allusion crap, my man, or I'll have your she-morphidite asshole opened up with a fragmentation grenade!

Mrs. Reagan: Al, it's tacky to wave your gun around indoors. I'd swear you were brought up in Arizona or someplace. Now put it back in your pants and keep it there.

President Reagan: Unintelligible epithet, Mommy?

Mrs. Reagan: Yes, dear. I'll have yours nickel-plated just like Al's. Now David, you were supposed to have a new twist on that legal-services angle. But if we've already taken away their lawyers, what worse can we do?

"If you can't say anything pleasantly, don't say anything at all."

"Is that nasty enough for you, big guy?"



Shockman: That's less than half, boss. What we should do now is take away their prosecutors and judges and juries. We'd save billions. We just don't charge them with crimes and try them, that's all.

President Reagan: Obscene exclamation!

Shockman: What are you, retarded? Of course we put them in jail like usual. We just don't arrest or try them. Save a bundle on trial costs and general paperwork. Any time a police officer thinks somebody's up to no good, he just claps them in jail. They have to front the money for the booking forms and inventory sheets, plus the xerox costs, straight off, just to be formally arrested. Then they have to pay jail rent and mess fees, and turnkey salaries. When the trial comes, they pay for the judge, the prosecutor, the jury and the defense counsel, in that order of priority. Then there's transcripts, court recorder and bailiff's salaries—if a guy doesn't have at least twenty grand in the bank the day he's busted, he's down the tubes for good. It's called your Napoleonic Code.

Mrs. Reagan: Darling, every second administration since George Washington has tried to pull that one. Haven't you gotten to the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1791 in 10th grade social studies yet? Every time it's tried, the Jews go bawling about *habeas corpus*, and—

Haig: "Haben zie korpses?" Har, har. Adolf Eichmann to Sepp Deitrich, 1939. No shit, an authentic trilingual pun. What this administration could really use is a good hard-ass intellectual-European type. I keep saying, bring back Henry the K. He's really not like all the others—

President Reagan: Ethnic characterization deleted.

Shockman: This administration is in a unique position to finally get rid of *habeas corpus*, believe me. We stand resolute against innovations in law, correct? Well, *habeas corpus* really only dates from about 1150—less than halfway back to Jesus. And it was signed under extreme duress by King John while he was being literally held hostage by armed terrorist barons! By recognizing *habeas corpus*, you condone and perpetuate submission to terrorism and terrorists. Any defendant or lawyer who invokes *habeas corpus* is obviously in league with the PLO or the IRA or the Weathermen.

"Stuff a fucking cork in it, punk."

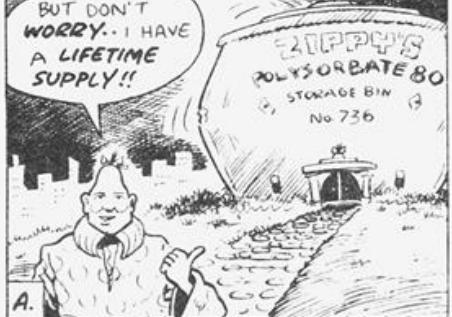


ZIPPY

"ORIGINS: (MULTIPLE CHOICE)"

ZIPPY IS THE LONE SURVIVOR OF A ONCE-PROUD RACE OF ALIEN PINHEADS WHO WERE FORCED FROM THEIR PLANET WHEN THEIR SUPPLY OF POLYSORBATE 80 DRIED UP--

BUT DON'T WORRY.. I HAVE A LIFETIME SUPPLY!!



ZIPPY IS ACTUALLY NE'ER-DO-WELL MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY, COSMO WELLINGTON, JR. HE DONS HIS PINHEAD DISGUISE ON WEEKENDS TO AMUSE HIMSELF--

ROBERTS, I'M BORED.. GET ME MY MAKE-UP & COSTUME.. YOU KNOW, I ONLY FEEL TRULY ALIVE WHEN I'M COVERED IN POLKA DOTS & TACO SAUCE--



YES, SIR...



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ZIPPY IS THE RESULT OF A GENETIC EXPERIMENT. HIS CREATOR, PROF. VON SNUGCLIFFE, DIED AS ZIPPY AWAKENED & ZIPPY WANDERED OFF TO THE NEAREST SUPERMARKET..

I LIKE AISLE 7A...



Yow!

ZIPPY "ZIPPY, DRUGS & ROCK 'N' ROLL"

ZIPPY IS PART OF THE "NOW SCENE" OF TODAY.. HE KNOWS WHAT IS HAPPENING--

"SHE'S GOT BETTY DAVIS KNEES..!"



HE ENJOYS THE MANY KICKS AVAILABLE TO THE "GO FOR IT" GENERATION--

SNNN-NNIFF!!



HE HAS A SINCERE RESPECT FOR MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX--

NOW WILL YOU GIVE ME AN HOUR OF BURNS & ALLEN???



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LIKE MOST AMERICANS, HE IS LOOKING FORWARD TO THE DAY HE IS ASKED HOW HE LIKES HIS TOYOTA--

MY TOYOTA IS BUILT LIKE A ... BAGEL WITH CREAM CHEESE!!



ZIPPY

♫ "DO THE ZIPPY" ♫

ZIPPY'S INVENTED A NEW DANCE HE HOPES WILL SWEEP TH' NATION!



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IT WAS INTRODUCED LAST MONTH AT A POSH NEW YORK DISCO...



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NOW YOU KNOW HOW.. SO GET OUT THERE & DO THE ZIPPY!!



ZIPPY

"BROTHER LIPPY"

ZIPPY'S TWIN BROTHER, LIPPY, IS VISITING ZIP AT HIS SUMMER COTTAGE IN ATLANTIC CITY..



ZIPPY LOST HIS JOB AT THE BOWLING BALL PLANT AND HE'S BEEN READING POLITICAL TRACTS...



HE'S GETTING ZIPPY ALL UP-SET WITH HIS TALK OF "DESKILLED PEOPLE" & "ULTIMATE COMPUTERS"



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AFTER LIPPY WENT BACK TO DETROIT, ZIPPY PUT A "DUMP THE HUMP" BUMPER STICKER ON HIS WASHER--



I'M MAD.

Fab

DUMP THE HUMP

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SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN BECOME PART OF THE...

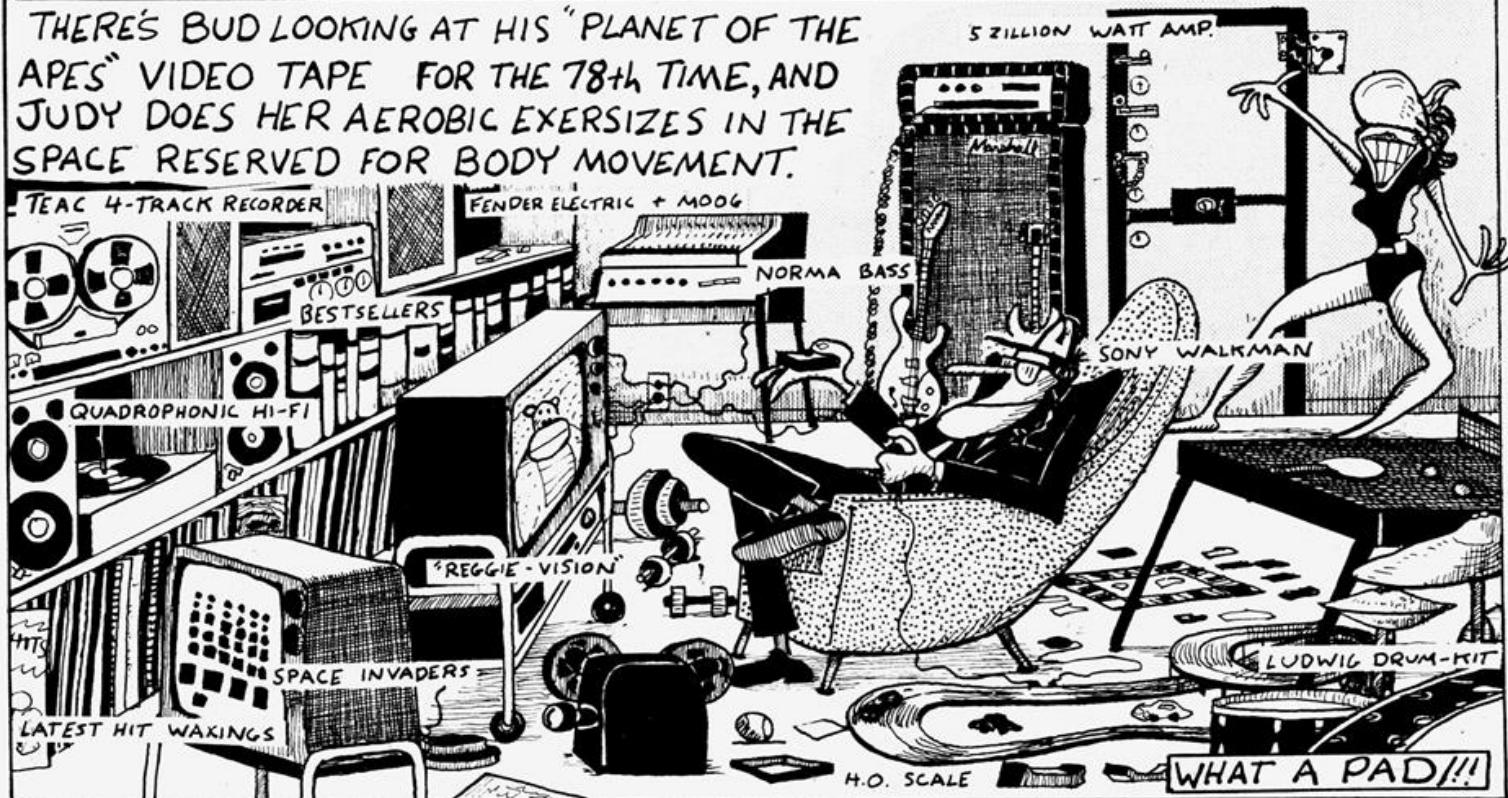


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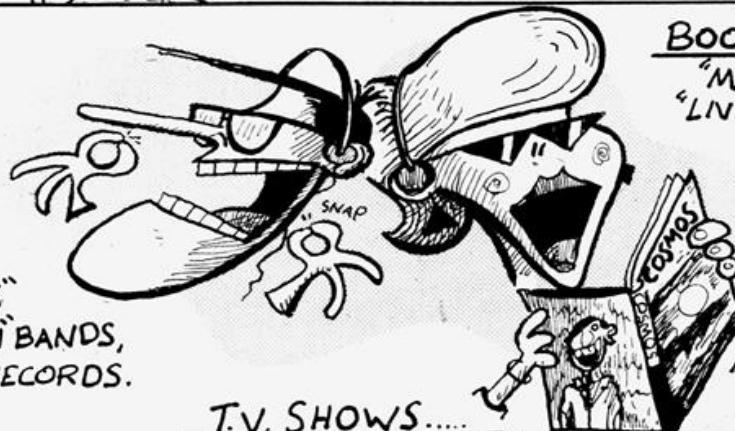
THERE'S BUD LOOKING AT HIS "PLANET OF THE APES" VIDEO TAPE FOR THE 78TH TIME, AND JUDY DOES HER AEROBIC EXERSIZES IN THE SPACE RESERVED FOR BODY MOVEMENT.



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MUSIC....

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"MODERN FARMER"
SATURDAY MORNING CARTOONS
"MONTY CARLO SHOW"

RELIGION

BUD AND JUDY WORSHIP AN IMAGE OF THE "GREAT PROVIDER", IN THIS CASE THE SMEERNOV LIQUOR COMPANY, WHOM BUD WORKS FOR.



FAVORITE HANG-OUT

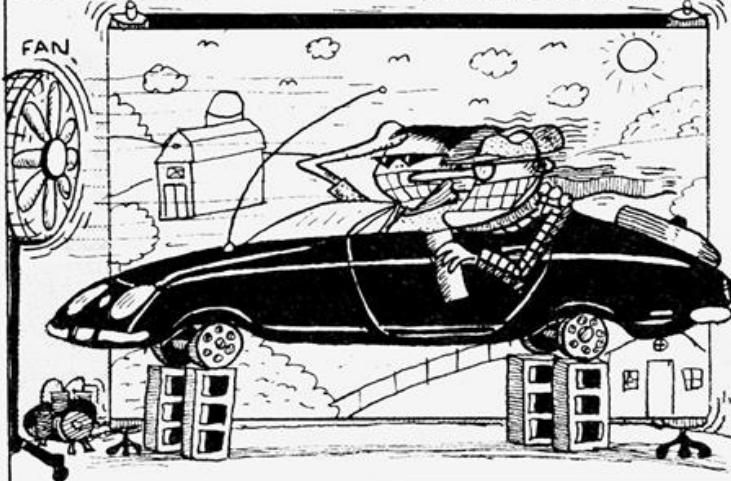
THE WOMEN ARE COMPLETELY IGNORED BY THE MEN, WHO ARE TOTALLY WRAPPED UP IN THE GIANT TV SCREEN AND THE COMPUTER GAMES.



THE WEEKEND DRIVE

HERE'S A SURE-FIRE WAY TO SAVE ON GAS FOR THAT WEEKEND DRIVE!

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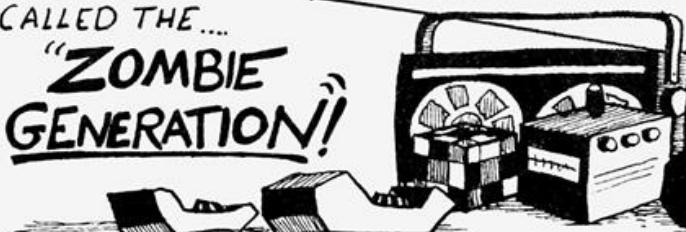
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"ZOMBIE GENERATION!"



FED INTRAVENOUSLY



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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

FIFTEENTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES



214 GORDON HARRIS, THE CHIEF of police in Horry County, S.C., said yesterday in Conway, that the 50-lb bales of marijuana, seized two weeks ago in a drug raid in nearby Little River, were first taken to the Santee Cooper Power Plant in Conway to be burned. The tightly packed marijuana jammed up the incinerators on the plant's burner, however.

Then, said Mr. Harris, the illegal substance was taken to the Red Chip Power Plant, where again the marijuana clogged the incinerators.

At that point, Mr. Harris said, "I'm convinced the only way to get rid of the stuff is to smoke it... We should just take it to NYC and turn on 8,000,000 people. Then we could get rid of it in just a few minutes."

New York Times, Oct. 14, 1981

215 COCAINE IS GOD'S WAY OF TELLING you you're making too much money.

Robin Williams on "The Tonight Show," Oct. 14, 1981

216 DR. DAVID TAYLOR, EPIDEMIOLOGIST in the federal Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, says the first outbreak of salmonellosis in the US coincided with the beginning of "Operation Grouper," a massive US effort to cut off marijuana imports from Colombia. Taylor suggests that marijuana farmers in Colombia have been losing money because of the seizures. As a result, he says, Colombian farmers may be deliberately adding dried animal feces to their marijuana to increase its weight.

Star Root, July 16, 1981

217 AN EARLY GODDESS WAS A COUNTRY LASS:

A charmed Amphion-oak she tripped the grass.
What life was that I lived? The life of these?
Heaven keep them happy! Nature they seemed near
They must, I think, be wiser than I am;
They have the secret of the bull and lamb,
Tis true that when we trace its source,
'tis beer.

George Meredith, *Modern Love*, 1862



218 GOOD WINE MAKETH GOOD BLOOD
Good blood causeth good

humors,
Good humors cause good thoughts,
Good thoughts bring forth good works,
Good works carry a man to heaven;
Ergo, Good wine carrieth a man to heaven.

Anonymous

219 A MUNICIPAL COURT JUDGE IN RIVERSIDE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA HAS DISMISSED CHARGES AGAINST WALLI HELLBERG, A 36 YEAR OLD TRUCKDRIVER. Hellberg had claimed that he only used marijuana to aid his digestion, explaining that he had 60% of his stomach removed during an ulcer operation in 1964. Although Hellberg had tried prescription drugs and other relaxing agents, none had been as effective as marijuana in helping digest his food.

Star Root, Aug. 27, 1981

220 FREQUENT HIGH DOSES OF THC can also produce mild physical dependence. Healthy subjects, given by mouth the equivalent of several "joints" a day, or volunteers who smoke comparable amounts, experience irritability, sleep disturbances, weight loss, inhibition of appetite, sweating and gastrointestinal upsets when the drug is discontinued abruptly. Although this is a true withdrawal reaction, the intensity of the symptoms is not as marked as that of the reaction seen after the withdrawal of moderate chronic doses of other drugs such as alcohol, the barbiturates, or the opiates.

Cannabis: adverse effects on health,
Addiction Research Foundation,
Toronto, 1980

221 BOUND TO DIE? WERE I A GYMNAST 'TWOULD BE THE SAME?

Why mind then if by gout I drink myself dead-lame?
Either way be carried? So wine—let lamps be lit!
While life still laughs, we'll make a merry night of it!

Nicarchus, 1st century, A.D.



222 A VOICE SPOKE TO JOHN PRESMONT WHILE HE WAS SMOKING HASHISH AND READING THE KORAN AND TOLD HIM TO FIND THE WORLD'S NEXT RELIGION (KERISTA).

"Why me?" asked Presmont.
"Because you're so gullible," the Voice replied.

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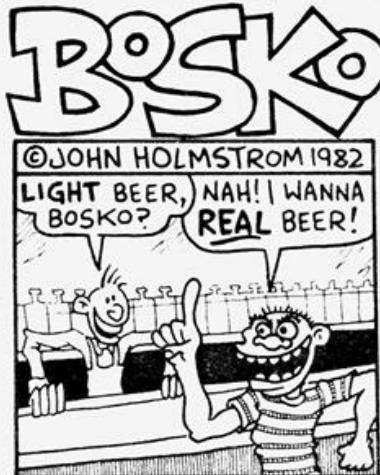


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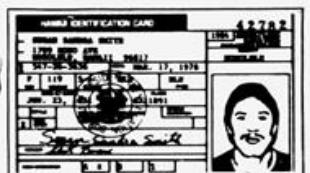
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LOWELL GEORGE

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which time he also started to play the guitar. When he turned 21 George inherited some money from his father and used it to bankroll a group called Factory, with Kibbee on bass and Warren Klein, alias Tornado Turner, sharing the guitar duties. The band's first drummer split suddenly to become a Moonie and George was forced to place an ad in the *Los Angeles Free Press* for a new drummer.

As luck would have it, one Richard Hayward chose this very time to pack in his gig pounding the skins for a local band in Ames, Iowa, and make it out to L.A. for a shot at the big time. Hayward arrived at L.A.'s Vine Street bus depot and spent his last quarter on a copy of the *L.A. Free Press*, hoping to find some work. Thus were assembled the first pieces of what would eventually become Little Feat.

Factory was managed by Herb Cohen, who was then also managing Frank Zappa. George met Zappa through the "United Mutations" freakouts at which Factory opened for Zappa's Mothers of Invention.

Zappa went on to produce some demos for Factory, but George split from Cohen's management and made a Factory LP for Uni that turned out to be a dismal flop. Factory split up; George went on to do sessions while the rest of the group stayed together under the name of the Fraternity of Man.

George went back to school, enrolling at L.A. City College as a music major, and studied with Ravi Shankar on the side. During this time, his trademark white-funk guitar sound began to emerge. He was well suited to play the plunking, hard-edged guitar riffs that characterized songs like "Dirty Water," by the Standells, one of the bands George played with at first.

He also played with Zappa's group, which is where George really began to emerge. The only recorded legacy of this period is a single track on Zappa's *Weasels Ripped My Flesh* compilation, "Didja Get Any Onya," from 1969. George's distinctive vocal and slide-guitar style on this track anticipated his later work with Little Feat.

Lowell's relationship with Zappa was tempestuous, but his stint with the Mothers provided the inspiration, and some of the personnel, for Little Feat. Oh, yeah, and the name, too: Mothers resident wit Jimmy Carl Black told George he should call his band Little Feat because he had such tiny tootsies.

Lowell contacted Hayward, who was out of a gig since the Fraternity of Man packed it in, and the madcap drummer agreed to join the new band. Then bassist Roy Estrada quit Zappa's outfit to join the venture. All George needed was a keyboardist. Bill Payne had just quit his gig as musical director for the Viscounts show band in Santa Barbara and came to L.A. looking for a spot in Zappa's group. There was no opening in

Onstage George transformed himself from the tired loner to the dynamic frontman of one of America's greatest groups.

the Mothers, but Payne heard about George's project and decided to give it a try. The Little Feat chemistry was complete.

Payne had as many songs as George, and the two fledgling Featsters went to Lenny Waronker at Warner Brothers records and played a number of their tunes in his office on an upright piano and an acoustic guitar. Waronker signed the band on the spot.

THE FIRST LP was split evenly between Payne's and George's material. There's a crude but moving version of "Willin'," George's truck-driving anthem, wistful tunes

like the collaborative "Strawberry Flats," strange flights of fancy like "Hamburger Midnight" and a smattering of George's intense blues roots with Howling Wolf's "44 Blues."

"Blues was a big part of this band," explained Bill Payne. "We were basically a garage band, especially in the early days. We worked in Lowell's house, and then the last rehearsal hall we had was next to an all-girls wrestling parlor. It was basically a whorehouse, and there were gunshot holes in the wall about three weeks after we were in the place that had not been there previously. Jackson Browne had rented that place before and turned George on to it. Thanks, Jackson. But we were always in places of that ilk."

By the time of the second Little Feat LP, *Sailin' Shoes*, the band's sound was pretty well defined and George had taken over most of the songwriting. This was the record that really started to establish George and Little Feat as an American institution.

The overall feeling of the record captures and freezes an attitude from the late '60s and early '70s, a tour de force of hard rock-blues that impressed the Rolling Stones strongly enough to prompt them to ask if they could join Little Feat for a jam at one of their gigs (a request, incidentally, that was refused). George wrote two of the best drug songs of all time on this record: "Sailin' Shoes," a hymn to the high-flying pleasures of cocaine, and "Easy to Slip," a bright, catchy pop tune about the meditative nature of a certain "mellow cigarette."

Sailin' Shoes also showed George off as one of rock's finest singers. He breaks up the meter of the lyrics on "Cold Cold Cold" and "Apolitical Blues" like a master blues vocalist, repeating phrases and pausing in rhythmic counterpoint to the instrumental track. He redoes "Willin'" as a stone country ballad and addresses "Texas Rose Cafe"

in the same manner, then pulls out all the stops for his frenzied, high-energy delivery on "Teenage Nervous Breakdown" and "Tripe Face Boogie." The latter tune, written by Payne and Hayward, is a medium for the band's flashy instrumental chops and George's trademark, up-the-fretboard slide-guitar playing.

The first of Little Feat's celebrated breakups occurred after the dismal reaction to *Sailin' Shoes*, which sold very few records and left the band destitute. Estrada quit to join Captain Beefheart, and George decided to augment the lineup. Bassist Kenny Gradney, fresh from Delaney and Bonnie's touring group, joined up and brought percussionist Sam Clayton along. A second guitarist, Paul Barrere, was added to free George for more slide and vocal work.

This new, interracial Little Feat was even better than George had hoped. They came storming back from the edge with an album, *Dixie Chicken*, that solidified their fanatical following around the country. The shuffling, supple rhythmic mix George aimed for on *Sailin' Shoes* was expanded into a stronger and smoother blend by the new lineup. On "Fat Man in the Bathtub," for example, George's witty, autobiographical dip into self-parody, Clayton and Hayward mesh a steaming gumbo of irresistible New Orleans funk with Gradney's bass popping along and the piano and two guitars wringing exquisite fills and accents through the arrangement of Bonnie Bramlett's moaning backing vocals.

Dixie Chicken is an almost perfect album in the delicacy of its pacing and the rich, exciting mix of material. The title track struts out the band's serene, fatback kick in all its Featoid glory, segueing to the dank and mysterious vamp "Two Trains Running," which, along with "Chicken" and "Fat Man," became a cornerstone of the band's live shows. "Two Trains" uses Barrere's brilliantly funky R&B rhythm-guitar style to great effect, indicating what direction the band would shortly head in. "Roll Um Easy" follows in a beautiful change of pace, George softly crooning the sweet reminiscence of love on the road to understated instrumental accompaniment. The classic cover of Allen Toussaint's "On Your Way Down" hots up the pace again before the eerie "Kiss It Off," a paranoid anthem twisted by Payne's menacingly evocative synthesizer playing and George's high-pitched vocal. The album closes with George flashing some of his finest slide playing on the instrumental "Lafayette Railroad."

Though, musically, *Dixie Chicken* signaled the beginning of the golden age of Little Feat, it continued on next page

LOWELL GEORGE

continued from previous page

tle Feat, commercially it was a failure and once again the band stared into the abyss. George scrambled around desperately to get enough session work to keep the group going through these lean times, a move that resulted in classic matchups pairing Little Feat with jazz drummer Chico Hamilton and white R&B vocalist Robert Palmer.

After *Dixie Chicken* Hayward apparently left the band briefly and Payne entertained an offer to join the Doobie Brothers. But George prevailed on his sidekicks to keep trying and the band went into the studio to make the *Feats Don't Fail Me Now* LP. *Feats* was a truly cooperative effort, kicking off with the red-hot triple play of George's "Rock and Roll Doctor," Payne's joyous "Oh Atlanta" and Barrere's superfunk "Skin It Back," all of which contributed to the band's growing reputation as one of the hottest live acts around. Several live bootlegs circulated around this time gave all the evidence needed to understand why the band suddenly developed an awesomely devoted cult following. George was always vexed by the popularity of these bootlegs and it wasn't until several years later with *Waiting for Columbus*, that he got the chance to present the band's live sound the way he saw it. Now *Hoy Hoy* fills in the missing pieces from this part of the band's history

"It's so tragic, such a waste, Lowell was a genius . . . and he just burned himself away." —Bill Payne

with "Rock and Roll Doctor," "The Fan" and "Two Trains." The other live tracks on the record, "Skin It Back," "Red Streamliner" and the second version of "Teenage Nervous Breakdown," are from the same shows that were recorded for the *Waiting for Columbus* LP, so the latter stages of Little Feat's live sound are documented almost completely.

ating on several strong tracks, "All That You Dream," "Romance Dance" and "One Love Stand." George himself contributed several great songs, including "Down Below the Borderline," and "Long Distance Love," written for his then girl friend, Linda Ronstadt. "I wrote it after watching Linda Ronstadt paint her toenails on the tour bus during the Jackson Browne tour," George explained. "It took me a long time to write."

After this record the band reached its peak of popularity and George became more and more estranged from the others. His heavy cocaine use and drinking (according to Barrere, at least one bottle of cognac per night) took a severe physical toll on the band's ostensible leader and the others were forced to fend for themselves when Lowell was felled by hepatitis. Though many Little Feat fans seem to think George was pushed aside by Payne and Barrere, the truth is that his participation in the group came to a standstill. "It's not like we told him we didn't want his songs on the record," said Payne. "Whoever came up with the songs got them on the record. I think we used just about every song he ever gave to the band."

The only song Lowell George handed in for *Time Loves a Hero*, "Rocket in My Pocket," was one of the high points of both that record and the live shows that followed it (and which were later released as *Waiting for Columbus*). *Hoy Hoy* opens up with George singing an acoustic demo version of this song in a beautiful, touching tribute to him. "That's my salute to him for sure," Payne agreed. "We were trying to find a way to open the record and I had wanted something that was more personal. I had a tape of the band without Lowell doing a blues thing in a rehearsal hall that was okay. The one thing I always wanted Lowell to do live was to just go out with the guitar and sing. When I found 'Rocket' I just thought, 'This has got to be on it.' Because his voice sounds so innocent and . . . I don't know, there's a happiness about it that I really dig."

"It's just him sitting up in his house and he had given it to me to check out because it was a new song. I held on to it for a few years, and I was rummaging through my cassettes and I happened to find it. There was another track on this record that we had been looking for for years, 'Lonesome Whistle.' That was a favorite track of the band's. It is an inherently simple track, so people are either going to like it or not; but the fact is he sang it great. It was recorded in '74 when we were doing *Feats Don't Fail Me Now*, and it would have been a nice song on that record had there been room. We thought it was lost along with so much oth-

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er legendary stuff when our studio sank in Baltimore harbor, but Lowell's wife, Liz, found it in a brown paper bag in the back of their garage."

A few works in progress add a strange air of finality to *Hoy Hoy*. Payne's "Gringo" is fairly straightforward, an indication of the kind of direction he would have brought to Little Feat. Barrere's "Over the Edge," on the other hand, almost seems a comment on George's excesses and premature death. "When Paul wrote that tune," Payne recalled, "he brought it down to rehearsal and was showing it to Lowell when we were doing *Down on the Farm*. Lowell took the cassette home and on the way back to his house—he lived up in the hills around Topanga—his front wheels locked and his car literally went over the edge of this small cliff. He was lucky to get out of that one. I think he broke a rib or two. But things like that happened with this band all the time."

By far the most unexpected inclusion on the record is a big production ballad by George called "China White," which was apparently recorded for Lowell's solo album but for some reason was not included. "The song is definitely drug related," said Payne. "It was a nod at some of the problems we went through as a band. But it's also... Not many people can sing like Lowell George. I've heard some people emulate him, but man, the guy can sing anything.

"A lot of people aren't going to understand what we are trying to say, but it doesn't take too much to realize that this is our way of looking at that bittersweet part of the band. I think Lowell felt uncomfortable about putting out 'China White' because of the drug references. This is stuff I heard second hand so I don't know. I don't know what he cut off his first album. He recorded a few more songs than he put on, stuff like 'Rock and Roll Doctor.' I don't know why that didn't appear somewhere."

LITTLE FEAT no longer exists, and even if the remaining members were to play together again, which seems likely, they would not, according to Payne, use the name.

The band dissolved in anger, then in tragedy. Even though Payne had quit during *Down on the Farm*, he had still left the door open to reform the band at some point. After all, Little Feat had broken up several times before. "My suggestion to Lowell before he went out on the road," Payne solemnly remembered of the last time he ever spoke to his partner, "was when he got back to give Little Feat a bit of a rest and pursue his own thing for a while. And if it felt right later, then see what's going on with the band. I mean, I had no intentions at that time of getting back together. But you never know about those things. I felt he needed a break from it to pursue his own thing. He wanted to get into production. Probably our

best albums, *Dixie Chicken*, *Feats Don't Fail Me Now*, *Waiting for Columbus*, he did produce. And you know the guy was good; there was no question. The main thing he was good at was involving other talents, like engineer George Massenberg."

Perhaps the worst thing about the Feat breakup is that even the fans took sides. The prevailing sentiments are with George, and his loyal fans have gone from claiming he was disinterested in the band around *Time Loves a Hero* and planning to leave to claiming he was edged out by a conspiracy hatched by Payne and Barrere. This ignores the fact that Payne and George built up the group together, and that Little Feat did not develop its legendary live sound until after Barrere joined. "A lot of people weren't always sure who sang or did what," Payne explained. "There might be some slide playing that Paul actually did that people thought was Lowell, or singing, where I might have sung something like 'Oh Atlanta' and they thought it was Lowell. Lowell had the greatest voice, but toward the end there were nights when he couldn't sing at all. Paul and I were getting to be better singers only because we had to sing so much of the stuff."

What made Little Feat great was that it was truly a *band*. It wasn't just George's singing or writing or guitar playing; it wasn't just Payne's breathtaking multikey-board playing; it was the whole package:

that seductively undulating rhythm section, the little fills and details that set this group apart from any of its contemporaries. Sure, there was tension, but it was the tension that comes from truly creative people working hard toward an ideal. The rest of the band would sound hollow somehow without Lowell George. And Lowell George could never have assembled a group better than Little Feat. That's why George, despite his incredible talent and opportunities to play with virtually anyone he wanted, wanted to keep the band going right up to his last breath. Because Little Feat was still great even as it was disintegrating. Despite how painful it was for Payne to complete *Down on the Farm*, the band still sounded terrific on the record. You know that somehow, had Lowell George lived, Little Feat would have played again. That's one of the excruciating things about his death.

"It's so tragic, such a waste," Payne lamented. "Lowell was a genius. He could do so many things and he just burned himself away. We've seen it happen to some of our most gifted musicians, and it's a tremendous loss to the world. Who knows what Jimi Hendrix or Lowell George could have done had they lived? They might have been able to bring out whole new approaches to music. Who can say that Lowell might not have been a Beethoven or Bach had he lived? I can hardly bear to think about it." □

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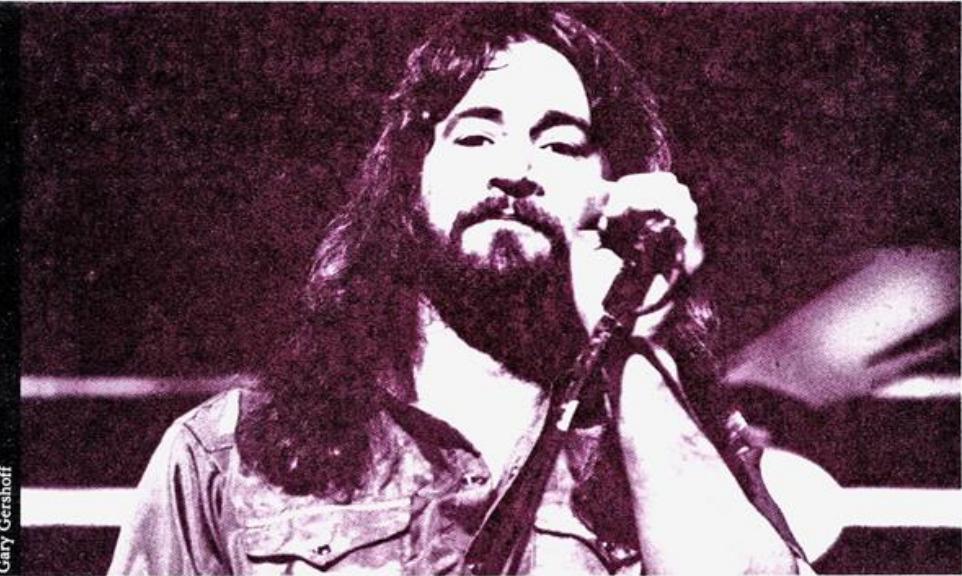
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Atlanta Burns Again



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—“Homesick”

With this rallying cry the Atlanta Rhythm Section embarked on a campaign to restore the glory days of rock 'n' roll. In '69 they were the cream of the Southeast music scene. ARS is managed by Buddie Buie, a songwriter-producer who decided to assemble a group of songwriters and top studio musicians he'd met during his days as producer for the Classics IV. Pianist Dean Daugherty, drummer Robert Nix and lead singer Rodney Justo had worked with Buie in 1966 when they were with a group called the Candymen. Guitarist J.R. Cobb was with the Classics IV and collaborated with Buie on the group's three biggest hits: "Spooky," "Stormy" and "Traces." As two of the most sought-after session musicians in town, guitarist Barry Bailey and bassist Paul Goddard were no strangers to Buie either.

ARS recorded one album with the idea that if a hit single could be broken from it, they could go on the road. The album went nowhere and Rodney Justo split. But Buie, who had left off working at Atlanta's biggest studio, Master Sound, to do things his way in a small studio owned by the Rhythm Section, and their publisher, Bill Lowery, kept the band busy as a session group. Then, engineer Rodney Mills introduced them to a singer who'd worked as his assistant, Ronnie Hammond, and Hammond's been their vocalist ever since.

At first the ARS existed in name only

while they did sessions on the side. In fact, they were at one point simultaneously the ARS and the Classics IV. "Most of the later Classics IV records had the guys in the ARS playing on them," says Cobb.

Goddard recalls those halcyon days with amusement. "Buddy Buie was doing the Candymen and Joe South was producing a lot of stuff," he recalls. "He was doing the Tams, himself and Lowery's usual flock of people, Ray Stevens, Billy Joe Royal. There was a black singer that St. John & the Cardinals backed up who called himself the Mighty Hannibal, and we cut a record with him at Master Sound which became a smash hit called 'Jerkin' the Dog.'

"Me and Barry and Emory Gordy used to be like the Three Musketeers. Gordy was in both St. John & the Cardinals and the Komotions. He introduced me to Buie. When St. John went to L.A., Gordy went with him and Buie needed a bass player. Buddy tried a lot of people after Gordy left and the group he liked to work with best was me, Barry Bailey, Dean Daugherty, Robert Nix and J.R. Cobb. We'd do anything. Barry and I would be doing gospel sessions in the morning and Buddy's sessions at night. One day Buddy had some extra time booked and he said, 'Well, we're through with this Classics album; let's just come in and screw around. So we cut an instrumental of 'Something in the Air' which was one of the most incredible things I've ever played on."

continued on next page

S by John Swenson

ZAPPA



Elbet Roberts

The awesome output of Frank Zappa material continues unabated. *You Are What You Is*, a hot two-record set that brings his standard touring material pretty much up to date, ups his release total in the past year to a staggering seven discs, enough Zappa material to keep the most diehard fans sated. Zappa is quick to point out that the glut of material doesn't stop there. "You wanna know how many the bootleggers have released?" he asked rhetorically. "Twelve titles, one of which was a ten-record box and another that was a twenty-record box. They're cassette recordings of concerts. None of those bootlegs are any good. It's a total ripoff of both the consumer and me."

Zappa was in New York for his traditional Halloween celebration, one that took the form this time around of five sold-out concerts at the Palladium, scene of some of his best live performances in the past (as material from *Zappa in New York* and *Tinseltown Rebellion* will prove). This season's crack touring outfit featured the awesome three-guitar lineup of Zappa, Steve Vai and Ray White as well as Zappa veterans Tommy Mars on keyboards and Ed Mann on per-

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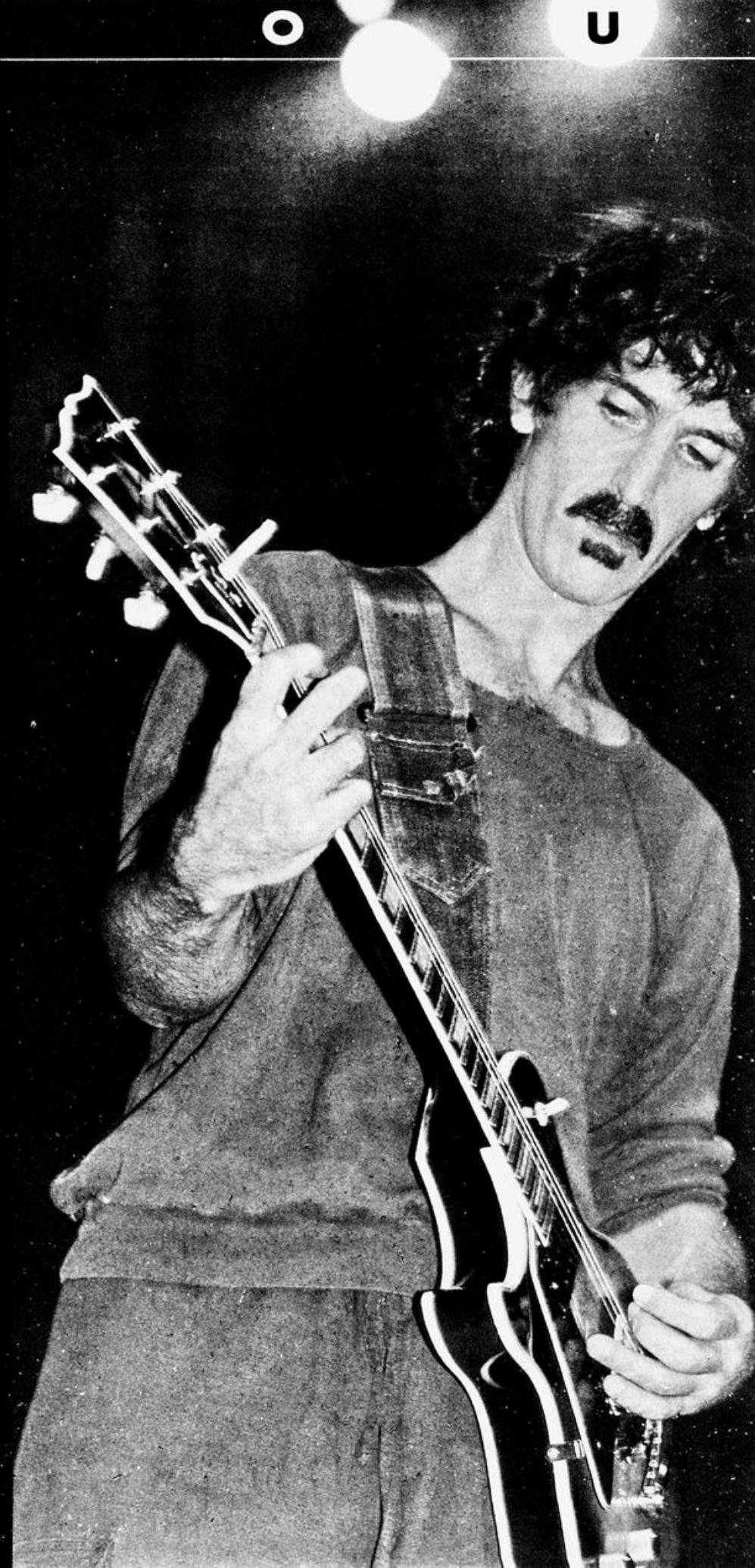
Atlanta

continued from previous page

The group's second album, *Back Up Against the Wall*, sparked the beginnings of a cult following that grew until ARS was one of the most popular of the Southern bands to emerge in the '70s. A string of hits from "Angel" and "Doraville" to "So In To You" and a remake of the Classic IV smash "Spooky" led the band to the top of the charts repeatedly in the last decade.

Recently, though, the group had fallen on hard times. Problems with their record company and the departure of charter member drummer Robert Nix demoralized the group and adversely affected the quality of their sound. The last few records fell well below the band's usual standard of excellence, but gradually their new drummer, Roy Yeager, brought the playing level back up to form, and now that the band has switched labels they've returned with renewed energy. *Quinella* celebrates the band's renewed strength with classic blast-offs like "Higher" and "Homesick" while turning a longing glance back at the days when they started out. "There was a certain innocence about rock concerts in the late '60s," explains J.R. Cobb. "It was new. Things used to be a lot better than they are now. With radio, I hate to see everything so damned structured and so tightly formatted as it's getting to be. I wish it were as loose as it used to be when you could hear something new."

Cobb is not disappointed, however, in the general decrease in the popularity of Southern rock following the defeat of Jimmy Carter. "I'm glad that image of Southern rock is gone," he says. "Everybody had a stereotype of it in their mind which is inaccurate and we paid a hell of a price for that over the years; everybody thought we were just another Southern boogie band. I'm glad to see that go by the boards. The South has something to say musically that's a little bit unique and I don't wanna see that go but I don't think it will."



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ZAPPA

and the Moneychangers

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cussion. Newcomers Bobby Martin on horns and keyboards and bassist Scott Thunes and drummer Chad Wackerman helped make this one of Zappa's finest bands.

The shows featured virtually all of the material from *You Are What You Is*, which contains some of the most scathing social criticism Zappa has ever delivered. This time around no one escapes his withering glance, from the kids ("Teenage Wind") to social climbers ("Society Pages," "I'm a Beautiful Guy") to poseurs ("You Are What You Is"). But the heaviest ammunition is saved for the Moral Majority religion-for-profit mongers, who are raked over the coals during an amazing medley of "The Meek Shall Inherit Nothing," "Dumb All Over" and "Heavenly Bank Account."

The attack is so direct you'd think it would elicit some kind of reaction in these reactionary times, but Zappa seemed pleased that these dime-store ministers and their cronies are scared off. "If you can just wake up that spark of common sense in everybody," Zappa reasoned, "you will get good results. They'll think for just a moment, and it really comes home when there's a break and I say 'tax the churches' and they think about it for a minute and it's like the heavens open up. I mean these people have been getting a free ride for two hundred years. They should pay their share. Why chop a school lunch down to the most menial little grits on a plate when these guys are out there wearing silk suits, flying Lear-jets and living in castles and no taxes. What is this? They're in business."

Zappa was sure that the lack of response to his criticism is because it's so obviously true. "They have to ignore it because there's not one of them that can debate me logically on the subject. Even in biblical terms, remember, Jesus himself went in there and kicked those assholes out of the temple for changing money in the temple, okay? And that's what these guys are doing now. Video evangelism is money in the temple. They are perpetrating a hoax on the

American people. They're making a tremendous fortune out of it; they're exerting political pressure beyond the scope that the law allows. They have broken that law. They have used their machinery to elect a president that owes his ass to them. They are beyond what they are supposed to be legally capable of doing in a democratic society and somebody's gotta say something about it."

The attack has not gone completely without retribution, Zappa pointed out, because the record has effectively been censored all over the country. "Nobody's playing the record outside of New York and Connecticut. It is dead everywhere else in the country and it's not selling worth a shit. They're not playing anything from it. It's being totally ignored."

This kind of discrimination is hardly a new thing, Zappa pointed out. "History as it is written in books," he said, "was written by people who were writing it for people who could read and history from way back was written for the people who could read way back and there were only a few of them and they were all rich and they didn't wanna read anything bad about themselves. So the process of writing history has always been designed to appeal to those few who read it."

"Now we have musical history. Some of you may know about musical history in terms of in such and such a year a certain composer wrote a certain piece and then went out and died of syphilis or whatever all those old composers used to do. Musical history in a general sense doesn't really work that way. Here's the real way to look at musical history. As soon as somebody found out that they could make music and they wanted to remember it so they could do it again, somebody had to figure out a way to write it down. As soon as they figured out a way to write it down and save it, immediately thereafter it was discovered that you couldn't earn a living from doing that. So if you were a person who wrote music, the only way you could

survive was to be patronized.

"A long time ago you got patronized either by the church or you got patronized by a king and he was usually crazy. Of course, we know what the church was like. Everything that survives from the old music was prepared for the amusement of or to the specifications of either the church or the king or the prince or whoever was paying to keep the composer alive. If you wrote something the church didn't like, they got red hot tweezers and pulled your toenails out. If you wrote something the king didn't like, he would chop your head off. All the norms that are perpetrated in what we know as classical music were designed to appease the taste—not always good taste—of somebody in a church or somebody on a throne. These norms were perpetrated by academies, universities, conservatories, and without thinking about how they actually got started they have been handed down generation after generation and people are being taught in universities how to write music according to these specifications. The specifications were wrong to begin with."

"The people who write about music were following in the footsteps of the people who originally created these norms, and I think the norms are derived from people with questionable taste. In order for a person to describe what a composer has done, you would have to describe the work versus the norms that have been handed down. If you think about it, trying to analyze what those norms are—symphonic forms, certain types of harmony that are accepted, certain types of rhythm that are accepted—when you see how these norms are applied to individualistic music that is beyond the norm, how a guy who has written that kind of stuff is going to suffer because of comparison to those norms. They are bad and it's time we stopped thinking about them. The norms carry over today in terms of the way in which pop music is analyzed, too. It's just a continuation of the same thing." □

snort some, rub a little on his gums and then take a long time getting dressed, returning from time to time to the pretzel box for additional sniffs. He had some special phonograph records, too, that seemed to go with the coke, ones that he rarely changed. They seemed to deepen the effects off the drug; cigars helped to string out the sensation, too, and he felt he was the only one who knew this. When he was ready to go out, he would sprinkle some in tinfoil and then try to figure out the best pocket to put it in, one that he wouldn't forget and the least likely one for a federal agent to suddenly thrust his hand into and nail him on the spot. He would be able to return to the tinfoil for little tastes throughout the night and there would be enough in there, too, for friends he might run across. Doling out coke from the thin little packet would make him seem generous and at the same time no one had to know about the moistureproof bottles lined up and waiting for him back at his apartment.

It was amazing how little he worried about the illegality of what he was doing. Only once did this come home to him with any force. He was in a cocktail lounge in Vegas with two girls and for the life of him he couldn't figure out if they were hookers. He was only fair at determining things like

that. Sometimes his actions were sudden and dramatic, and on this occasion he reached out and stuck a fingerful of coke in each of their mouths, as if this would smoke them out and tell him if they were joy dolls. They both sucked on the fingers and loved what was happening, but Towns looked around the lounge and became aware of a number of men with white socks, shaved necks and even expressions who appeared not to approve of his having traipsed in with more than one girl. They probably didn't go for his beard much, either. At least that's the impression he got. All of this shook him up. What if one of the girls suddenly hollered out, "He shoved coke in my mouth." Towns had a lawyer who was terrific in the civil-liberties department, but he wasn't sure he could count on the fellow dashing out to Nevada on his behalf. He told the girls to wait for him, he had a lucky roulette hunch, and then he sneaked out of the casino and went to another one.

He didn't feel the danger much in the city, though. Rich is the only word to describe how he felt. When he started out of his apartment, high and immunized, he felt that nothing great had to happen. He didn't even have to wind up with a girl. The way he figured it, enough that was great had happened already. Right around the pretzel box. He knew there must be a dark side to all this, but he would worry about that later.

One of the smart things he did was not to use his car. He had had enough of the side-swipes. In his new routine, going about on foot and using cabs, he would hit a few warm-up places where he knew some people and felt cozy and secure; then he would head for a drugged and adventurous bar that could always be counted on for packs of long-haired girls, each of whom for some reason had just left her "old man" or walked out on a waitressing job that very day. In the drugged atmosphere of this bar, it was possible to slip into these packs of girls and on occasion to pick one off. All of a sudden he would be talking to one and, if her eyes looked right, asking if she would like to have a little coke in the john. If she said yes, he knew the battle was over and he was going to wind up in bed with her. The two went together. In his way, he was using the coke to push people around. One night, at one of the early bars, he stood next to two black men; one liked him, the other, whose glasses gave him the look of an abstract educational puzzle, didn't. He said that even though Towns was bigger than he was, he was positive he could take him outside and beat the shit out of him. Unlike liquor, the coke always had a defusing effect on Towns, who simply shrugged and said, "No way." Then, perhaps to teach the puzzle man a lesson, he invited the other black man into the john for some coke. They took some together and then the angry abstract fellow appeared. Towns hesitated long enough to make his point and then gave him some, too. He put his arm around Towns and hugged him and Towns felt a little sad about how easy it had been to peel away his anger. Back at the bar, the fellow got angry again and finally walked out in what seemed to be a flash of hot abstract lightning. His renewed fury made Towns feel a little easier. But you certainly could do things with that coke. One night, when Towns had failed to pry any of the girls loose from her pack, he went looking for a hooker and found a terrific one on the street who looked like a high-school cheerleader. She had a tough style and needled him, saying she had balled every guy in the city, so why not him. At one time this would have been a threat to Harry Towns, but it wasn't now. What did all those other guys have to do with him? She said they could go upstairs to a tragic-looking little hotel across the street and Towns said no deal, he wanted to take her to his place. She said there was no way on earth she would go to a stranger's apartment, and then he mentioned the coke. "Jesus, do you really have some?" she wanted to know. "Pounds of it," he said, "at my place." It was amazing. As tough and street-wise as she was, she jumped in a cab with him and off they went. And all he had done was say he had the coke. It was a weapon, all right.

Sometimes, when he got finessed into drinking a lot, the liquor and drug combination left him shaky the next day. He had to make sure to let entire days go by without

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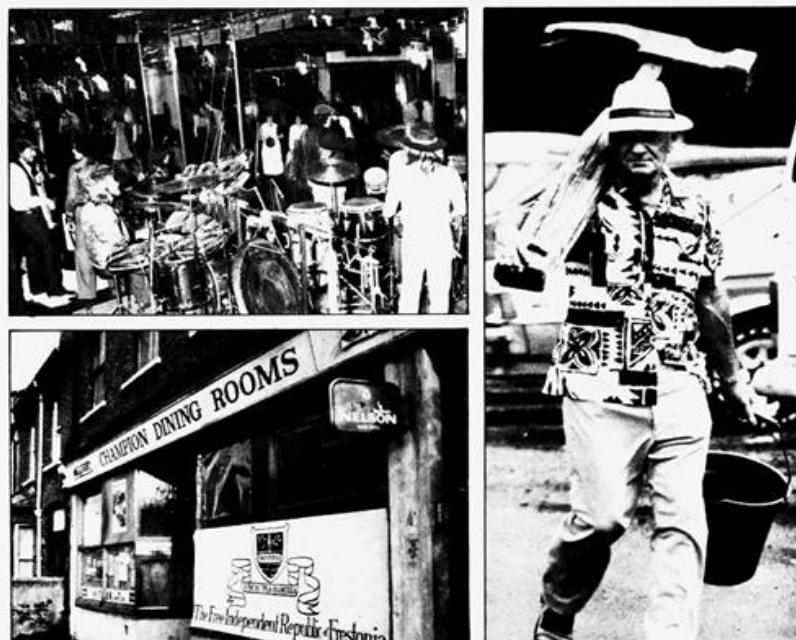
using any of the drug. On the off days, it would be like having a terrific date to look forward to. One night, a fellow with a belt full of tools walked up to Towns and said that if he ever saw him with his wife again, he would kill him in an alley. "We can do it now," said the fellow with a surprising politeness, "or at a time of your convenience." Towns could not pinpoint the wife in question, but he had a pretty good inkling of who she was. He felt weak and anesthetized, his limbs sluggish, caught in heavy syrup. He mumbled something and hoped the fellow would not use the tools on him. So it wasn't all roses. He had to watch that sort of thing. Then, too, the moistureproof bottles emptied out after a while and he had to get them filled up again. He made an appointment to go to the dealer's apartment this time, and when he got there, the fellow snatched up his money and sat him down next to a young blond carhop-style girl who looked as though she had just given up thumb-sucking. Then he slid a huge switchblade knife with a capsule of amyl nitrate on it between them, and excused himself, saying he had to get the coke, which was a few blocks away. Towns knew about the capsule; it was for cracking open and sniffing. You got a quick high-voltage sexual rush out of it. He had graduated from it sometime back and felt it was small potatoes next to coke. But what about having it in a switchblade knife with a yellow-haired teenager on the other side. It reminded Towns of a religious ceremony in which a hotly peppered herb was placed beside something delicious to remind worshipers of the hard and easy times of their forebears. But this seemed to be a kind of drug ritual, and he couldn't decide what his next move was supposed to be. Was he supposed to make a quick grab for the capsule and crack it open before she got at him with the switchblade? He decided to stick to light conversation. A bit later, Towns excused himself to go to the john and by mistake opened the door to a closet; rifles and handguns came pouring out on him in a great metallic shower—also a few bullwhips. "Look what you did," said the girl, coming over in a pout, as though the cat had spilled some milk. Towns helped her to gather up the weapons; it seemed important to get them back in before the dealer returned. He showed up half an hour later, telling Towns that he was in great luck because he had come up with some pure coke rocks, much more lethal than anything Towns had been involved with before. It came in around once a year, something like soft-shell crabs; rich Peruvians sat around on their ranches and shaved slivers of it from a huge rock, inhaling the slivers for weeks on end and getting heart trouble in their thirties. But Towns wasn't to worry about this, since he would only be getting this one shipment and maybe never get a shot at it again. Another thing that wasn't to bother Towns was that the moistureproof bottles

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LADY

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would not be filled to the top this time. That was because the Peruvian coke rocks were so pure. Towns wasn't so sure about this. "Oh well," said the dealer, disdainfully, "if you want me to fluff them up." Towns thought of the weapons closet and decided to pass on this and get going. In a kind of furious between-the-act blur of activity, the dealer and his girl whipped out armloads of equipment, and before Towns could make a move towards the door, the dealer had wound a rubber coil around his arm and was straining to make a vein pop up. Meanwhile, the girl was melting down a Peruvian rock, probably one that belonged to Towns, in a tiny pan. They were like a crack surgical team. So this was the famous shoot-up routine! Towns had never seen it go on and had always been curious about it. The dealer, one side of his face not only collapsing but running down, like oil on a canvas, plunged a hypodermic into his vein and went into a series of ecstatic shivers, at the same time keeping up a surprisingly sober running commentary for Towns: "What's happening is that I'm getting a rush twenty times more powerful than you get taking it up through your nose. This is really something. The only trouble is, it will stop in about five minutes and I'll have to do it again. I've gotten so I can do it ten, twenty times, all through the night." None of this was appealing to Towns. He realized that the tableau was for his benefit, to hook him into the team so that he would wind up melting rocks with them in the tiny frying pan. It wasn't going to happen. There were certain things that he could say for sure he wasn't ever going to do—like skydiving—and this was one of them. When the dealer finished up his shivers, it was time for the girl to take her turn; that's what Towns wanted to be on hand to see. She stuck some equipment under her arm and said she was going off to do it privately. Towns felt around in his bottle and pulled out a good-sized rock, saying it was hers if he could watch her in action. "No way," she said, giving him an infuriated look, "that's one thing no one in the world is ever going to see." What she seemed to want to get across was that she had been through a thousand assorted hells but was going to keep this one area stubbornly cordoned off to herself. Towns shrugged good-naturedly as if to say, "Oh well, win some, lose some," but he felt the loss sharply and didn't even wait around to see her when she got back. That wasn't what he wanted. He thanked the shivering fellow for the Peruvian rocks and sauntered outside, deciding to hunt down another arrangement, one with less danger in the air.

He went through quite a few of these dealers. They tended to live in lofts and to have young, sluggish girl friends; each was trying to "get something going" in the record business. The coke, according to them, was

just a sideline. After Towns got his coke, he would be asked to listen to one of their tape decks. Not once did he like what he heard, even taking into account that he was not in a musical mood when he made these visits and just wanted to get the coke and get the hell out of there. It was his view that each of these fellows was going to do much better as a coke dealer than in the music business. Towns's favorite dealer was a tall, agreeable fellow who had once worked as a marriage counselor. He had a healing, therapeutic style of selling the coke; after each buy, Towns would flirt with the idea of sticking around for a little counseling, although he never followed through. One day, the fellow announced that in order to kick his own coke habit, which was becoming punishingly expensive, he was making his first visit to London. That struck Towns as being on the naive side. How could you get away from coke in London? Some faraway island would seem to be more the ticket, but the fellow had his mind made up on the British Isles and there was no stopping him. Towns was convinced they would have him picked off as a user the second he stepped off the plane and be ready and waiting to sell him some.

Dealers brushed in and out of his life, and Towns could not imagine wanting some coke and not being able to come up with it. Yet that would happen on occasion, even though he started out early in the evening trying to drum some up. He had always told himself that all he had to do in that situation was to have a few drinks and he would be fine. But he wasn't that fine. He would sit around at one of his spots and drum his fingers on the bar, uneasy and unhappy. Was he hooked? He had heard that when a famed racketeer was buried, friends of his, for old times' sake, had a few spoons of first-grade coke in there with him, since the racket man had been a user. Once high and dry at four in the morning, Towns actually found himself wondering if it would be possible to dig up the fellow and get at the coke. It all depended on whether it was in the coffin with him or on the topsoil somewhere. Towns wasn't sure of the details. If he knew for sure it was in the topsoil, he might have found a shovel somewhere in the city, driven out to the cemetery and taken a try at it. That's how badly he wanted it sometimes.

One day Towns got the word that his mother had died. It did not come around behind him and hit him on the head, since the death had been going on for a long time and it was just a matter of waiting for the phone call. It had always been his notion that when he got this particular news, he would drive up to a summer resort his mother used to take him to each September and hang out there for a weekend, sitting at the bar, tracing her presence, thinking through the fine times they had spent together. That would be his style of mourning. But now that he had the news, he didn't feel much like doing that. Maybe he would later. In-

stead, he sat in his apartment, thirty floors over the city, and tried to cry, but he could not drum up any tears. He was sure they would come later, in some oblique way, so he didn't worry too much about it. He knew himself and knew that he only cried when things sneaked up on him. Then he could cry with the best of them.

His mother was going to be put in a temporary coffin while the real one was being set up. And she would be lying in the chapel from six to eight that evening, with the family receiving close friends; the following day she would be buried. It set up a bit of a conflict for Towns. At six o'clock, he also had an appointment to meet Ramos, an old friend who had come in from California the night before. Formerly an advertising man, Ramos had now gone over entirely to an old-West style. Long-faced, sleepy-eyed, he turned up in the city looking as though he had ridden for days through the Funeral Mountains on a burro, seeking cowpoke work. He had taken Towns into the coatroom of the bar at which they met, pulled out a leather pouch that might have contained gold dust, and given Towns a sniff of some of the purest coke he had ever run across. It rocketed back and flicked against a distant section in the back of his head that may never have been touched before. Now Harry Towns had a new story to tell his friends about Western coke, the wildest

and most rambunctious of all. And he wanted that place in the back of his head to be flicked at again. So they made an appointment for six o'clock the following evening to go and get some more. Except that now Towns had to be at the chapel with his dead mother. He wondered, soon after he heard about the loss, if he would keep the appointment with Ramos, and even as he wondered, he knew he would. He didn't even have to turn it over in his mind. After all, it wasn't the funeral. That would make it an entirely different story. It was just a kind of chapel reception and if he turned up half an hour later, it would not be any great crime. And he would have the coke.

Harry Towns was at the midtown bar to meet Ramos at six on the dot, hoping to make a quick score and then hotfoot it over to the chapel. But Ramos loped in some twenty minutes late, squinty-eyed, muttering something about the sun having crossed him up on the time. He had never even heard of the sun when he was in advertising. He sat down, stretched his legs and tried to get Towns into a talk about the essential dignity of man, even in the big city. Towns felt he had to cut him off on that. People were already pouring into the chapel. At the same time, he didn't want to be rude to Ramos and risk blowing the trans-

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LADY

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action. He told Ramos about his mother, and the man from the West said he understood, no problem, except that he himself did not have the coke. It was just up the street a few blocks at a divorced girl's house. They would just have one drink and get going.

The divorced girl lived in a richly furnished high-rise apartment with authentic animal skins on the floor. Towns had to walk carefully to keep from sticking his feet in their jaws. She had racks of fake bookshelves, too, suspense-novel types that whirled around when you pressed a button and had coke concealed on the other side. He was certain she was going to turn out to be his favorite dealer. Long-legged, freshly divorced, she hugged Ramos, Towns wondering how they knew each other. The animal skins may have been some sort of bridge between them. More likely, they were teammates dating back to Ramos's advertising days. She also seemed interested in Towns, handing him a powder box filled with coke, something he had always dreamed of. He got the idea that this wasn't even the coke he would be buying. It was a kind of guest coke, a getting-acquainted supply. An hors d'oeuvre. That's what he called falling into something. But what a time to be falling into it. She told him to dig in, help himself, and they could take care of their business a bit later. The girl had legs that went on and on and wouldn't quit. Why had anyone divorced her? She went over to set up some elaborate stereo equipment and Towns put the powder box on his lap and took a deep snort as instructed. "Jesus Christ," she said, pressing the palm of one hand to the side of her head, "what in hell are you doing?"

"You told me to dig in," he said.

"Yes, but I didn't know we had a piggy here."

"Don't tell someone to dig in if you don't mean it."

Now Towns really felt foolish. There was no way to proceed from the piggy insult, which bit deep, to buying half an ounce of the drug. So he had blown at least half the chapel service and he wasn't even going to get the coke. He vowed then and there to deal only with the tape-deck boys in their lofts. Ramos tried to smooth things over by telling her, "He's a true man," but she was breathing hard and there seemed no way to calm her down. "What a toke," she said. "I've seen people take tokes, but this one, wow."

"My mother just died," said Towns. As he said it, he knew he was going to regret that remark for a long time if not for the rest of his life. He had once seen a fellow get down on his knees to lick a few grains of coke from the bottom of a urinal. That fellow was a king compared to Towns—using his mother's dead body to get him out of a jam. And it got him out, too. "Oh God," said the girl, putting a comforting arm around

Towns's shoulder, "I don't know how to handle death." Towns just couldn't wait any longer. He gave Ramos the money, told him to buy some coke from the girl and he would meet him later, after the chapel service. Then he got into a cab and told the driver to please get him across town as fast as possible. It was an emergency. You could travel only so fast in city traffic, and Towns got it arranged in his mind that it was the cabby's fault he was getting there so late. He arrived at a quarter of eight, with only fifteen minutes left to the service. Some remnants of his family were there, and a few scattered friends. Also his mother, off to one side, in the temporary coffin. Towns's aunt and his older brother were relieved to see him, but they didn't bawl him out. He would always appreciate that. They said they thought he might have been hurt and left it at that. What seemed to concern them the most was the presence of a woman Towns's mother hadn't cared for. They couldn't get over how ironic it was that the disliked woman had turned up at the chapel. The few surviving members of Towns's family were very short and for the hundredth time he wondered how he had gotten to be so tall. He chatted with some neighborhood friends of his mother, keeping a wary eye on the woman she hadn't liked. If Towns hadn't felt so low about showing up late, he might very well have chucked her out of there. A chapel official said the family's time was up. He gave out a few details about the funeral that was coming up the next day. The family filed out, and just as Towns was the last one to arrive, he was the last to leave, stopping for a moment at his mother's temporary coffin. He never should have worried about crying. Once he started, he cried like a sonofabitch. He probably set a chapel record. He cried from tension, he cried from grief, he cried from the cab ride, from his coke habit, from the piggy insult, from his mother having to be cramped up in a temporary coffin and then shifted over to a real one when it was ready. They had a hard time getting him out of there.

That night, Ramos came by with the coke. Towns didn't weigh it, look at it, measure it. He never did. It seemed like a fat pack and he guessed that the girl had given him a good count because of the death. The main thing is that it was in there. He gave Ramos some of it, which was protocol, and told him he would see him around. "I'll stick with you, man," said Ramos, but Towns said he would rather be alone. He didn't want people saying "man" to him and telling him he had "a terrific head." All of which Ramos was capable of. The coke had a perfumed scent to it, a little like the fragrance of the divorcée. Had she rubbed some of it against herself? His guess was she had. He took a snort of it, got into his bathrobe and put on some Broadway show music, the kind his mother liked. The music would be the equivalent of driving up to the

old summer resort. But it didn't work. It didn't go with the coke. During his mother's illness, he had put her up in his apartment and moved into a hotel, the idea being that she would get to enjoy the steel and glass and the view and the doorman service. But she didn't go with the apartment either, and they both knew it. She stayed there a few weeks, probably for his sake, to ease his mind about not having sent her away on lavish trips, and then she said she wanted to go back to her own home. She left without a trace, except for some sugar packets she had taken from a nearby restaurant and put in his sugar jar. To give him some extra and free sugar. He wondered if he should go over and take a look at the sugar. He was positive that it would start him crying again, but he didn't want to do that just then. He could always look at the sugar. Instead, he switched on some appropriate coke music, took another snort of the drug, and stared out at his view of the city, the glassed-in one that was costing him an arm and a leg each month. His mother had made a tremendous fuss over this view, but once again it was for his sake. She had been very ill and wanted to be in her own apartment. Staying in his had been a last little gift for him, allowing him to do something for her. He kept the tinfoil packet of coke open beside him and he knew that he was going to stay where he was until dawn. He was not a trees-and-sunset man, but he liked to be around for that precise time when the night crumbled and the new day got started. He liked to get ready for that moment by snorting coke, letting the drug drive him a hundred times higher than the thirtieth floor on which he lived. Once or twice, he wondered about the other people who were watching that moment, if there were any. It was probably only a few diplomats and a couple of hookers. Normally, he would take a snort, luxuriate in it and wait for a noticeable dip in his mood before he took the next one. This time he didn't wait for the dips. Before they started, he headed them off with more snorts. He saw now that his goal was to get rid of the entire half ounce before dawn. Never mind about the problem of coming down. He would take a hot bath, some Valium. He'd punch himself in the jaw if necessary, ram his head against the bathroom tile if he had to. The main thing was to have nothing left by the time it was dawn so he could be starting out clean on the day of the funeral. Then, no matter what he was offered, he would turn it down. He didn't care what it was, Brooklyn coke, Western coke, Peruvian coke rocks, coke out of Central Harlem. If someone gave him stuff that came out of an intensive-care unit, coke that had been used for goddamned brain surgery, he would pass it right by. Because the chapel was one thing. But anyone who stuck so much as a grain of that white shit up his nose on the actual day of his mother's funeral had to be some new and as yet undiscovered breed of sonofabitch. The lowest. □

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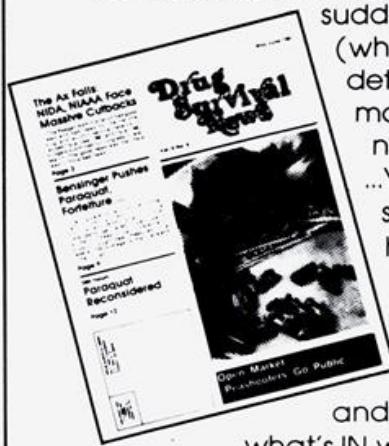
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FEATHER WEIGHT

continued from page 52

Grimly ironic is that it is this demand by bird lovers that finances—and is ultimately responsible for—the mass slaughter of the creatures for which bird lovers feel such affection. For if there were no buyers, there would be no market.

Even when smuggled birds make it alive to the cage in somebody's living room, they are still not always safe. Many persons who experience a sudden desire for an exotic bird—fired, perhaps, by Baretta's cockatoo, Fred, or the parrot print on their favorite disco shirt—don't know how to take care of their bird once they get it. Often they don't know what or how much their particular bird eats or what kind of environment it needs. By the time they figure those things out, their new pet, which in some cases could have survived 100 years or more if left in its native environment, may be found dead one day on the floor of its cage.

Then it's time to buy another bird.

There was a time when those who wanted birds from Mexico could simply go to a Mexican border town, buy them and then tell U.S. Customs they had the birds in their possession for more than 90 days. Then came a time in 1971 when a lot of chickens started dying in Southern California, which claims the world's largest poultry population.

WHEN A MEXICAN YELLOW-HEADED AMAZON PARROT THAT HAD ESCAPED a pet importer's facility in Fontana was killed by a cat at a nearby poultry farm, it was tested by the California State Animal and Poultry Diagnostic Lab and found to have exotic Newcastle disease. Then the dead chickens were tested. They too had the dreaded disease.

State and federal agencies moved quickly to eradicate the outbreak. A 46,000-square-mile area of Southern California and Arizona was put under quarantine and 113 million chickens and turkeys were vaccinated. But still the outbreak spread. By late 1972 it reached "Egg City," in Moorpark, California, the world's largest poultry facility. As a result, every chicken in the county—3.4 million in all—was killed to prevent further spread of the disease.

According to Greta Nilsson, who researched the outbreak for the Animal Welfare Institute, by the time it was brought under control in June 1973, 11,808,242 chickens and turkeys, 18,125 exotic birds, 27,070 game birds, 1,779 pigeons and 34,282 birds from backyard flocks and aviaries—nearly 12 million birds in all—had been destroyed. When human work hours were added to the market values of the dead birds, the price tag for the epidemic came to \$56 million.

As a result of the Newcastle outbreak, the federal government imposed a minimum 30-day quarantine on all birds brought into the United States. So now anyone bringing

A s late as 1977, the average penalty imposed for smuggling birds and other animals into the country was \$53.

in a bird legally faces not only a delay but an \$80 quarantine fee. And anyone who goes to his local pet store to buy a foreign bird finds a quarantine fee (it is less than \$80 per bird for large shipments) added to the price.

Price, however, appears to be no object to Americans caught up in the current bird fever. Myna birds that sold ten years ago for \$40 today go for \$400. Mexican redheaded Amazons that sold for \$25, today go for \$250 or more. Or if you'd prefer a greater sulphur-crested cockatoo like Baretta's Fred, who received the American Humane Association's Performing Animal Top Star of the Year award in 1977, be ready to pay thousands—if you can find one. (Just as the bird's popularity soared as a result of the TV series, the last country native to them that still allowed exportation, Indonesia, granted them official protection. There are now no greater sulphur-crested cockatoos being legally imported into the United States.)

For those whose passion is well financed, there is hardly a limit on what they can spend for exotic birds. Hyacinth macaws, for example, which are quickly becoming extinct in their native Brazil, can run \$7,000 to \$10,000, while the rare Spix's macaw sells for as much as \$25,000.

Despite those impressive prices, not everybody in the bird-smuggling market is getting rich. As with most markets, the least money is made by those at the bottom. The hunters and trappers who stalk birds in the dense jungles of southern Mexico or along the lush river valleys of Brazil often earn only a few pesos for their prey. And small-time border-town dealers like the Hawk Man in Tijuana don't earn much; it looked like he earns barely enough from the birds he lodges under his table to keep a pot of beans on a table surrounded by three hungry kids.

Only when the birds get to Los Angeles or Chicago or New York does the big money usually start changing hands. The frequently smuggled Mexican double yellow-headed Amazon, for example, can be bought in the Nayarit and Jalisco areas of Mexico in

number for as little as \$35 each. By the time they get to Tijuana, the same birds cost \$75 to \$100 each. But the real jump comes when they reach a major American city and are put up for sale in a pet shop—for as much as \$700.

The final price of a bird depends not only on species and age, but also on such factors as sex, temperament, training and vocabulary. A macaw that is able or willing to say only "Screw you, asshole" and bites the hand that feeds it is worth substantially less than one that is eloquent and well-mannered.

THERE ARE NO MACAWS (ORNERY OR OTHERWISE) OR ANY OTHER BIRDS

stashed inside my hubcaps or under my hood when I cross back into the States at San Ysidro. The greedy merchant inside me feels pangs of regret. It would be so easy.

San Ysidro is the busiest border crossing in the world. More than 9 million vehicles and 35 million people squeeze through its crowded lanes every year. That works out to about 25,000 vehicles and 100,000 people per day, and on this day it seems like the full day's traffic has arrived at the same time.

Wheezing border buses full of tourists, battered pickups with four kids in the back, Winnebagos full of retired couples, and what appear to be literally thousands of cars are jostling, bumper to bumper, trying to position themselves for one of the ten open lanes that lead to the States. The traffic bulges out like the upper half of an hourglass. It seems optimistic to think the last Buick or Volvo now here will pass through before the hour is up.

As I get closer to the gates I can see that very few cars are getting waved over for inspection. Had more been pulled over, traffic would have backed up halfway to Mexico City.

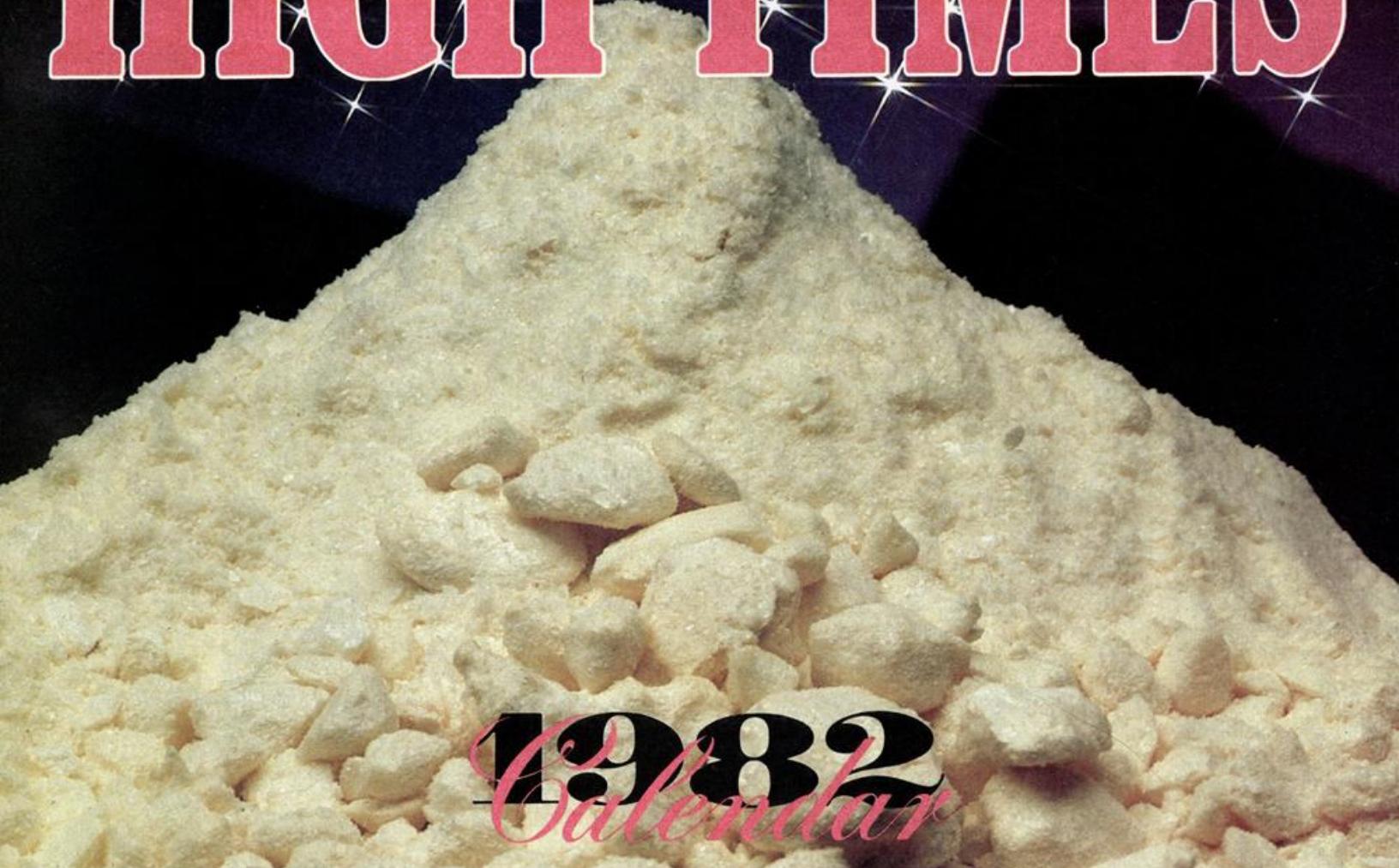
When I finally arrive at the crossing, a fortyish female U.S. border guard who looks prematurely aged by monotony and exhaust fumes glances into the car and asks if I am an American citizen. I look into her tired eyes and say yes.

There is a pause. For a long moment she stares into my eyes. Her stare is without apparent interest or intensity yet seems somehow trained and penetrating. Could she know at a glance? Could years of watching have given her the ability to detect the slightest signs of guilt or unease—the twitch of an eye, the hint of a squirm? Or am I just being paranoid?

I'm not sure. I'm glad, however, that I have no birds stuffed into the dark spaces of my car.

Even after she waves me through, I'm glad I have no birds. The greedy merchant is just one small man in me, after all. There is another, bigger man who would rather spend his time learning to soar with the eagles than smuggle birds. And how could I do that if all the eagles are killed or put in cages? □

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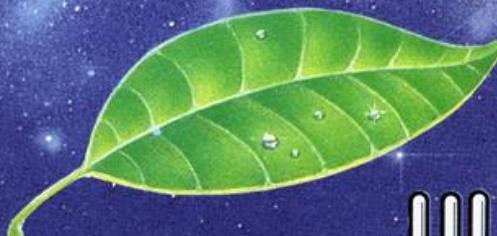
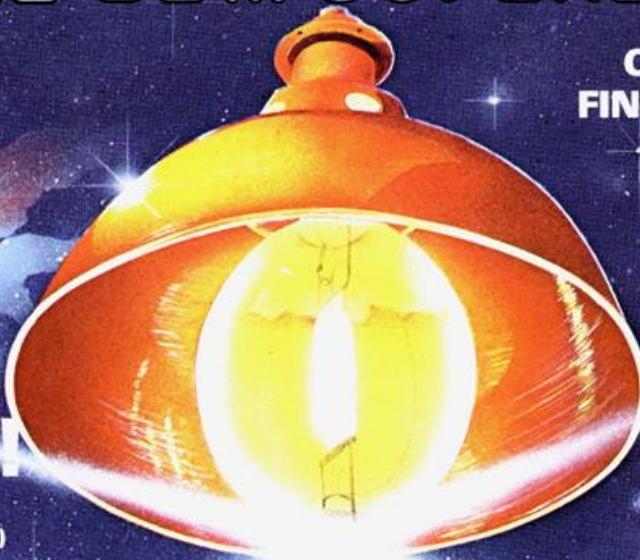
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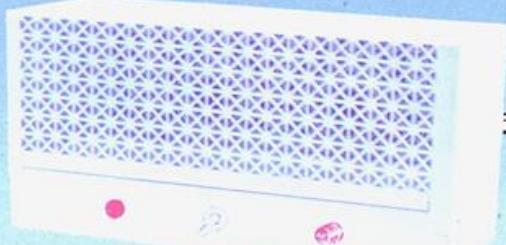
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